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## THE PROBLEM OF THE WEST.

THE problem of the West is nothing less than the problem of American development. A glance at the map of the United States reveals the truth. To write of a "Western sectionalism," bounded on the east by the Alleghanies, is, in itself, to proclaim the writer a provincial. What is the West? What has it been in American life? To have the answers to these questions, is to understand the most significant features of the United States of to-day.

The West, at bottom, is a form of society, rather than an area. It is the term applied to the region whose social conditions result from the application of older institutions and ideas to the transforming influences of free land. By this application, a new environment is suddenly entered, freedom of opportunity is opened, the cake of custom is broken, and new activities, new lines of growth, new institutions and new ideals, are brought into existence. The wilderness disappears, the "West" proper passes on to a new frontier, and, in the former area, a new society has emerged from this contact with the backwoods. Gradually this society loses its primitive conditions, and assimilates itself to the type of the older social conditions of the East; but it bears within it enduring and distinguishing survivals of its frontier experience. Decade after decade, West after West, this rebirth of American society has gone on, has left its traces behind it, and has reacted on the East. The history of our political institutions, our democracy,

is not a history of imitation, of simple borrowing; it is a history of the evolution and adaptation of organs in response to changed environment, a history of the origin of new political species. In this sense, therefore, the West has been a constructive force of the highest significance in our life. To use the words of that acute and widely informed observer, Mr. Bryce, "The West is the most American part of America. . . . What Europe is to Asia, what England is to the rest of Europe, what America is to England, that the Western States and Territories are to the Atlantic States."

The West, as a phase of social organization, began with the Atlantic coast, and passed across the continent. But the colonial tide-water area was in close touch with the Old World, and soon lost its Western aspects. In the middle of the eighteenth century, the newer social conditions appeared along the upper waters of the tributaries of the Atlantic. Here it was that the West took on its distinguishing features, and transmitted frontier traits and ideals to this area in later days. On the coast were the fishermen and skippers, the merchants and planters, with eyes turned toward Europe. Beyond the falls of the rivers were the pioneer farmers, largely of non-English stock, Scotch-Irish and German. They constituted a distinct people, and may be regarded as an expansion of the social and economic life of the middle region into the back country of the

South. These frontiersmen were the ancestors of Boone, Andrew Jackson, Calhoun, Clay, and Lincoln. Washington and Jefferson were profoundly affected by these frontier conditions. The forest clearings have been the seed plots of American character.

In the Revolutionary days, the settlers crossed the Alleghanies and put a barrier between them and the coast. They became, to use their phrases, "the men of the Western waters," the heirs of the "Western world." In this era, the backwoodsmen, all along the western slopes of the mountains, with a keen sense of the difference between them and the dwellers on the coast, demanded organization into independent States of the Union. Self-government was their ideal. Said one of their rude, but energetic petitions for statehood: "Some of our fellow-citizens may think we are not able to conduct our affairs and consult our interests; but if our society is rude, much wisdom is not necessary to supply our wants, and a fool can sometimes put on his clothes better than a wise man can do it for him." This forest philosophy is the philosophy of American democracy. But the men of the coast were not ready to admit its implications. They apportioned the state legislatures so that the property-holding minority of the tidewater lands were able to outvote the more populous back counties. A similar system was proposed by federalists in the Constitutional Convention of 1787. Gouverneur Morris, arguing in favor of basing representation on property as well as numbers, declared that "he looked forward, also, to that range of new States which would soon be formed in the West. He thought the rule of representation ought to be so fixed, as to secure to the Atlantic States a prevalence in the national councils." "The new States," said he, "will know less of the public interest than these; will have an interest in many respects different; in particular will be little scrupulous of involving the

community in wars, the burdens and operations of which would fall chiefly on the maritime States. Provision ought, therefore, to be made to prevent the maritime States from being hereafter outvoted by them." He added that the Western country "would not be able to furnish men equally enlightened to share in the administration of our common interests. The busy haunts of men, not the remote wilderness, was the proper school of political talents. If the Western people get power into their hands, they will ruin the Atlantic interest. The back members are always most averse to the best measures." Add to these utterances of Gouverneur Morris the impassioned protest of Josiah Quincy, of Massachusetts, in the debates in the House of Representatives, on the admission of Louisiana. Referring to the discussion over the slave votes and the West in the Constitutional Convention, he declared, "Suppose, then, that it had been distinctly foreseen that, in addition to the effect of this weight, the whole population of a world beyond the Mississippi was to be brought into this and the other branch of the legislature, to form our laws, control our rights, and decide our destiny. Sir, can it be pretended that the patriots of that day would for one moment have listened to it? . . . They had not taken degrees at the hospital of idiocy. . . . Why, sir, I have already heard of six States, and some say there will be, at no great distance of time, more. I have also heard that the mouth of the Ohio will be far to the east of the centre of the contemplated empire. . . . You have no authority to throw the rights and property of this people into 'hotch-pot' with the wild men on the Missouri, nor with the mixed, though more respectable, race of Anglo-Hispano-Gallo-Americans who bask on the sands in the mouth of the Mississippi. . . . Do you suppose the people of the Northern and Atlantic States will, or ought to, look on with patience and see Repre-

sentatives and Senators from the Red River and Missouri, pouring themselves upon this and the other floor, managing the concerns of a seaboard fifteen hundred miles, at least, from their residence; and having a preponderancy in councils into which, constitutionally, they could never have been admitted?"

Like an echo from the fears expressed by the East at the close of the eighteenth century come the words of an eminent Eastern man of letters at the end of the nineteenth century, in warning against the West: "Materialized in their temper; with few ideals of an ennobling sort; little instructed in the lessons of history; safe from exposure to the direct calamities and physical horrors of war; with undeveloped imaginations and sympathies — they form a community unfortunate and dangerous from the possession of power without a due sense of its corresponding responsibilities; a community in which the passion for war may easily be excited as the fancied means by which its greatness may be convincingly exhibited, and its ambitions gratified. . . . Some chance spark may fire the prairie."

Here, then, is the problem of the West, as it looked to New England leaders of thought in the beginning and at the end of this century. From the first, it was recognized that a new type was growing up beyond the mountains, and that the time would come when the destiny of the nation would be in Western hands. The divergence of these societies became clear in the struggle over the ratification of the federal constitution. The interior agricultural region, the communities that were in debt and desired paper money, opposed the instrument; but the areas of intercourse and property carried the day.

It is important to understand, therefore, what were some of the ideals of this early Western democracy. How did the frontiersman differ from the man of the coast?

The most obvious fact regarding the man of the Western waters is that he had placed himself under influences destructive to many of the gains of civilization. Remote from the opportunity for systematic education, substituting a log hut in the forest clearing for the social comforts of the town, he suffered hardships and privations, and reverted in many ways to primitive conditions of life. Engaged in a struggle to subdue the forest, working as an individual, and with little specie or capital, his interests were with the debtor class. At each stage of its advance, the West has favored an expansion of the currency. The pioneer had boundless confidence in the future of his own community, and when seasons of financial contraction and depression occurred, he, who had staked his all on confidence in Western development, and had fought the savage for his home, was inclined to reproach the conservative sections and classes. To explain this antagonism requires more than denunciation of dishonesty, ignorance, and boorishness as fundamental Western traits. Legislation in the United States has had to deal with two distinct social conditions. In some portions of the country there was, and is, an aggregation of property, and vested rights are in the foreground: in others, capital is lacking, more primitive conditions prevail, with different economic and social ideals, and the contentment of the average individual is placed in the foreground. That in the conflict between these two ideals an even hand has always been held by the government would be difficult to show.

The separation of the Western man from the seaboard, and his environment, made him in a large degree free from European precedents and forces. He looked at things independently and with small regard or appreciation for the best Old World experience. He had no ideal of a philosophical, eclectic nation, that should advance civilization by "inter-

course with foreigners and familiarity with their point of view, and readiness to adopt whatever is best and most suitable in their ideas, manners, and customs." His was rather the ideal of conserving and developing what was original and valuable in this new country. The entrance of old society upon free lands meant to him opportunity for a new type of democracy and new popular ideals. The West was not conservative: buoyant self-confidence and self-assertion were distinguishing traits in its composition. It saw in its growth nothing less than a new order of society and state. In this conception were elements of evil and elements of good.

But the fundamental fact in regard to this new society was its relation to land. Professor Boutmy has said of the United States, "Their one primary and predominant object is to cultivate and settle these prairies, forests, and vast waste lands. The striking and peculiar characteristic of American society is that it is not so much a democracy as a huge commercial company for the discovery, cultivation, and capitalization of its enormous territory. The United States are primarily a commercial society, and only secondarily a nation." Of course, this involves a serious misapprehension. By the very fact of the task here set forth, far-reaching ideals of the state and of society have been evolved in the West, accompanied by loyalty to the nation representative of these ideals. But M. Boutmy's description hits the substantial fact, that the fundamental traits of the man of the interior were due to the free lands of the West. These turned his attention to the great task of subduing them to the purposes of civilization, and to the task of advancing his economic and social status in the new democracy which he was helping to create. Art, literature, refinement, scientific administration, all had to give way to this Titanic labor. Energy, incessant activity, became the lot of this new Ameri-

can. Says a traveler of the time of Andrew Jackson, "America is like a vast workshop, over the door of which is printed in blazing characters, 'No admittance here, except on business.'" The West of our own day reminds Mr. Bryce "of the crowd which Vathek found in the hall of Eblis, each darting hither and thither with swift steps and unquiet mien, driven to and fro by a fire in the heart. Time seems too short for what they have to do, and the result always to come short of their desire."

But free lands and the consciousness of working out their social destiny did more than turn the Westerner to material interests and devote him to a restless existence. They promoted equality among the Western settlers, and reacted as a check on the aristocratic influences of the East. Where everybody could have a farm, almost for taking it, economic equality easily resulted, and this involved political equality. Not without a struggle would the Western man abandon this ideal, and it goes far to explain the unrest in the remote West to-day.

Western democracy included individual liberty, as well as equality. The frontiersman was impatient of restraints. He knew how to preserve order, even in the absence of legal authority. If there were cattle thieves, lynch law was sudden and effective: the regulators of the Carolinas were the predecessors of the claims associations of Iowa and the vigilance committees of California. But the individual was not ready to submit to complex regulations. Population was sparse, there was no multitude of jostling interests, as in older settlements, demanding an elaborate system of personal restraints. Society became atomic. There was a reproduction of the primitive idea of the personality of the law, a crime was more an offense against the victim than a violation of the law of the land. Substantial justice, secured in the most direct way, was the ideal of the backwoodsman. He had little patience

with finely drawn distinctions or scruples of method. If the thing was one proper to be done, then the most immediate, rough and ready, effective way was the best way.

It followed from the lack of organized political life, from the atomic conditions of the backwoods society, that the individual was exalted and given free play. The West was another name for opportunity. Here were mines to be seized, fertile valleys to be preempted, all the natural resources open to the shrewdest and the boldest. The United States is unique in the extent to which the individual has been given an open field, unchecked by restraints of an old social order, or of scientific administration of government. The self-made man was the Western man's ideal, was the kind of man that all men might become. Out of his wilderness experience, out of the freedom of his opportunities, he fashioned a formula for social regeneration, — the freedom of the individual to seek his own. He did not consider that his conditions were exceptional and temporary.

Under such conditions, leadership easily develops, — a leadership based on the possession of the qualities most serviceable to the young society. In the history of Western settlement, we see each fortified village following its local hero. Clay, Jackson, Harrison, Lincoln, were illustrations of this tendency in periods when the Western hero rose to the dignity of national hero.

The Western man believed in the manifest destiny of his country. On his border, and checking his advance, were the Indian, the Spaniard, and the Englishman. He was indignant at Eastern indifference and lack of sympathy with his view of his relations to these peoples; at the short-sightedness of Eastern policy. The closure of the Mississippi by Spain, and the proposal to exchange our claim of freedom of navigating the river, in return for commercial advantages to New England, nearly led to the

withdrawal of the West from the Union. It was the Western demands that brought about the purchase of Louisiana, and turned the scale in favor of declaring the War of 1812. Militant qualities were favored by the annual expansion of the settled area in the face of hostile Indians and the stubborn wilderness. The West caught the vision of the nation's continental destiny. Henry Adams, in his *History of the United States*, makes the American of 1800 exclaim to the foreign visitor, "Look at my wealth! See these solid mountains of salt and iron, of lead, copper, silver, and gold. See these magnificent cities scattered broadcast to the Pacific! See my corn-fields rustling and waving in the summer breeze from ocean to ocean, so far that the sun itself is not high enough to mark where the distant mountains bound my golden seas. Look at this continent of mine, fairest of created worlds, as she lies turning up to the sun's never failing caress her broad and exuberant breasts, overflowing with milk for her hundred million children." And the foreigner saw only dreary deserts, tenanted by sparse, ague-stricken pioneers and savages. The cities were log huts and gambling dens. But the frontiersman's dream was prophetic. In spite of his rude, gross nature, this early Western man was an idealist withal. He dreamed dreams and beheld visions. He had faith in man, hope for democracy, belief in America's destiny, unbounded confidence in his ability to make his dreams come true. Said Harriet Martineau in 1834, "I regard the American people as a great embryo poet, now moody, now wild, but bringing out results of absolute good sense: restless and wayward in action, but with deep peace at his heart; exulting that he has caught the true aspect of things past, and the depth of futurity which lies before him, wherein to create something so magnificent as the world has scarcely begun to dream of. There is the strongest hope of a

nation that is capable of being possessed with an idea."

It is important to bear this idealism of the West in mind. The very materialism that has been urged against the West was accompanied by ideals of equality, of the exaltation of the common man, of national expansion, that make it a profound mistake to write of the West as though it were engrossed in mere material ends. It has been, and is, preëminently a region of ideals, mistaken or not.

It is obvious that these economic and social conditions were so fundamental in Western life\* that they might well dominate whatever accessions came to the West by immigration from the coast sections or from Europe. Nevertheless, the West cannot be understood without bearing in mind the fact that it has received the great streams from the North and from the South, and that the Mississippi compelled these currents to intermingle. Here it was that sectionalism first gave way under the pressure of unification. Ultimately the conflicting ideas and institutions of the old sections struggled for dominance in this area under the influence of the forces that made for uniformity, but this is merely another phase of the truth that the West must become unified, that it could not rest in sectional groupings. For precisely this reason the struggle occurred. In the period from the Revolution to the close of the War of 1812, the democracy of the Southern and Middle States contributed the main streams of settlement and social influence to the West. Even in Ohio political power was soon lost by the New England leaders. The democratic spirit of the Middle region left an indelible impress on the West in this its formative period. After the War of 1812, New England, its supremacy in the carrying trade of the world having vanished, became a beehive from which swarms of settlers went out to western New York and the remoter regions. These settlers spread New England ideals of education

and character and political institutions, and acted as a leaven of great significance in the Northwest. But it would be a mistake to believe that an unmixed New England influence took possession of the Northwest. These pioneers did not come from the class that conserved the type of New England civilization pure and undefiled. They represented a less contented, less conservative influence. Moreover, by their sojourn in the Middle region, on their westward march, they underwent modification, and when the farther West received them, they suffered a forest-change, indeed. The Westernized New England man was no longer the representative of the section that he left. He was less conservative, less provincial, more adaptable and approachable, less rigorous in his Puritan ideals, less a man of culture, more a man of action.

As might have been expected, therefore, the Western men, in the era of good feeling, had much homogeneity throughout the Mississippi valley, and began to stand as a new national type. Under the lead of Henry Clay they invoked the national government to break down the mountain barrier by internal improvements, and thus to give their crops an outlet to the coast. Under him they appealed to the national government for a protective tariff to create a home market. A group of frontier States entered the Union with democratic provisions respecting the suffrage, and with devotion to the nation that had given them their lands, built their roads and canals, regulated their territorial life, and made them equals in the sisterhood of States. At last these Western forces of aggressive nationalism and democracy took possession of the government in the person of the man who best embodied them, Andrew Jackson. This new democracy that captured the country and destroyed the older ideals of statesmanship came from no theorist's dreams of the German forest. It came, stark and strong and

full of life, from the American forest. But the triumph of this Western democracy revealed also the fact that it could rally to its aid the laboring classes of the coast, then just beginning to acquire self-consciousness and organization.

The next phase of Western development revealed forces of division between the northern and southern portions of the West. With the spread of the cotton culture went the slave system and the great plantation. The small farmer in his log cabin, raising varied crops, was displaced by the planter raising cotton. In all except the mountainous areas, the industrial organization of the tidewater took possession of the Southwest, the unity of the back country was broken, and the solid South was formed. In the Northwest this was the era of railroads and canals, opening the region to the increasing stream of Middle State and New England settlement, and strengthening the opposition to slavery. A map showing the location of the men of New England ancestry in the Northwest would represent also the counties in which the Free Soil party cast its heaviest votes. The commercial connections of the Northwest likewise were reversed by the railroad. The result is stated by a writer in *De Bow's Review* in 1852 in these words:—

“What is New Orleans now? Where are her dreams of greatness and glory? . . . Whilst she slept, an enemy has sowed tares in her most prolific fields. Armed with energy, enterprise, and an indomitable spirit, that enemy, by a system of bold, vigorous, and sustained efforts, has succeeded in reversing the very laws of nature and of nature's God, — rolled back the mighty tide of the Mississippi and its thousand tributary streams, until their mouth, practically and commercially, is more at New York or Boston than at New Orleans.”

The West broke asunder, and the great struggle over the social system to be given to the lands beyond the Mis-

issippi followed. In the Civil War the Northwest furnished the national hero, — Lincoln was the very flower of frontier training and ideals, — and it also took into its hands the whole power of the government. Before the war closed, the West could claim the President, Vice-President, Chief Justice, Speaker of the House, Secretary of the Treasury, Postmaster-General, Attorney-General, General of the army, and Admiral of the navy. The leading generals of the war had been furnished by the West. It was the region of action, and in the crisis it took the reins.

The triumph of the nation was followed by a new era of Western development. The national forces projected themselves across the prairies and plains. Railroads, fostered by government loans and land grants, opened the way for settlement and poured a flood of European immigrants and restless pioneers from all sections of the Union into the government lands. The army of the United States pushed back the Indian, rectangular Territories were carved into checker-board States, creations of the federal government, without a history, without physiographical unity, without particularistic ideas. The later frontiersman leaned on the strong arm of national power.

At the same time the South underwent a revolution. The plantation, based on slavery, gave place to the farm, the gentry to the democratic elements. As in the West, new industries, of mining and of manufacture, sprang up as by magic. The New South, like the New West, was an area of construction, a debtor area, an area of unrest; and it, too, had learned the uses to which federal legislation might be put.

In the mean time the old Northwest<sup>1</sup> has passed through an economic and social transformation. The whole West

<sup>1</sup> The present States of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, and Wisconsin.

has furnished an area over which successive waves of economic development have passed. The Indian hunters and traders were followed by the pioneer farmers, engaged in raising unrotated crops; after this came the wave of more settled town life and varied agriculture; the wave of manufacture followed. These stages of development have passed in succession across large parts of the old Northwest. The State of Wisconsin, now much like parts of the State of New York, was at an earlier period like the State of Nebraska of to-day; the granger movement and the greenback party had for a time the ascendancy; and in the northern counties of the State, where there is a sparser population, and the country is being settled, its sympathies are still with the debtor class. Thus the old Northwest is a region where the older frontier conditions survive in parts, and where the inherited ways of looking at things are largely to be traced to its frontier days. At the same time it is a region in many ways assimilated to the East. It understands both sections. It is not entirely content with the existing structure of economic society in the sections where wealth has accumulated and corporate organizations are powerful; but neither has it seemed to feel that its interests lie in supporting the programme of the prairies and the South. In the Fifty-third Congress it voted for the income tax, but it rejected free coinage. It is still affected by the ideal of the self-made man, rather than by the ideal of industrial nationalism. It is more American, but less cosmopolitan than the seaboard.

We are now in a position to see clearly some of the factors involved in the Western problem. For nearly three centuries the dominant fact in American life has been expansion. With the settlement of the Pacific coast and the occupation of the free lands, this movement has come to a check. That these energies of expansion will no longer op-

erate would be a rash prediction; and the demands for a vigorous foreign policy, for an interoceanic canal, for a revival of our power upon the seas, and for the extension of American influence to outlying islands and adjoining countries, are indications that the movement will continue. The stronghold of these demands lies west of the Alleghanies.

In the remoter West, the restless, rushing wave of settlement has broken with a shock against the arid plains. The free lands are gone, the continent is crossed, and all this push and energy is turning into channels of agitation. Failures in one area can no longer be made good by taking up land on a new frontier; the conditions of a settled society are being reached with suddenness and with confusion. The West has been built up with borrowed capital, and the question of the stability of gold, as a standard of deferred payments, is eagerly agitated by the debtor West, profoundly dissatisfied with the industrial conditions that confront it, and actuated by frontier directness and rigor in its remedies. For the most part, the men who built up the West beyond the Mississippi, and who are now leading the agitation, came as pioneers from the old Northwest, in the days when it was just passing from the stage of a frontier section. For example, Senator Allen of Nebraska, president of the recent national Populist Convention, and a type of the political leaders of his section, was born in Ohio in the middle of the century; went in his youth to Iowa, and not long after the Civil War made his home in Nebraska. As a boy, he saw the buffalo driven out by the settlers; he saw the Indian retreat as the pioneer advanced. His training is that of the old West, in its frontier days. And now the frontier opportunities are gone. Discontent is demanding an extension of governmental activity in its behalf. In these demands, it finds itself in touch with the depressed agricultural classes and the

workingmen of the South and East. The Western problem is no longer a sectional problem; it is a social problem on a national scale. The greater West, extending from the Alleghanies to the Pacific, cannot be regarded as a unit; it requires analysis into regions and classes. But its area, its population, and its material resources would give force to its assertion that if there is a sectionalism in the country, the sectionalism is Eastern. The old West, united to the new South, would produce, not a new sectionalism, but a new Americanism. It would not mean sectional disunion, as some have speculated, but it might mean a drastic assertion of national government and imperial expansion under a popular hero.

This, then, is the real situation: a people composed of heterogeneous materials, with diverse and conflicting ideals and social interests, having passed from the task of filling up the vacant spaces of the continent, is now thrown back upon itself, and is seeking an equilibrium. The diverse elements are being fused into national unity. The forces of reorganization are turbulent and the nation seems like a witches' kettle:

"Double, double, toil and trouble,  
Fire burn and cauldron bubble."

But the far West has its centres of industrial life and culture not unlike those of the East. It has state univer-

sities, rivaling in conservative and scientific economic instruction those of any other part of the Union, and its citizens more often visit the East, than do Eastern men the West. As time goes on, its industrial development will bring it more into harmony with the East.

Moreover, the old Northwest holds the balance of power, and is the battlefield on which these issues of American development are to be settled. It has more in common with all regions of the country than has any other region. It understands the East, as the East does not understand the West. The White City which recently rose on the shores of Lake Michigan fitly typified its growing culture as well as its capacity for great achievement. Its complex and representative industrial organization and business ties, its determination to hold fast to what is original and good in its Western experience, and its readiness to learn and receive the results of the experience of other sections and nations, make it an open-minded and safe arbiter of the American destiny. In the long run the centre of the Republic may be trusted to strike a wise balance between the contending ideals. But she does not deceive herself; she knows that the problem of the West means nothing less than the problem of working out original social ideals and social adjustment for the American nation.

*Frederick J. Turner.*

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## MARM LISA.<sup>1</sup>

### I.

#### EDEN PLACE.

EDEN PLACE was a short street running at right angles with Eden Square, a most unattractive and infertile trian-

gle of ground in a most unattractive but respectable quarter of a large city. It was called a square not so much, probably, because it was triangular in shape as because it was hardly large enough to be designated as a park. As to its being called "Eden," the origin of that

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<sup>1</sup> Copyright, 1896, by Kate Douglas Riggs.

qualifying word is enveloped in mystery ; but it is likely that the enthusiastic persons who projected it saw visions and dreamed dreams of green benches under umbrageous trees ; of a green wire fence, ever green, and of plots of blossoming flowers filling the grateful air with unaccustomed fragrance.

As a matter of fact, the trees had always been stunted and stubby, the plants had never been tended, all the paint had been worn off the benches by successive groups of workmen out of work, and the wire fence had been much used as a means of ingress and egress by the children of the neighborhood, who preferred it to any of the gateways, which they considered hopelessly unimaginative and commonplace, offering no resistance to the budding man of valor or woman of ambition.

Eden Place was frequented mostly by the children, who found it an admirable spot to squabble, to fight, and to dig up the hapless earth, and after them, by persons out of suits with fortune. These (generally men) adorned the shabby benches at all times, sleeping, smoking, reading newspapers, or tracing uncertain patterns in the gravel with a stick, — patterns as uncertain and aimless as themselves. There were fewer women, because the unemployed woman of this class has an old-fashioned habit, or instinct, of seeking work by direct assault ; the method of the male being rather to sit on a bench and discuss the obstacles, the injustices, and the unendurable insults heaped by a plutocratic government in the path of the honest son of toil.

The corner house of Eden Place was a little larger than its neighbors in the same row. Its side was flanked by a sand-lot, and a bay window, with four central panes of blue glass, was the most conspicuous feature of its architecture. In the small front yard was a microscopic flower-bed ; there were no flowers in it, but the stake that held up a stout plant in the middle was surmounted by

a neat wooden sign bearing the inscription, "No Smoking on these Premises." The warning seemed unnecessary, as any man standing in the garden could hardly have put his pipe in his mouth without grazing either the fence or the house, but the owner of the "premises" possibly wished to warn the visitor at the very threshold.

All the occupied houses in Eden Place were cheerful and hospitable in their appearance, and were marked by an air of liveliness and good-fellowship. Bed linen hung freely from all the windows, for there was no hard-and-fast law about making up beds at any special hour, though a remnant of superstition still existed that it was a good thing to make up a bed before you slept in it. There were more women on their respective front steps, and fewer in their respective kitchens, in Eden Place than in almost any other locality in the city. That they lived for the most part in close and friendly relations could be seen from the condition of the fences between the front yards, whose upper rails fairly sagged with the weight of gossip.

One woman, living in the middle of the row, evidently possessed somewhat different views, for she had planted vines on each of her division fences, rented her parlor to a lodger who only slept there, kept all her front curtains drawn, and stayed in the back of her house. Such retribution as could legally be wreaked upon this offensive and exclusive person was daily administered by her two neighbors, who stood in their doors and conversed across her house and garden with much freedom and exuberance. They had begged the landlord to induce her to take up her abode elsewhere, but as she was the only tenant who paid her rent regularly he refused to part with her.

Any one passing the "No Smoking" sign and entering the front door of Mrs. Grubb's house, on the corner, would have turned off the narrow uncarpeted hall

into the principal room, and if he were an observing person would have been somewhat puzzled by its appearance. There were seven or eight long benches on one side, yet it had not the slightest resemblance to a schoolroom. The walls were adorned with a variety of interesting objects. There was a chart showing a mammoth human hand, the palm marked with myriads of purple lines. There were two others displaying respectively the interior of the human being in the pink-and-white purity of total abstinence, and the same interior after years of intemperance had done their fatal work; a most valuable chart this last, and one that had quenched the thirst of many a man.

The words "*Poverty Must Go*" were wrought in evergreen letters over the bay window, and various texts were printed in red and black and tacked to the wall in prominent places. These were such as:

*"To be a Flesh-Eater is to be a Shedder of Blood and a Destroyer of God's Innocent Creatures."*

*"Now that Man has Begun to Ascend in the Scale of Being let Woman Reach Down a Strong, Tender Hand and Aid him in his Struggle for Moral and Spiritual Elevation."*

*"Let the Pleasure Field be as Large as Possible. Pains and Fears Lessen Growth."*

*"I Believe that to Burden, to Bond, to Tax, to Tribute, to Impoverish, to Grind, to Pillage, to Oppress, to Afflict, to Plunder, to Vampire the Life Laboring to Create Wealth, is the Unpardonable Sin."*

Over the mantel-shelf was a seaweed picture in a frame of shells, bearing the inscription, "*Unity Hall. Meeting-Place of the Order of Present Perfection.*" On a table, waiting to be hung in place, was an impressive sort of map about four feet square. This, like many of the other ornaments in the room, was a trifle puzzling, and seemed at first, from its plenitude of colored spots, to

be some species of moral propaganda in a state of violent eruption. It proved, however, on closer study, to be an ingenious pictorial representation of the fifty largest cities of the world, with the successful establishment of various regenerating ideas indicated by colored disks of paper neatly pasted on the surface. The key in the right-hand corner read:—

Temperance . . . .	Blue.
Single Tax . . . .	Green.
Cremation . . . .	Orange.
Abolition of War . .	Red.
Vegetarianism . . .	Purple.
Hypnotism . . . .	Yellow.
Dress Reform . . .	Black.
Social Purity . . .	Blush Rose.
Theosophy . . . .	Silver.
Religious Liberty . .	Magenta.
Emancipation of } Woman }	{ Crushed Straw- berry.

A small gold star, added to the colored spot, hovering over the name of a city, was explained, in the lower left-hand corner, as denoting the fact that the Eldorado face powder was exclusively used there, and that S. Cora Grubb was the sole agent for the Pacific coast.

Joseph's coat faded into insignificance in comparison with the city of Mrs. Grubb's present residence, which appeared to be a perfect hot-bed of world-saving ideas, and was surrounded by such a halo of spots that it would have struck the unregenerate observer as an undesirable place to live in, unless one wished to be broken daily on the rack of social progress.

This front room was Mrs. Grubb's only parlor. The seven benches were rather in the way and seemingly unnecessary, as the lady attended meetings morning, noon, and night in halls hired for that purpose; but they gave her a feeling of safety, as, in case one of her less flourishing societies should be ejected from its hall, or in case she should wake up in the middle of the night and want to hold a meeting of any club when all the halls were closed, the

benches in the parlor would make it possible without loss of time.

The room connecting with this was the family banquet-hall and kitchen in one, and as Mrs. Grubb's opinions on diet were extremely advanced it amply served the purpose.

There were three bedrooms upstairs, and the whole establishment was rather untidy in its aspect; but, though it might have been much cleaner, it is only fair to say that it might also have been much dirtier.

The house was deserted. The only sound came from the back yard, and it was the sound of children's voices. It was not at all a merry prattle; it was a steady uproar interrupted by occasional shrieks and yells, a clatter of falling blocks, beatings of a tin pan, a scramble of feet, a tussle, with confusion of blows and thumps, and then generally a temporary lull in the proceedings brought about by some sort of outside interference. If you had pushed open the wire door, you would have seen two children of four or five years disporting themselves in a sand-heap. One was a boy and one a girl, and though they were not at all alike in feature or complexion, there was an astonishing resemblance between them in size, in figure, in voice, in expression, and, apparently, in disposition.

Sitting on a bench, watching them as a dog watches its master's coat, was a girl of some undeterminable age, — perhaps of ten or twelve years. She wore a shapeless stout gingham garment; her shoes were many sizes too large for her, and the laces were dangling. Her nerveless hands and long arms sprawled in her lap as if they had no volition in them. She sat with her head slightly drooping, her knees apart, and her feet aimlessly turned in. Her lower lip hung a little, but only a little, loosely. She looked neither at earth nor at sky, but straight at the two belligerents, with whose bloodthirsty play she was obliged

to interfere at intervals. She held in her lap a doll made of a roll of brown paper, with a waist and a neck indicated by gingham strings. Pieces of raveled rope were pinned on the head part, but there was no other attempt to assist the imagination. She raised her dull eyes; they seemed to hold in their depths a knowledge of aloofness from the happier world, and their dumb sorrow pierced your very heart, while it gave you an irresistible sense of aversion. She smiled, but the smile only gave you a new thrill; it was vacant and had no joy in it, rather an uncommunicable grief. As she sat there with her battered doll, she was to the superficial eye repulsive, but to the eye that pierces externals she was almost majestic in her mysterious loneliness and separation.

The steam-whistle of a factory near by blew a long note for twelve o'clock, and she rose from her bench, took the children by the hand, and dragged them, kindly but firmly, up the steps into the kitchen. She laid her doll under a towel, but, with a furtive look at the boy, rolled it in a cloth and tucked it under her skirt at the waist-line. She then washed the children's faces, tied on their calico bibs, and pushed them up to the pine table. While they battered the board and each other with spoons and tin mugs, she went automatically to a closet, took a dish of cold porridge and turned it into three bowls, poured milk over it, spread three thick slices of wheat bread with molasses from a cup, and sat down at the table. After the simple repast was over, she led the still reluctant (constitutionally reluctant) twins up the staircase and put them, shrieking, on a bed, left the room, locking the door behind her, crouched down on the rug outside, and, leaning her head back against the wall, took her doll from under her skirt.

Poor little "Marm Lisa," as the neighbors called her! She had all the sorrows and cares of maternity with none of its compensating joys.

## II.

## MISTRESS MARY'S GARDEN.

" ' Mistress Mary, quite contrary,  
How does your garden grow ? '  
' With silver bells and cockle shells,  
And little maids all in a row. ' "

Mistress Mary's Garden did grow remarkably well, and it was wonderfully attractive considering the fact that few persons beside herself saw anything but weeds in it.

She did not look in the least a "contrary" Miss Mary, as she stood on a certain flight of broad wooden steps on a sunshiny morning; yet she was undoubtedly having her own way and living her own life in spite of remonstrances from bevvies of relatives, who saw no shadow of reason or common sense in her sort of gardening. It would have been foolish enough for a young woman with a small living income to cultivate roses or violets or lavender, but this would at least have been poetic, while the arduous tilling of a soil where the only plants were little people "all in a row" was something beyond credence.

The truth about Mistress Mary lay somewhere in the *via media* between the criticisms of her skeptical friends and the encomiums of her enthusiastic admirers. In forsaking society temporarily she had no rooted determination to forsake it eternally, and if the incense of love which her neophytes forever burned at her shrine savored somewhat of adoration, she disarmed jealousy by frankly avowing her unworthiness and lack of desire to wear the martyr's crown. Her happiness in her chosen vocation made it impossible, she argued, to regard her as a person worthy of canonization; though the neophytes were always sighing to

"have that little head of hers,  
Painted upon a background of pale gold."  
She had been born with a capacity for

helping lame dogs over stiles; accordingly, her pathway, from a very early age, had been bestrewn with stiles, and processions of lame dogs ever limping towards them. Her vocation had called her so imperiously that disobedience was impossible. It is all very well if a certain work asks one in a quiet and courteous manner to come and do it, when one has time and inclination; but it is quite another matter if it coaxes one so insistently that one can do nothing else properly, and so succumbs finally to the persuasive voice. Still, the world must be mothered somehow, and there are plenty of women who lack the time or the strength, the gift or the desire, the love or the patience, to do their share. This gap seems to be filled now and then by some inspired little creature like Mistress Mary, with enough potential maternity to mother an orphan asylum; too busy, too absorbed, too radiantly absent-minded, to see a husband in any man, but claiming every child in the universe as her very own. There was never anywhere an urchin so dirty, so ragged, so belligerent, that it could not climb into Mistress Mary's lap, and from thence into her heart. The neophytes partook of her zeal in greater or less degree, and forsaking all probability of lovers (though every one of them was young and pretty), they tied on their white aprons and clave only unto her. Daily intercourse with a couple of hundred little street Arabs furnished a field for the practice of considerable feminine virtue, and in reality the woman's kingdom at the top of the broad wooden steps was a great "culture engine" of spiritual motherhood.

It certainly was a very merry place, and if its presiding geniuses were engaged in conscious philanthropy the blighting hall-mark was conspicuous by its absence. Peals of laughter rang through the rooms; smiling faces leaned from the upstairs windows, bowing greeting to the ashman, the scissors-

grinder, the Italian and Chinese vegetable-venders, the rag-sack-and-bottle man, and the other familiar figures of the neighborhood.

It was at the end of a happy, helpful day that Mistress Mary stood in the front door and looked out over her kingdom.

There was a rosy Swedish girl sitting on the floor of a shop window opposite and washing the glass. She had moved the fresh vegetables aside and planted herself in the midst of them. There she sat among the cabbages and turnips and other sweet things just out of the earth: piles of delicate green lettuce buds, golden carrots bursting into feathery tops, ruddy beets, and pink-cheeked potatoes. It was pretty to see the honest joy of her work and the interest of her parted lips, when, after polishing the glass, it shone as crystal clear as her own eyes. A milkman stopping to look at her poured nearly a quart of cream on the ground, and two children ran squabbling under the cart to see if they could catch the drippings in their mouths. They were Atlantic and Pacific Simonson, with Marm Lisa, as usual, at their heels. She had found her way to this corner twice of late, because things happened there marvelous enough to stir even her heavy mind. There was a certain flight of narrow, rickety steps leading to a rickety shanty, and an adjacent piece of fence with a broad board on top. Flower-pots had once stood there, but they were now lying on the ground below, broken into fragments. Marm Lisa could push the twins up to this vantage-ground, and crawl up after them. Once ensconced, if they had chosen the right time of day, interesting events were sure to be forthcoming. In a large playground, within range of vision, there were small children, as many in number as the sands of the seashore. At a given moment, a lovely angel with black hair and a scarlet apron would ring a large bell. Simultaneously, a lovely angel with brown

hair and a white apron would fly to the spot, and the children would go through a mysterious process like the swarming of bees around a queen. Slowly, reluctantly, painfully, the swarm settled itself into lines in conformance with some hidden law or principle unknown to Marm Lisa. Then, when comparative order had been evolved from total chaos, the most beautiful angel of all would appear in a window; and the reason she always struck the on-lookers as a being of beauty and majesty was partly, perhaps, because her head seemed to rise from a cloud of white (which was in reality only a fichu of white mull), and partly because she always wore a slender fillet of steel to keep back the waves of her fair hair. It had a little point in front, and when the sun shone on its delicate, fine-cut prisms it glittered like a crown or a halo. After the appearance of this heavenly apparition the endless lines of little people wended their way into the building and enchanting strains of music were wafted through the open windows, supplemented sometimes by the inspiring rattle of drums and the blare of instruments hitherto indissolubly associated with street parades.

Who? Why? Whence? Whither? What for? These were some of the questions that assailed Marm Lisa's mind, but in so incoherent a form that she left them, with all other questions, unanswered. Atlantic and Pacific were curious, too, but other passions held greater sway with them; for when the children disappeared and the music ceased, they called loudly for more, and usually scratched and pinched Marm Lisa as they were lifted down from the fence; not seeing clearly how anybody else could be held answerable for the cessation of the entertainment, and scratches and pinches being the only remedial agencies that suggested themselves. On this particular occasion there were no bells, no music, and no mysterious swarming; but the heavenly apparition sat on

the broad steps! Yes, it was she! Blue-gray eyes, sweet true lips forever parting in kind words, the white surplice and apron, and the rememberable steel fillet. She had a little child in her lap (she generally had, by the way), and there were other tots clinging fondly to her motherly skirts. Marm Lisa stood at the foot of the steps, a twin glued to each side. She stared at Mistress Mary with open-mouthed wonder not unmingled with admiration.

"That same odd child," thought Mary. "I have seen her before, and always with those two little vampires hanging to her skirts. She looks a trifle young to have such constant family cares; perhaps we had better 'lend a hand.'"

"Won't you come in?" she asked, with a smile that would have drawn a sane person up the side of a precipice.

Atlantic turned and ran, but the other two stood their ground.

"Won't you come up and see us?" she repeated. "There are some fishes swimming in a glass house; come and look at them."

Marm Lisa felt herself dragged up the steps as by invisible chains, and even Pacific did not attempt to resist the irresistible. Atlantic, finding himself deserted by his comrades, gave a yell of baffled rage, and scrambled up the steps after them. But his tears dried instantly at the sight of the room into which they were ushered, as large as any of the halls in which aunt Cora spent her days; and how much more beautiful! They roved about, staring at the aquarium, and gazing at the rocking-horse, the piano, the drum, the hanging gardens, with speechless astonishment. Lisa shambled at their heels, looking at nothing very long; and when Rhoda (one of the neophytes), full of sympathy at the appearance of the wild, forlorn, unkempt trio, sat herself down on a sofa and gathered them about a wonderful picture-book, Mistress Mary's keen eyes saw that Lisa's gaze wandered in a few

minutes. Presently she crept over the floor towards a table, and, taking a string from it, began to blow it to and fro as it hung from her fingers. Rhoda's glance followed Mary's; but it was only a fleeting glance, for the four eyes of the twins were riveted on hers while they waited for her explanation of the pictures. At the end of half an hour, in which the children had said little or nothing, they had contrived to reveal so many sorrowful and startling details of their mental, moral, and physical endowment that Mistress Mary put on her hat.

"I will go home with them," she said. "There is plenty of work here for somebody; I could almost hope that it won't prove ours."

"It will," replied Rhoda, with a stifled sigh. "There is an old Eastern legend about the black camel that comes and lies down before the door of him upon whom Heaven is going to lay her chastening hand. Every time I have seen that awful trio on the fence-top, they were fairly surrounded by black camels in my imagination. Mistress Mary, I am not sure but that, in self-defense, we ought to become a highly specialized *Something*. We are now a home, a mother, a nursery, a labor bureau, a court of appeals, a soup kitchen, an advisory board and a police force. If we take *her*, what shall we be?"

"We will see first where she belongs," laughed Mary. (Nobody could help laughing at Rhoda.) "Somebody has been neglecting his or her duty. If we can make that somebody realize his delinquencies, all the better, for the responsibility will not be ours. If we cannot, why, the case is clear enough and simple enough in my mind. We certainly do not want '*Mene, mene, tekel, upharsin,*' written over this, of all doors."

Rhoda's hand went up to an imaginary cap in a gesture of military obedience. "Very well, my general. I fly to prepare weapons with which to fight Satan. You, of course, will take *her*;

I choose the bullet-headed blonde twin who says his name is 'Lanty,' and keep for Edith the bursting-with-fat brunette twin who calls herself 'Ciffy.' Edith's disciplinary powers have been too much vaunted of late; we shall see if Ciffy ruffles her splendid serenity."

### III.

#### A FAMILY POLYGON.

Mrs. Grubb's family circle was really not a circle at all; it was rather a polygon, — a curious assemblage of distinct personages.

There was no unity in it, no membership one of another. It was four ones, not one four. If some gatherer of statistics had visited the household, he would have described it thus: —

"Mrs. S. Cora Grubb, widow, aged forty years.

"Alisa Bennett, feeble-minded, aged ten or twelve years.

"Atlantic and Pacific Simonson, twins, aged four years."

The man of statistics might seek in vain for some principle of attraction or cohesion between these independent elements, but any one who knew Mrs. Grubb would never be astonished at the sort of family that had gathered itself about her. Queer as it undoubtedly was at this period, it had at various times been infinitely queerer. There was a certain memorable month, shortly after her husband's decease, when Mrs. Grubb allowed herself to be considered as a compensated hostess, though the terms "landlady" and "boarder" were never uttered in her hearing. She hired a Chinese cook, who slept at home, cleared out for the use of Lisa and the twins a small storeroom in which she commonly kept Eldorado face powder, and herself occupied a sofa in the apartment of a friend of humanity in the next street. These arrangements enabled her to ad-

mit an experimenter on hypnotism, a mental healer who had been much abused by the orthodox members of her cult and was evolving a method of her own, an ostensible delegate to an Occidental Conference of Religions, and a lady agent for a flexible celluloid undershirt. For a few days Mrs. Grubb found the society of these persons very stimulating and agreeable, but before long the hypnotist proved to be an unscrupulous gentleman who hypnotized the mental healer so that she could not heal, and the Chinese cook so that he could not cook. When, therefore, the delegate departed suddenly in company with the celluloid-underwear lady, explaining by a hurried postal card that they would "remit" from Chicago, she evicted the two other boarders, and retired again to private life.

This episode was only one of Mrs. Grubb's many divagations, for she had been a person of advanced ideas from a comparatively early age. It would seem that she must have inherited a certain number of "views," because no human being could have amassed, in a quarter of a century, as many as she held at the age of twenty-five. She had then stood up with Mr. Charles Grubb before a large assembly, in the presence of which they promised to assume and continue the relation of husband and wife so long as it was mutually agreeable. As a matter of fact it had not been mutually agreeable to Mr. Grubb more than six months, but such was the nobility of his character that he never disclosed his disappointment nor claimed any immunity from the responsibilities of the marriage state. Mr. Grubb was a timid, conventional soul, who would have given all the testimony of all the witnesses of his wedding ceremony for the mere presence of a single parson; but he imagined himself in love with Cora Wilkins, and she could neither be wooed nor won by any of the beaten paths that led to other women. He foolishly thought that the number of her

convictions would grow less after she became a wife, little suspecting the fertility of her mind, which put forth a new explanation of the universe every day, like a strawberry plant that devotes itself exclusively to "runners."

The town in New York where they lived proving to be too small, narrow, and bigoted to hold a developing soul like Mrs. Grubb's, she persuaded Mr. Grubb to take passage for California, where the climate might be supposed more favorable to the growth of saving ideas. Mr. Grubb would of course be obliged to relinquish his business, but people could buy and sell anywhere, she thought.

There was money enough for an economical journey and a month or two of idleness afterward, and as Mrs. Grubb believed everything in the universe was hers if she only chose to claim it, the question of finances never greatly troubled her. They sailed for the golden West, then, this ill-assorted couple, accompanied by Mrs. Grubb's only sister, who had been a wife, was now a widow, and would shortly become a mother. The interesting event occurred much sooner than had been anticipated. The ship became the birthplace of the twins, who had been most unwelcome when they were thought about as one, and entirely offensive when found to be two. The mother did not long survive the shock of her surprise and mortification, and after naming the babies *Atlantic* and *Pacific*, and confiding them distinctly to the care of Mr. Grubb, she died and was buried at sea, not far from Cape Horn. Mrs. Cora enjoyed at first the dramatic possibilities of her position on the ship, where the baby orphans found more than one sentimental woman ready to care for them; but there was no permanent place in her philosophy for a pair of twins who entered existence with a concerted shriek, and continued it forever afterward, as if their only purpose in life was to keep the lungs well inflated. Her supreme

wish was to be freed from the carking cares of the flesh, and thus forever ready to wing her free spirit in the pure ether of speculation.

You would hardly suppose that the obscure spouse of Mrs. Grubb could wash and dress the twins, prepare their breakfast, go to his work, come home and put them to bed four or five days out of every seven in the week; but that is what he did, accepting it as one phase of the mysterious human comedy (or was it tragedy?) in which he played his humble part.

Mrs. Grubb was no home spirit, no goddess of the hearth. She graced her family board when no invitation to sup elsewhere had been proffered, and that she generally slept in her own bed is as strong a phrase as can be written on the subject. If she had been born in Paris, at the proper time, she would have been the leader of a salon; separated from that brilliant destiny by years, by race, and by imperious circumstance, she wielded the same sort of sceptre in her own circumscribed but appreciative sphere. No social occasion in Eden Place was complete without Mrs. Grubb. With her (and some light refreshment), a party lacked nothing; without her, even if other conditions were favorable, it seemed a flat, stale, and unprofitable affair. Like Robin Adair,

"She made the ball so fine:  
She made th' occasion shine."

Mrs. Grubb hanging on her front gate, duster in hand (she never conversed quite as well without it), might have been a humble American descendant of Madame de Staël talking on the terrace at Coppet, with the famous sprig of olive in her fingers. She moved among her subjects like a barouche among express wagons, was heard after them as a song after sermons. That she did not fulfill the whole duty of woman did not occur to her fascinated constituents. There was always some duller spirit who could

slip in and "do the dishes," that Mrs. Grubb might grace a *conversazione* on the steps. She was not one of those napkin people who hide their talents, or who immure their lights under superincumbent bushels. Whatever was hers was everybody's, for she dispensed her favors with a liberal hand. She would never have permitted a child to suffer for lack of food or bed, for she was not at heart an unkind woman. You could see that by looking at her vague, soft brown eyes, eyes that never saw practical duties straight in front of them, — liquid, star-gazing, vision-seeing eyes, that could never be focused on any near object, such as a twin or a broom. Individuals never interested her; she cared for nothing but humanity, and humanity writ very large at that, so that once the twins nearly died of scarlatina while Mrs. Grubb was collecting money for the children of the yellow-fever sufferers in the South.

But Providence had an eye for Mr. Grubb's perplexities. It does not and cannot always happen, in a world like this, that vice is assisted to shirk and virtue assisted to do its duty; but any man as marvelously afflicted as Mr. Grubb is likely to receive not only spiritual consolation, but miraculous aid of some sort. The spectacle of the worthy creature as he gave the reluctant twins their occasional bath, and fed them on food regularly prescribed by Mrs. Grubb, and almost as regularly rejected by them, would have melted the stoniest heart. And who was the angel of deliverance? A little vacant-eyed, half-foolish, almost inarticulate child, whose feeble and sickly mother was dragging out a death-in-life existence in a street near by. The child saw Mr. Grubb wheeling the twins in a double perambulator; followed them home; came again, and then again, and then again; hung about the door, fell upon a dog that threatened to bite them, and drove it away howling; often stood over the perambulator with a sun-

shade for three hours at a time, without moving a muscle, and adored Mr. Grubb with a consuming passion. There was no special reason for this sentiment, but then Alisa Bennett was not quite a reasonable being. Mr. Grubb had never been adored before in his life; and to say the truth, his personality was not winning. He had a pink, bald head, pale blue eyes, with blonde tufts for eyebrows, and a pointed beard dripping from his chin: all which tended to make him look rather like an invalid goat. But as animals are said to have an eye for spirits, children have an eye for souls, which is far rarer than an eye for beautiful surfaces.

Mr. Grubb began by loathing Alisa, then patiently suffered her, then pitied, then respected, then loved her. Mrs. Grubb seldom saw her, and objected to nothing by which she herself was relieved of care. So Lisa grew to be first a familiar figure in the household, and later an indispensable one.

Poor Mrs. Bennett finally came to the end of things temporal. "It is the first piece of luck I ever had," she said to Mr. Grubb. "If it turns out that I've brought a curse on to an innocent creature, I'd rather go and meet my punishment halfway than stay here and see it worked out to the end."

"In my Father's house are many mansions," stammered Mr. Grubb, who had never before administered spiritual consolation.

She shook her head. "If I can only get rid of this world, it's all I ask," she said. "Feel under the mattress and you'll find money enough to last three or four years. It's all she'll ever get, for she has n't a soul to look to for help. Perhaps she'll die before it's gone; let's hope for the best."

It was thus that poor little Alisa Bennett assumed maternal responsibilities at the age of ten, and gained her sobriquet of "Marm Lisa." She grew more human, more tractable, under Mr.

Grubb's fostering care. But that blessed martyr had now been dead two years, and Marm Lisa began to wear her former vacuous look, and to slip back into the past that was still more dreadful than the present.

It seemed to Mrs. Grubb more than strange that she, with her desire for freedom, should be held to earth by three children not flesh of her flesh, — and such children! The father of the twins had been a professional pugilist, but even that fact could never sufficiently account for Pacific Simonson. She had apparently inherited instincts from tribes of warlike ancestors who skulked behind trees with battleaxes, and no one except her superior in size and courage was safe from her violent hand. She had little wicked dark eyes and crimson swollen cheeks, while Atlantic had flaxen hair, a low forehead, and a square jaw. He had not Pacific's ingenuity in conceiving evil, but when it was once conceived, he had a dogged persistency in carrying it out that made him worthy of his twin.

Yet with all these crosses Mrs. Grubb was moderately cheerful, for her troubles were as nebulous as everything else to her mind. She intended to invent some feasible plan for her deliverance sooner or later, but she was much more intent upon development than deliverance, and she never seemed to have the leisure to break her shackles. Nothing really mattered much. Her body might be occasionally in Eden Place, but her soul was always in a hired hall. She delighted in joining the New Order of Something, — anything, so long as it was an Order and a new one, — and then going with a selected committee to secure a lodge-room or a hall for meetings. She liked to walk up the dim aisle with the janitor following after her, and imagine the brilliant lights (paid for by collection), a neat table and lamp and pitcher of iced water, and herself in the chair as president or vice-

president, secretary or humble trustee. There was that about her that precluded the possibility of simple membership. She always rose into office the week after she had joined any society. If there was no office vacant, then some bold spirit (generally male) would create one, that Mrs. Grubb might not wither in the privacy of the ranks. Before the charter members had fully learned the alphabet of their order and had gained a thorough understanding of the social revolution it was destined to work, Mrs. Grubb had mastered the whole scheme and was unfolding it before large classes for the study of the higher theory. The instant she had a tale to tell she presumed the "listening earth" to be ready to hear it. The new Order became an old one in course of time, and, like the nautilus, Mrs. Grubb outgrew her shell and built herself a more stately chamber. Another clue to the universe was soon forthcoming, for all this happened in a city where it is necessary only for a man to open his lips and say, "I am a prophet," and followers flock unto him as many in number as the stars. She was never disturbed that the last clue had brought her nowhere; she followed the new one as passionately as the old, and told her breathless pupils that their feet must not be weary, for they were treading the path of progress; that these apparently fruitless excursions into the domain of knowledge all served as so many milestones in their glorious ascent of the mountain of truth.

#### IV.

##### MARM LISA IS TRANSPLANTED.

It was precisely as Rhoda thought and feared. The three strange beings who had drifted within Mistress Mary's reach had proved to belong to her simply because they did not belong to any-

body else. They did not know their names, the streets in which they lived, or anything else about which they were questioned, but she had followed them home to the corner house of Eden Place, though she failed, on the occasion of that first visit, to find Mrs. Grubb within. There was, however, a very valuable person next door, who supplied a little information and asked considerable more. Mrs. Sylvester told Mary that Mrs. Grubb was at that moment presiding over a meeting of the Kipling Brothers in Unity Hall, just round the corner.

"They meet Tuesdays and Thursdays at four o'clock," she said, "and you'd find it a real treat if you like to step over there."

"Thank you, I am rather busy this afternoon," replied Mary.

"Do you wish to leave any name or message? Did you want a setting?"

"A sitting?" asked Mary vaguely. "Oh no, thank you; I merely wished to see Mrs. Grubb — is that the name?"

"That's it, and an awful grievance it is to her, — Mrs. S. Cora Grubb. You have seen it in the newspapers, I suppose; she has a half column 'ad' in the Sunday Observer once a month. Would n't you like your nails attended to? I have a perfectly splendid manicure stopping with me."

"No, thank you. I hoped to see Mrs. Grubb, to ask if her children can come and spend the morning with me to-morrow."

"Oh, that'll be all right; they're not her children; she does n't care where they go; they stay in the back yard or on the sand-lot most of the time; she's got something more important to occupy her attention. Say, I hope you'll excuse me, but you look a little pale. If you were intending to get some mental healing from Mrs. Grubb, why, I can do it; she found I had the power, and she's handed all her healing over to me. It's a new method, and is going to supersede

all the others, we think. My hours are from ten to twelve, and two to four, but I could take you evenings, if you're occupied during the day. My cures are almost as satisfactory as Mrs. Grubb's now, though I have n't been healing but six months last Wednesday."

"Fortunately I am very well and strong," smiled Mistress Mary.

"Yes, that's all right, but you don't know how soon sickness may overtake you, if you have n't learned to cast off fear and practice the denials. Those who are living in error are certain to be affected by it sooner or later unless they accept the new belief. Why don't you have your nails done, now you're here? My manicure has the highest kind of a polish, — she uses pumice powder and the rose of Peru lustre; you ought to try her; by taking twenty tickets you get your single treatments for fifty cents apiece. Not this afternoon? Well, some other time, then. It will be all right about the children, and very good of you to want them. Of course you can't teach them anything, if that's your idea. Belief in original sin is all against my theories, but I confess I can't explain the twins without it. I sometimes wonder I can do any healing with them in the next house throwing off evil influences. I am treating Lisa by suggestion, but she has n't responded any yet. Call again, won't you? Mrs. Grubb is in from seven to eight in the morning, and ten thirty to eleven thirty in the evening. You ought to know her; we think there's nobody like Mrs. Grubb; she has a wonderful following, and it's growing all the time; I took this house to be near her. Good-afternoon. By the way, if you or any of your friends should require any vocal culture, you could n't do better than take of Madame Goldmarker in number seventeen. She can make anybody sing, they say. I'm taking of her right along, and my voice has about doubled in size. I ought to be leading the Kipling Brothers now, but my

patients stayed so late to-day I did n't get a good start."

The weeks wore on, and the children were old friends when Mary finally made Mrs. Grubb's acquaintance; but in the somewhat hurried interviews she had with that lady she never seemed able to establish the kind of relation she desired. The very atmosphere of her house was chaotic, and its equally chaotic mistress showed no sign of seeking advice on any point.

"Marm Lisa could hardly be received in the schools," Mary told the listening neophytes one afternoon when they were all together. "There ought of course to be a special place for her and such as she, somewhere, and people are beginning to see and feel the importance of it here; but until the thought and hope become a reality the state will simply put the poor child in with the idiots and lunatics, to grow more and more wretched, more hopeless, more stupid, until the poor little light is quenched in utter darkness. There is hope for her now, I am sure of it. If Mrs. Grubb's neighbors have told me the truth, any physical malady that may be pursuing her is in its very first stages; for, so far as they know in Eden Place (where one does n't look for exact knowledge, to be sure), she has had but two or three attacks ('dizziness' or 'faintness' they called them) in as many years. She was very strange and intractable just before the last one, and much clearer in her mind afterwards. They think her worse of late, and have advised Mrs. Grubb to send her to an insane asylum if she does n't improve. She would probably have gone there long ago if she had not been such a valuable watch-dog for the twins; but she does not belong there, — we have learned that from the doctors. They say decisively that she is curable, but that she needs very delicate treatment. My opinion is that we have a lovely bit of rescue-work sent directly into our hands in the very nick of

time. All those in favor of opening the garden gates a little wider for Marm Lisa respond by saying 'Ay!'"

There was a shout from the neophytes that shook the very rafters — such a shout that Lisa shuffled across the room, and sitting down on a stool at Mistress Mary's feet, looked up at her with a dull, uncomprehending smile. Why were those beloved eyes full of tears? She could not be displeased, for she had been laughing a moment before. She hardly knew why, but Mistress Mary's wet eyes tortured her; she made an ejaculation of discomfort and resentment, and taking the corner of her apron wiped her new friend's face softly, gazing at her with a dumb sorrow until the smile came back; then she took out her string and her doll and played by herself as contentedly as usual.

It was thus that heaven began to dawn on poor Marm Lisa. At first only a physical heaven: temporary separation from Atlantic and Pacific; a chair to herself in a warm, sunshiny room; beautiful, bright, incomprehensible things hanging on the walls; a soft gingham apron that her clumsy fingers loved to touch; brilliant bits of color and entrancing waves of sound that roused her sleeping senses to something like pleasure; a smile meeting her eyes when she looked up, — oh! she knew a smile, — God lets love dwell in these imprisoned spirits! By and by all these new sensations were followed by thoughts, or something akin to them. Her face wore a brooding, puzzled look. "Poor little soul, she is feeling her growing-pains!" said Mistress Mary. It was a mind sitting in a dim twilight where everything seems confused. The physical eye appears to see, but the light never quite pierces that dimness nor reflects its beauty there. If the ears hear the song of birds, the cooing of babes, the heart-beat in the organ tone, then the swift little messengers that fly hither and thither in my mind and yours, carrying echoes

of sweetness unspeakable, tread more slowly here, and never quite reach the spirit in prison. A spirit in prison, indeed, but with one ray of sunlight shining through the bars, — a vision of duty. Marm Lisa's weak memory had lost almost all trace of Mr. Grubb as a person, but the old instinct of fidelity was still there in solution, and unconsciously influenced her actions. The devotion that first possessed her when she beheld the twins as babies in the perambulator still held sway against all their evil actions. If they plunged into danger she plunged after them without a thought of consequences. There was, perhaps, no real heroism in this, for she saw no risks and counted no cost: this is what other people said, but Mistress Mary always thought Marm Lisa had in her the stuff out of which heroes and martyrs are made. She had never walked in life's sunny places; it had always been the valley of the shadow for her. She was surrounded by puzzles, with never any answer to one of them. If only she had comprehended the truth, it was these very puzzles that were her salvation. While her feeble mind stirred, while it wondered, brooded, suffered, — though it did all these too seldom, — it kept itself alive, even if the life were only like the flickering of a candle.

Well, the candle might flicker, but it should never go out altogether, if half a dozen pairs of women's hands could keep it from extinction; and how patiently they were outstretched to shield the poor apology for a flame, and coax it into burning more brightly!

"Let the child choose her own special teacher," said Mistress Mary; "she is sure to have a strong preference."

"Then it will be you," laughed Helen.

"Don't be foolish; it may be any one of us, and it will prove nothing in any case save a fancy that we can direct to good use."

"She seldom looks at anybody but you," said Edith.

"That is true," replied Mary. "I think she is attracted by this glittering steel thing in my hair. I am going to weave it into Helen's curly crop some time, and see whether she misses it or transfers her affection. I have made up my mind who is the best teacher for her and whom she will choose."

Rhoda gave a comical groan. "Don't say it's I," she pleaded. "I dread it. Please, I am not good enough, I don't know how; and besides, she gives me the creeps!"

Mistress Mary turned on Rhoda with a reproachful smile, saying, "You naughty Rhoda, with the brightest eyes, the swiftest feet, the nimblest fingers, the lightest heart among us all, why do you want to shirk?"

Mistress Mary had noted the fact that Lisa had refused to sit in an unpainted chair, but had dragged a red one from another room and ensconced herself in it, though it was uncomfortably small.

Now Rhoda was well named, for she was a rose of a girl, with damask cheeks that glowed like two Jacqueminot beauties. She was much given to aprons of scarlet linen, to collars and belts of red velvet, and she had a general air of being fresh, thoroughly alive, and in a state of perennial bloom. Mary was right in her surmise, and whenever she herself was out of Marm Lisa's sight or reach the child turned to Rhoda instinctively and obeyed her implicitly.

*Kate Douglas Wiggin.*

## THE STORY OF UNCLE TOM'S CABIN.

On the 29th of June, 1852, Henry Clay died. In that month the two great political parties, in their national conventions, had accepted as a finality all the compromise measures of 1850, and the last hours of the Kentucky statesman were brightened by the thought that his efforts had secured the perpetuity of the Union.

But on the 20th of March, 1852, there had been an event, the significance of which was not taken into account by the political conventions or by Clay, which was to test the conscience of the nation. This was the publication of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. Was this only an "event," the advent of a new force in politics; was the book merely an abolition pamphlet, or was it a novel, one of the few great masterpieces of fiction that the world has produced? After the lapse of forty-four years and the disappearance of African slavery on this continent, it is perhaps possible to consider this question dispassionately.

The compromise of 1850 satisfied neither the North nor the South. The admission of California as a free State was regarded by Calhoun as fatal to the balance between the free and the slave States, and thereafter a fierce agitation sprang up for the recovery of this loss of balance, and ultimately for Southern preponderance, which resulted in the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, the Kansas-Nebraska war, and the civil war. The fugitive slave law was hateful to the North not only because it was cruel and degrading, but because it was seen to be a move formed for nationalizing slavery. It was unsatisfactory to the South because it was deemed inadequate in its provisions, and because the South did not believe the North would execute it in good faith. So unstable did the compromise seem that in less than a year

after the passage of all its measures, Henry Clay and forty-four Senators and Representatives united in a manifesto declaring that they would support no man for office who was not known to be opposed to any disturbance of the settlements of the compromise. When, in February, 1851, the recaptured fugitive slave, Burns, was rescued from the United States officers in Boston, Clay urged the investment of the President with extraordinary power to enforce the law.

Henry Clay was a patriot, a typical American. The republic and its preservation were the passions of his life. Like Lincoln, who was born in the State of his adoption, he was willing to make almost any sacrifice for the maintenance of the Union. He had no sympathy with the system of slavery. There is no doubt that he would have been happy in the belief that it was in the way of gradual and peaceful extinction. With him, it was always the Union before state rights and before slavery. Unlike Lincoln, he had not the clear vision to see that the republic could not endure half slave and half free. He believed that the South, appealing to the compromises of the Constitution, would sacrifice the Union before it would give up slavery, and in fear of this menace he begged the North to conquer its prejudices. We are not liable to overrate his influence as a compromising pacificator from 1832 to 1852. History will no doubt say that it was largely due to him that the war on the Union was postponed to a date when its success was impossible.

It was the fugitive slave law that brought the North face to face with slavery nationalized, and it was the fugitive slave law that produced *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. The effect of this story was immediate and electric. It went straight to the hearts of tens of thousands

of people who had never before considered slavery except as a political institution for which they had no personal responsibility. What was this book, and how did it happen to produce such an effect? It is true that it struck into a time of great irritation and agitation, but in one sense there was nothing new in it. The facts had all been published. For twenty years abolition tracts, pamphlets, newspapers, and books had left little to be revealed, to those who cared to read, as to the nature of slavery or its economic aspects. The evidence was practically all in, — supplied largely by the advertisements of Southern newspapers and by the legislation of the slaveholding States, — but it did not carry conviction; that is, the sort of conviction that results in action. The subject had to be carried home to the conscience. Pamphleteering, convention-holding, sermons, had failed to do this. Even the degrading requirements of the fugitive slave law, which brought shame and humiliation, had not sufficed to fuse the public conscience, emphasize the necessity of obedience to the moral law, and compel recognition of the responsibility of the North for slavery. Evidence had not done this, passionate appeals had not done it, vituperation had not done it. What sort of presentation of the case would gain the public ear and go to the heart? If Mrs. Stowe, in all her fervor, had put forth first the facts in *The Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin*, which so buttressed her romance, the book would have had no more effect than had followed the like compilations and arraignments. What was needed? If we can discover this, we shall have the secret of this epoch-making novel.

The story of this book has often been told. It is in the nature of a dramatic incident of which the reader never tires any more than the son of Massachusetts does of the minutest details of that famous scene in the Senate Chamber when Webster replied to Hayne.

At the age of twenty-four the author was married and went to live in Cincinnati, where her husband held a chair in the Lane Theological Seminary. There for the first time she was brought into relations with the African race and saw the effects of slavery. She visited slaveholders in Kentucky and had friends among them. In some homes she saw the "patriarchal" institution at its best. The Beecher family were anti-slavery, but they had not been identified with the abolitionists, except perhaps Edward, who was associated with the murdered Lovejoy. It was long a reproach brought by the abolitionists against Henry Ward Beecher that he held entirely aloof from their movement. At Cincinnati, however, the personal aspects of the case were brought home to Mrs. Stowe. She learned the capacities and peculiarities of the negro race. They were her servants; she taught some of them; hunted fugitives applied to her; she ransomed some by her own efforts; every day there came to her knowledge stories of the hunger for freedom, of the ruthless separation of man and wife and mother and child, and of the heroic sufferings of those who ran away from the fearful doom of those "sold down South." These things crowded upon her mind and awoke her deepest compassion. But what could she do against all the laws, the political and commercial interests, the great public apathy? Relieve a case here and there, yes. But to dwell upon the gigantic evil, with no means of making head against it, was to invite insanity.

As late as 1850, when Professor Stowe was called to Bowdoin College, and the family removed to Brunswick, Maine, Mrs. Stowe had not felt impelled to the duty she afterwards undertook. "In fact, it was a sort of general impression upon her mind, as upon that of many humane people in those days, that the subject was so dark and painful a one, so involved in difficulty and obscurity, so utterly beyond human hope

or help, that it was of no use to read, or think, or distress one's self about it." But when she reached New England the excitement over the fugitive slave law was at its height. There was a panic in Boston among the colored people settled there, who were daily fleeing to Canada. Every mail brought her pitiful letters from Boston, from Illinois, and elsewhere, of the terror and despair caused by the law. Still more was she impressed by the apathy of the Christian world at the North, and surely, she said, the people did not understand what the "system" was. Appeals were made to her, who had some personal knowledge of the subject, to take up her pen. The task seemed beyond her in every way. She was not strong, she was in the midst of heavy domestic cares, with a young infant, with pupils to whom she was giving daily lessons, and the limited income of the family required the strictest economy. The dependence was upon the small salary of Professor Stowe, and the few dollars she could earn by an occasional newspaper or magazine article. But the theme burned in her mind, and finally took this shape: at least she would write some sketches and show the Christian world what slavery really was, and what the system was that they were defending. She wanted to do this with entire fairness, showing all the mitigations of the "patriarchal" system, and all that individuals concerned in it could do to alleviate its misery. While pondering this she came by chance, in a volume of an anti-slavery magazine, upon the authenticated account of the escape of a woman with her child on the ice across the Ohio River from Kentucky. She began to meditate. The faithful slave husband in Kentucky, who had refused to escape from a master who trusted him, when he was about to be sold "down river," came to her as a pattern of Uncle Tom, and the scenes of the story began to form themselves in her mind. "The first part of the book ever com-

mitted to writing [this is the statement of Mrs. Stowe] was the death of Uncle Tom. This scene presented itself almost as a tangible vision to her mind while sitting at the communion-table in the little church in Brunswick. She was perfectly overcome by it, and could scarcely restrain the convulsion of tears and sobbings that shook her frame. She hastened home and wrote it, and, her husband being away, read it to her two sons of ten and twelve years of age. The little fellows broke out into convulsions of weeping, one of them saying through his sobs, 'Oh, mamma, slavery is the most cursed thing in the world!' From that time the story can less be said to have been composed by her than imposed upon her. Scenes, incidents, conversations rushed upon her with a vividness and importunity that would not be denied. The book insisted upon getting itself into being, and would take no denial."

When two or three chapters were written she wrote to her friend, Dr. Bailey, of Washington, the editor of *The National Era*, to which she had contributed, that she was planning a story that might run through several numbers of the *Era*. The story was at once applied for, and thereafter weekly installments were sent on regularly, in spite of all cares and distractions. The installments were mostly written during the morning, on a little desk in a corner of the dining-room of the cottage in Brunswick, subject to all the interruptions of house-keeping, her children bursting into the room continually with the importunity of childhood. But they did not break the spell or destroy her abstraction. With a smile and a word and a motion of the hand she would wave them off, and keep on in her magician's work. Long afterwards they recalled this, dimly understood at the time, and wondered at her power of concentration. Usually at night the chapters were read to the family, who followed the story with

intense feeling. The narrative ran on for nine months, exciting great interest among the limited readers of the *Era*, and gaining sympathetic words from the anti-slavery people, but without making any wide impression on the public.

We may pause here in the narrative to note two things: the story was not the work of a novice, and it was written out of abundant experience and from an immense mass of accumulated thought and material. Mrs. Stowe was in her fortieth year. She had been using her pen since she was twelve years old, in extensive correspondence, in occasional essays, in short stories and sketches, some of which appeared in a volume called *The Mayflower*, published in 1843, and for many years her writing for newspapers and periodicals had added appreciably to the small family income. She was in the maturity of her intellectual powers, she was trained in the art of writing, and she had, as Walter Scott had when he began the *Waverley Novels* at the age of forty-three, abundant store of materials on which to draw. To be sure, she was on fire with a moral purpose, but she had the dramatic instinct, and she felt that her object would not be reached by writing an abolition tract.

"In shaping her material the author had but one purpose, to show the institution of slavery truly, just as it existed. She had visited in Kentucky; had formed the acquaintance of people who were just, upright, and generous, and yet slaveholders. She had heard their views, and appreciated their situation; she felt that justice required that their difficulties should be recognized and their virtues acknowledged. It was her object to show that the evils of slavery were the inherent evils of a bad system, and not always the fault of those who had become involved in it and were its actual administrators. Then she was convinced that the presentation of slavery alone, in its most dreadful forms, would be a picture of such unrelieved horror

and darkness as nobody could be induced to look at. Of set purpose, she sought to light up the darkness by humorous and grotesque episodes, and the presentation of the milder and more amusing phases of slavery, for which her recollection of the never-failing wit and drollery of her former colored friends in Ohio gave her abundant material."

This is her own account of the process, years after. But it is evident that, whether consciously or unconsciously, she did but follow the inevitable law of all great dramatic creators and true storytellers since literature began.

For this story Mrs. Stowe received from the *Era* the sum of three hundred dollars. Before it was finished it attracted the attention of Mr. J. P. Jewett, of Boston, a young and then unknown publisher, who offered to issue it in book form. His offer was accepted, but as the tale ran on he became alarmed at its length, and wrote to the author that she was making the story too long for a one-volume novel; that the subject was unpopular; that people would not willingly hear much about it; that one short volume might possibly sell, but that if it grew to two that might prove a fatal obstacle to its success. Mrs. Stowe replied that she did not make the story, that the story made itself, and that she could not stop it till it was done. The publisher hesitated. It is said that a competent literary critic to whom he submitted it sat up all night with the novel, and then reported, "The story has life in it; it will sell." Mr. Jewett proposed to Professor Stowe to publish it on half profits if he would share the expenses. This offer was declined, for the Stowes had no money to advance, and the common royalty of ten per cent on the sales was accepted.

Mrs. Stowe was not interested in this business transaction. She was thinking only of having the book circulated for the effect she had at heart. The intense absorption in the story held her until the

virtual end in the death of Uncle Tom, and then it seemed as if the whole vital force had left her. She sank into a profound discouragement. Would this appeal, which she had written with her heart's blood, go for nothing, as all the prayers and tears and strivings had already gone? When the last proof sheets left her hands, "it seemed to her that there was no hope; that nobody would hear, nobody would read, nobody would pity; that this frightful system, which had already pursued its victims into the free States, might at last even threaten them in Canada." Resolved to leave nothing undone to attract attention to her cause, she wrote letters and ordered copies of her novel sent to men of prominence who had been known for their anti-slavery sympathies, — to Prince Albert, Macaulay, Charles Dickens, Charles Kingsley, and Lord Carlisle. Then she waited for the result.

She had not long to wait. The success of the book was immediate. Three thousand copies were sold the first day, within a few days ten thousand copies had gone, on the 1st of April a second edition went to press, and thereafter eight presses running day and night were barely able to keep pace with the demand for it. Within a year three hundred thousand copies were sold. No work of fiction ever spread more quickly throughout the reading community or awakened a greater amount of public feeling. It was read by everybody, learned and unlearned, high and low, for it was an appeal to universal human sympathy, and the kindling of this spread the book like wildfire. At first it seemed to go by acclamation. But this was not altogether owing to sympathy with the theme. I believe that it was its power as a novel that carried it largely. The community was generally apathetic when it was not hostile to any real effort to be rid of slavery. This presently appeared. At first there were few dissenting voices from the chorus of praise.

But when the effect of the book began to be evident it met with an opposition fiercer and more personal than the great wave of affectionate thankfulness which greeted it at first. The South and the defenders and apologists of slavery everywhere were up in arms. It was denounced in pulpit and in press, and some of the severest things were said of it at the North. The leading religious newspaper of the country, published in New York, declared that it was "anti-Christian."

Mrs. Stowe was twice astonished: first by its extraordinary sale, and second by the quarter from which the assault on it came. She herself says that her expectations were strikingly different from the facts. "She had painted slaveholders as amiable, generous, and just. She had shown examples among them of the noblest and most beautiful traits of character; had admitted fully their temptations, their perplexities, and their difficulties, so that a friend of hers who had many relatives in the South wrote to her: 'Your book is going to be the great pacificator; it will unite both North and South.' Her expectation was that the professed abolitionists would denounce it as altogether too mild in its dealings with slaveholders. To her astonishment, it was the extreme abolitionists who received, and the entire South who rose up against it."

There is something almost amusing in Mrs. Stowe's honest expectation that the deadliest blow the system ever suffered should have been received thankfully by those whose traditions, education, and interests were all bound up in it. And yet from her point of view it was not altogether unreasonable. Her blackest villain and most loathsome agent of the system, Legree, was a native of Vermont. All her wrath falls upon the slave-traders, the auctioneers, the public whippers, and the overseers, and all these persons and classes were detested by the Southerners to the point of loathing, and

were social outcasts. The slave-traders and the overseers were tolerated as perhaps necessary in the system, but they were never admitted into respectable society. This feeling Mrs. Stowe regarded as a condemnation of the system.

Pecuniary reward was the last thing that Mrs. Stowe expected for her disinterested labor, but it suits the world's notion of the fitness of things that this was not altogether wanting. For the millions of copies of *Uncle Tom* scattered over the world the author could expect nothing, but in her own country her copyright yielded her a moderate return that lifted her out of poverty and enabled her to pursue her philanthropic and literary career. Four months after the publication of the book Professor Stowe was in the publisher's office, and Mr. Jewett asked him how much he expected to receive. "I hope," said Professor Stowe, with a whimsical smile, "that it will be enough to buy my wife a silk dress." The publisher handed him a check for ten thousand dollars.

Before Mrs. Stowe had a response to the letters accompanying the books privately sent to England, the novel was getting known there. Its career in Great Britain paralleled its success in America. In April a copy reached London in the hands of a gentleman who had taken it on the steamer to read. He gave it to Mr. Henry Vizetelly, who submitted it to Mr. David Bogue, a man known for his shrewdness and enterprise. He took a night to consider it, and then declined it, although it was offered to him for five pounds. A Mr. Gilpin also declined it. It was then submitted to Mr. Salisbury, a printer. This taster for the public sat up with the book till four o'clock in the morning, alternately weeping and laughing. Fearing, however, that this result was due to his own weakness, he woke up his wife, whom he describes as a rather strong-minded woman, and finding that the story kept her awake and made her also laugh and cry, he thought

it might safely be printed. It seems, therefore, that Mr. Vizetelly ventured to risk five pounds, and the volume was brought out through the nominal agency of Clarke & Company. In the first week an edition of seven thousand was worked off. It made no great stir until the middle of June, but during July it sold at the rate of one thousand a week. By the 20th of August the demand for it was overwhelming. The printing firm was then employing four hundred people in getting it out, and seventeen printing-machines, besides hand-presses. Already one hundred and fifty thousand copies were sold. Mr. Vizetelly disposed of his interest, and a new printing firm began to issue monster editions. About this time the publishers awoke to the fact that any one was at liberty to reprint the book, and the era of cheap literature was initiated, founded on American reprints which cost the publisher no royalty. A shilling edition followed the one-and-sixpence, and then one complete for sixpence. As to the total sale, Mr. Sampson Low reports: "From April to December, 1852, twelve different editions (not reissues) were published, and within the twelve months of its first appearance eighteen different London publishing houses were engaged in supplying the great demand that had set in, the total number of editions being forty, varying from fine illustrated editions at 15s., 10s., and 7s. 6d. to the cheap popular editions of 1s. 9d. and 6d. After carefully analyzing these editions and weighing probabilities with ascertained facts, I am able pretty confidently to say that the aggregate number of copies circulated in Great Britain and the colonies exceeds one and a half millions." Later, abridgments were published.

Almost simultaneously with this furor in England the book made its way on the Continent. Several translations appeared in Germany and France, and for the authorized French edition Mrs. Stowe wrote a new preface, which served there-

after for most of the European editions. I find no record of the order of the translations of the book into foreign languages, but those into some of the Oriental tongues did not appear till several years after the great excitement. The ascertained translations are into twenty-three tongues, namely: Arabic, Armenian, Chinese, Danish, Dutch, Finnish, Flemish, French, German, Hungarian, Illyrian, Italian, Japanese, Polish, Portuguese, modern Greek, Russian, Servian, Siamese, Spanish, Swedish, Wallachian, and Welsh. Into some of these languages several translations were made. In 1878 the British Museum contained thirty-five editions of the original text, and eight editions of abridgments or adaptations.

The story was dramatized in the United States in August, 1852, without the consent or knowledge of the author, and was played most successfully in the leading cities, and subsequently was acted in every capital in Europe. Mrs. Stowe had neglected to secure the dramatic rights, and she derived no benefit from the great popularity of a drama which still holds the stage. From the phenomenal sale of a book which was literally read by the whole world, the author received only the ten per cent on the American editions, and by the laws of her own country her copyright expired before her death.

The narrative of the rise and fortunes of this book would be incomplete without some reference to the response that the author received from England and the Continent, and of her triumphant progress through the British Isles. Her letters accompanying the special copies were almost immediately replied to, generally in terms of enthusiastic and fervent thankfulness for the book, and before midsummer her mail contained letters from all classes of English society. In some of them appeared a curious evidence of the English sensitiveness

to criticism. Lord Carlisle and Sir Arthur Helps supplemented their admiration by a protest against the remark in the mouth of one of the characters that "slaves are better off than a large class of the population of England." This occurred in the defense of the institution by St. Clare, but it was treated by the British correspondents as the opinion of Mrs. Stowe. The charge was disposed of in Mrs. Stowe's reply: "The remark on that subject occurs in the dramatic part of the book, in the mouth of an intelligent Southerner. As a fair-minded person, bound to state for both sides all that could be said, in the person of St. Clare, the best that could be said on that point, and what I know *is* in fact constantly reiterated, namely, that the laboring class of the South are in many respects, as to physical comfort, in a better condition than the poor in England. This is the slaveholder's stereotyped apology; a defense it cannot be, unless two wrongs make one right."

In April, 1853, Mr. and Mrs. Stowe and the latter's brother, Charles Beecher, sailed for Europe. Her reception there was like a royal progress. She was met everywhere by deputations and addresses, and the enthusiasm her presence called forth was thoroughly democratic, extending from the highest in rank to the lowest. At Edinburgh there was presented to her a national penny offering, consisting of a thousand golden sovereigns on a magnificent silver salver, an unsolicited contribution in small sums by the people.

At a reception in Stafford House, London, the Duchess of Sutherland presented her with a massive gold bracelet, which has an interesting history. It is made of ten oval links in imitation of slave fetters. On two of the links were the inscriptions "March 25, 1807," the date of the abolition of the slave-trade, and "August 1, 1838," the date of the abolition of slavery in all British territory. The third inscription is

"562,848 — March 19, 1853," the date of the address of the women of England to the women of America on slavery, and the number of the women who signed. It was Mrs. Stowe's privilege to add to these inscriptions the following: "Emancipation D. C. Apl. 16, '62;" "President's Proclamation Jan. 1, '63;" "Maryland free Oct. 13, '64;" "Missouri free Jan. 11, '65;" and on the clasp link, "Constitution amended by Congress Jan. 31, '65. Constitutional Amendment ratified." Two of the links are vacant. What will the progress of civilization in America offer for the links nine and ten?

One of the most remarkable documents which resulted from Uncle Tom was an address from the women of England to the women of America, acknowledging the complicity in slavery of England, but praying aid in removing from the world "our common crimes and common dishonor," which was presented to Mrs. Stowe in 1853. It was the result of a meeting at Stafford House, and the address, composed by Lord Shaftesbury, was put into the hands of canvassers in England and on the Continent, and as far as Jerusalem. The signatures of 562,848 women were obtained, with their occupations and residences, from the nobility on the steps of the throne down to maids in the kitchen. The address is handsomely engrossed on vellum. The names are contained in twenty-six massive volumes, each fourteen inches high by nine in breadth and three inches thick, inclosed in an oak case. It is believed that this is the most numerously signed address in existence. The value of the address, with so many names collected in haphazard fashion, was much questioned, but its use was apparent in the height of the civil war, when Mrs. Stowe replied to it in one of the most vigorous and noble appeals that ever came from her pen. This powerful reply made a profound impression in England.

This is in brief the story of the book. It is still read, and read the world over, with tears and with laughter; it is still played to excited audiences. Is it a great novel, or was it only an event of an era of agitation and passion? Has it the real dramatic quality — the poet's visualizing of human life — that makes works of fiction, of imagination, live? Till recently, I had not read the book since 1852. I feared to renew acquaintance with it lest I should find only the shell of an exploded cartridge. I took it up at the beginning of a three-hours' railway journey. To my surprise the journey did not seem to last half an hour, and half the time I could not keep back the tears from my eyes. A London critic, full of sympathy with Mrs. Stowe and her work, recently said, "Yet she was not an artist, she was not a great woman." What is greatness? What is art? In 1862 probably no one who knew General Grant would have called him a great man. But he took Vicksburg. This woman did something with her pen, — on the whole, the most remarkable and effective book in her generation. How did she do it? Without art? George Sand said, "In matters of art there is but one rule, to paint and to move. And where shall we find conditions more complete, types more vivid, situations more touching, more original, than in Uncle Tom?" If there is not room in our art for such a book, I think we shall have to stretch our art a little. "Women, too, are here judged and painted with a master hand." This subtle critic, in her overpoweringly tender and enthusiastic review, had already inquired about the capacity of this writer. "Mrs. Stowe is all instinct; it is the very reason that she appears to some not to have talent. Has she not talent? What is talent? Nothing, doubtless, compared to genius; but has she genius? I cannot say that she has talent as one understands it in the world of letters, but she has genius as humanity feels the need of genius, — the gen-

ius of goodness, not that of the man of letters, but of the saint." It is admitted that Mrs. Stowe was not a woman of letters in the common acceptation of that term, and it is plain that in the French tribunal, where form is of the substance of the achievement, and which reluctantly overlooked the crudeness of Walter Scott, in France where the best English novel seems a violation of established canons, *Uncle Tom* would seem to belong where some modern critics place it, with works of the heart, and not of the head. The reviewer is, however, candid: "For a long time we have striven in France against the prolix explanations of Walter Scott. We have cried out against those of Balzac, but on consideration have perceived that the painter of manners and character has never done too much, that every stroke of the pencil was needed for the general effect. Let us learn then to appreciate all kinds of treatment, where the effect is good, and where they bear the seal of a master hand."

It must be admitted to the art critic that the book is defective according to the rules of the modern French romance; that Mrs. Stowe was possessed by her subject, and let her fervid interest in it be felt; that she had a definite purpose. That purpose was to quicken the sense of responsibility of the North by showing the real character of slavery, and to touch the South by showing that the inevitable wrong of it lay in the system rather than in those involved in it. Abundant material was in her hands, and the author burned to make it serviceable. What should she do? She might have done what she did afterwards in *The Key*, presented to the public a mass of statistics, of legal documents. The evidence would have been unanswerable, but the jury might not have been moved by it; they would have balanced it by considerations of political and commercial expediency. I presume that Mrs. Stowe made no calculation of this kind.

She felt her course, and went on in it. What would an artist have done, animated by her purpose and with her material? He would have done what Cervantes did, what Tourgenieff did, what Mrs. Stowe did. He would have dramatized his facts in living personalities, in effective scenes, in vivid pictures of life. Mrs. Stowe exhibited the system of slavery by a succession of dramatized pictures, not always artistically welded together, but always effective as an exhibition of the system. Cervantes also showed a fading feudal romantic condition by a series of amusing and pathetic adventures, grouped rather loosely about a singularly fascinating figure.

Tourgenieff, a more consummate artist, in his hunting scenes exhibited the effect of serfdom upon society, in a series of scenes with no necessary central figure, without comment, and with absolute concealment of any motive. I believe the three writers followed their instincts, without an analytic argument as to the method, as the great painter follows his when he puts an idea upon canvas. He may invent a theory about it afterwards; if he does not, some one else will invent it for him. There are degrees of art. One painter will put in unnecessary accessories, another will exhibit his sympathy too openly, the technique or the composition of another can be criticised. But the question is, is the picture great and effective?

Mrs. Stowe had not Tourgenieff's artistic calmness. Her mind was fused into a white heat with her message. Yet, how did she begin her story? Like an artist, by a highly dramatized scene, in which the actors, by a few strokes of the pen, appear as distinct and unmistakable personalities, marked by individual peculiarities of manner, speech, motive, character, living persons in natural attitudes. The reader becomes interested in a shrewd study of human nature, of a section of life, with its various refinement, coarseness, fastidiousness and vul-

garity, its humor and pathos. As he goes on he discovers that every character has been perfectly visualized, accurately limned from the first; that a type has been created which remains consistent, which is never deflected from its integrity by any exigencies of plot. This clear conception of character (not of earmarks and peculiarities adopted as labels), and faithful adhesion to it in all vicissitudes, is one of the rarest and highest attributes of genius. All the chief characters in the book follow this line of absolutely consistent development, from Uncle Tom and Legree down to the most aggravating and contemptible of all, Marie St. Clare. The selfish and hysterical woman has never been so faithfully depicted by any other author.

Distinguished as the novel is by its character-drawing and its pathos, I doubt if it would have captivated the world without its humor. This is of the old-fashioned kind, the large humor of Scott, and again of Cervantes, not verbal pleasantry, not the felicities of Lamb, but the humor of character in action, of situations elaborated with great freedom, and with what may be called a hilarious conception. This quality is never wanting in the book, either for the reader's entertainment by the way, or to heighten the pathos of the narrative by contrast. The introduction of Topsy into the New Orleans household saves us in the dangerous approach to melodrama in the religious passages between Tom and St. Clare. Considering the opportunities of the subject, the book has very little melodrama; one is apt to hear low music on the entrance of little Eva, but we are convinced of the wholesome sanity of the sweet child. And it is to be remarked that some of the most exciting episodes, such as that of Eliza crossing the Ohio River on the floating ice (of which Mr. Ruskin did not approve), are based upon authentic occurrences. The want of unity in construction of which the critics complain is partially explained

by the necessity of exhibiting the effect of slavery in its entirety. The parallel plots, one running to Louisiana and the other to Canada, are tied together by this consideration, and not by any real necessity to each other.

There is no doubt that Mrs. Stowe was wholly possessed by her theme, rapt away like a prophet in a vision, and that, in her feeling at the time, it was written through her quite as much as by her. This idea grew upon her mind in the retrospective light of the tremendous stir the story made in the world, so that in her later years she came to regard herself as a providential instrument, and frankly to declare that she did not write the book; "God wrote it." In her own account, when she reached the death of Uncle Tom, "the whole vital force left her." The inspiration there left her, and the end of the story, the weaving together of all the loose ends of the plot, in the joining together almost by miracle the long separated, and the discovery of the relationships, is the conscious invention of the novelist.

It would be perhaps going beyond the province of the critic to remark upon what the author considered the central power of the story, and its power to move the world, the faith of Uncle Tom in the Bible. This appeal to the emotion of millions of readers cannot, however, be overlooked. Many regard the book as effective in regions remote from our perplexities by reason of this grace. When the work was translated into Siamese, the perusal of it by one of the ladies of the court induced her to liberate all her slaves, men, women, and children, one hundred and thirty in all. "Hidden Perfumè," for that was the English equivalent of her name, said she was wishful to be good like Harriet Beecher Stowe. And as to the standpoint of Uncle Tom and the Bible, nothing more significant can be cited than this passage from one of the latest writings of Heinrich Heine: —

"The reawakening of my religious feelings I owe to that holy book the Bible. Astonishing that after I have whirled about all my life over all the dance-floors of philosophy, and yielded myself to all the orgies of the intellect, and paid my addresses to all possible systems, without satisfaction like Messalina after a licentious night, I now find myself on the same standpoint where poor Uncle Tom stands, — on that of the Bible! I kneel down by my black brother in the same prayer! What a humiliation! With all my science I have come no further than the poor ignorant negro who has scarce learned to spell. Poor Tom, indeed, seems to have seen deeper things in the holy book than I. . . . Tom, perhaps, understands them better than I, because more flogging occurs in them; that is to say, those ceaseless blows of the whip which have æsthetically disgusted me in reading the Gospels and the Acts. But a poor negro slave reads with his back, and understands better than we do. But I, who used to make citations from Homer, now begin to quote the Bible as Uncle Tom does."

The one indispensable requisite of a great work of imaginative fiction is its universality, its conception and construction so that it will appeal to universal human nature in all races and situations and climates. Uncle Tom's Cabin does that. Considering certain artistic deficiencies, which the French writers perceived, we might say that it was the timeliness of its theme that gave it currency in England and America. But that argument falls before the world-wide interest in it as a mere story, in so many languages, by races unaffected by our own relation to slavery.

It was the opinion of James Russell

Lowell that the anti-slavery element in Uncle Tom and Dred stood in the way of a full appreciation, at least in her own country, of the remarkable genius of Mrs. Stowe. Writing in 1859, he said, "From my habits and the tendency of my studies I cannot help looking at things purely from an æsthetic point of view, and what I valued in Uncle Tom was the genius, and not the moral." This had been his impression when he read the book in Paris, long after the whirl of excitement produced by its publication had subsided, and far removed by distance from local influences. Subsequently, in a review, he wrote, "We felt then, and we believe now, that the secret of Mrs. Stowe's power lay in that same genius by which the great successes in creative literature have always been achieved, — the genius that instinctively goes to the organic elements of human nature, whether under a white skin or a black, and which disregards as trivial the conventions and fictitious notions which make so large a part both of our thinking and feeling. . . . The creative faculty of Mrs. Stowe, like that of Cervantes in *Don Quixote* and of Fielding in *Joseph Andrews*, overpowered the narrow specialty of her design, and expanded a local and temporary theme with the cosmopolitanism of genius."

A half-century is not much in the life of a people; it is in time an inadequate test of the staying power of a book. Nothing is more futile than prophecy on contemporary literary work. It is safe, however, to say that Uncle Tom's Cabin has the fundamental qualities, the sure insight into human nature, and the fidelity to the facts of its own time which have from age to age preserved works of genius.

*Charles Dudley Warner.*

## THE AWAKENING OF THE NEGRO.

WHEN a mere boy, I saw a young colored man, who had spent several years in school, sitting in a common cabin in the South, studying a French grammar. I noted the poverty, the untidiness, the want of system and thrift, that existed about the cabin, notwithstanding his knowledge of French and other academic subjects. Another time, when riding on the outer edges of a town in the South, I heard the sound of a piano coming from a cabin of the same kind. Contriving some excuse, I entered, and began a conversation with the young colored woman who was playing, and who had recently returned from a boarding-school, where she had been studying instrumental music among other things. Despite the fact that her parents were living in a rented cabin, eating poorly cooked food, surrounded with poverty, and having almost none of the conveniences of life, she had persuaded them to rent a piano for four or five dollars per month. Many such instances as these, in connection with my own struggles, impressed upon me the importance of making a study of our needs as a race, and applying the remedy accordingly.

Some one may be tempted to ask, Has not the negro boy or girl as good a right to study a French grammar and instrumental music as the white youth? I answer, Yes, but in the present condition of the negro race in this country there is need of something more. Perhaps I may be forgiven for the seeming egotism if I mention the expansion of my own life partly as an example of what I mean. My earliest recollection is of a small one-room log hut on a large slave plantation in Virginia. After the close of the war, while working in the coal-mines of West Virginia for the support of my mother, I heard in some accidental way of the Hampton Institute.

When I learned that it was an institution where a black boy could study, could have a chance to work for his board, and at the same time be taught how to work and to realize the dignity of labor, I resolved to go there. Bidding my mother good-by, I started out one morning to find my way to Hampton, though I was almost penniless and had no definite idea where Hampton was. By walking, begging rides, and paying for a portion of the journey on the steam-cars, I finally succeeded in reaching the city of Richmond, Virginia. I was without money or friends. I slept under a sidewalk, and by working on a vessel next day I earned money to continue my way to the institute, where I arrived with a surplus of fifty cents. At Hampton I found the opportunity—in the way of buildings, teachers, and industries provided by the generous—to get training in the class-room and by practical touch with industrial life, to learn thrift, economy, and push. I was surrounded by an atmosphere of business, Christian influence, and a spirit of self-help that seemed to have awakened every faculty in me, and caused me for the first time to realize what it meant to be a man instead of a piece of property.

While there I resolved that when I had finished the course of training I would go into the far South, into the Black Belt of the South, and give my life to providing the same kind of opportunity for self-reliance and self-awakening that I had found provided for me at Hampton. My work began at Tuskegee, Alabama, in 1881, in a small shanty and church, with one teacher and thirty students, without a dollar's worth of property. The spirit of work and of industrial thrift, with aid from the State and generosity from the North, has enabled us to develop an institution of eight

hundred students gathered from nineteen States, with seventy-nine instructors, fourteen hundred acres of land, and thirty buildings, including large and small; in all, property valued at \$280,000. Twenty-five industries have been organized, and the whole work is carried on at an annual cost of about \$80,000 in cash; two fifths of the annual expense so far has gone into permanent plant.

What is the object of all this outlay? First, it must be borne in mind that we have in the South a peculiar and unprecedented state of things. It is of the utmost importance that our energy be given to meeting conditions that exist right about us rather than conditions that existed centuries ago or that exist in countries a thousand miles away. What are the cardinal needs among the seven millions of colored people in the South, most of whom are to be found on the plantations? Roughly, these needs may be stated as food, clothing, shelter, education, proper habits, and a settlement of race relations. The seven millions of colored people of the South cannot be reached directly by any missionary agency, but they can be reached by sending out among them strong selected young men and women, with the proper training of head, hand, and heart, who will live among these masses and show them how to lift themselves up.

The problem that the Tuskegee Institute keeps before itself constantly is how to prepare these leaders. From the outset, in connection with religious and academic training, it has emphasized industrial or hand training as a means of finding the way out of present conditions. First, we have found the industrial teaching useful in giving the student a chance to work out a portion of his expenses while in school. Second, the school furnishes labor that has an economic value, and at the same time gives the student a chance to acquire knowledge and skill while performing the labor. Most of all, we find the in-

dustrial system valuable in teaching economy, thrift, and the dignity of labor, and in giving moral backbone to students. The fact that a student goes out into the world conscious of his power to build a house or a wagon, or to make a harness, gives him a certain confidence and moral independence that he would not possess without such training.

A more detailed example of our methods at Tuskegee may be of interest. For example, we cultivate by student labor six hundred and fifty acres of land. The object is not only to cultivate the land in a way to make it pay our boarding department, but at the same time to teach the students, in addition to the practical work, something of the chemistry of the soil, the best methods of drainage, dairying, the cultivation of fruit, the care of livestock and tools, and scores of other lessons needed by a people whose main dependence is on agriculture. Notwithstanding that eighty-five per cent of the colored people in the South live by agriculture in some form, aside from what has been done by Hampton, Tuskegee, and one or two other institutions practically nothing has been attempted in the direction of teaching them about the very industry from which the masses of our people must get their subsistence. Friends have recently provided means for the erection of a large new chapel at Tuskegee. Our students have made the bricks for this chapel. A large part of the timber is sawed by students at our own sawmill, the plans are drawn by our teacher of architecture and mechanical drawing, and students do the brick-masonry, plastering, painting, carpentry work, tinning, slating, and make most of the furniture. Practically, the whole chapel will be built and furnished by student labor; in the end the school will have the building for permanent use, and the students will have a knowledge of the trades employed in its construction. In this way all but three of the thirty buildings on

the grounds have been erected. While the young men do the kinds of work I have mentioned, the young women to a large extent make, mend, and launder the clothing of the young men, and thus are taught important industries.

One of the objections sometimes urged against industrial education for the negro is that it aims merely to teach him to work on the same plan that he was made to follow when in slavery. This is far from being the object at Tuskegee. At the head of each of the twenty-five industrial departments we have an intelligent and competent instructor, just as we have in our history classes, so that the student is taught not only practical brick-masonry, for example, but also the underlying principles of that industry, the mathematics and the mechanical and architectural drawing. Or he is taught how to become master of the forces of nature so that, instead of cultivating corn in the old way, he can use a corn cultivator, that lays off the furrows, drops the corn into them, and covers it, and in this way he can do more work than three men by the old process of corn-planting; at the same time much of the toil is eliminated and labor is dignified. In a word, the constant aim is to show the student how to put brains into every process of labor; how to bring his knowledge of mathematics and the sciences into farming, carpentry, forging, foundry work; how to dispense as soon as possible with the old form of ante-bellum labor. In the erection of the chapel just referred to, instead of letting the money which was given us go into outside hands, we make it accomplish three objects: first, it provides the chapel; second, it gives the students a chance to get a practical knowledge of the trades connected with building; and third, it enables them to earn something toward the payment of board while receiving academic and industrial training.

Having been fortified at Tuskegee by education of mind, skill of hand, Chris-

tian character, ideas of thrift, economy, and push, and a spirit of independence, the student is sent out to become a centre of influence and light in showing the masses of our people in the Black Belt of the South how to lift themselves up. How can this be done? I give but one or two examples. Ten years ago a young colored man came to the institute from one of the large plantation districts; he studied in the class-room a portion of the time, and received practical and theoretical training on the farm the remainder of the time. Having finished his course at Tuskegee, he returned to his plantation home, which was in a county where the colored people outnumber the whites six to one, as is true of many of the counties in the Black Belt of the South. He found the negroes in debt. Ever since the war they had been mortgaging their crops for the food on which to live while the crops were growing. The majority of them were living from hand to mouth on rented land, in small, one-room log cabins, and attempting to pay a rate of interest on their advances that ranged from fifteen to forty per cent per annum. The school had been taught in a wreck of a log cabin, with no apparatus, and had never been in session longer than three months out of twelve. With as many as eight or ten persons of all ages and conditions and of both sexes huddled together in one cabin year after year, and with a minister whose only aim was to work upon the emotions of the people, one can imagine something of the moral and religious state of the community.

But the remedy. In spite of the evil, the negro got the habit of work from slavery. The rank and file of the race, especially those on the Southern plantations, work hard, but the trouble is, what they earn gets away from them in high rents, crop mortgages, whiskey, snuff, cheap jewelry, and the like. The young man just referred to had been trained at Tuskegee, as most of our graduates

are, to meet just this condition of things. He took the three months' public school as a nucleus for his work. Then he organized the older people into a club, or conference, that held meetings every week. In these meetings he taught the people in a plain, simple manner how to save their money, how to farm in a better way, how to sacrifice, — to live on bread and potatoes, if need be, till they could get out of debt, and begin the buying of lands.

Soon a large proportion of the people were in condition to make contracts for the buying of homes (land is very cheap in the South), and to live without mortgaging their crops. Not only this: under the guidance and leadership of this teacher, the first year that he was among them they learned how, by contributions in money and labor, to build a neat, comfortable schoolhouse that replaced the wreck of a log cabin formerly used. The following year the weekly meetings were continued, and two months were added to the original three months of school. The next year two more months were added. The improvement has gone on, until now these people have every year an eight months' school.

I wish my readers could have the chance that I have had of going into this community. I wish they could look into the faces of the people and see them beaming with hope and delight. I wish they could see the two or three room cottages that have taken the place of the usual one-room cabin, the well-cultivated farms, and the religious life of the people that now means something more than the name. The teacher has a good cottage and a well-kept farm that serve as models. In a word, a complete revolution has been wrought in the industrial, educational, and religious life of this whole community by reason of the fact that they have had this leader, this guide and object-lesson, to show them how to take the money and effort that had hitherto been scattered to the

wind in mortgages and high rents, in whiskey and gewgaws, and concentrate them in the direction of their own uplifting. One community on its feet presents an object-lesson for the adjoining communities, and soon improvements show themselves in other places.

Another student who received academic and industrial training at Tuskegee established himself, three years ago, as a blacksmith and wheelwright in a community, and, in addition to the influence of his successful business enterprise, he is fast making the same kind of changes in the life of the people about him that I have just recounted. It would be easy for me to fill many pages describing the influence of the Tuskegee graduates in every part of the South. We keep it constantly in the minds of our students and graduates that the industrial or material condition of the masses of our people must be improved, as well as the intellectual, before there can be any permanent change in their moral and religious life. We find it a pretty hard thing to make a good Christian of a hungry man. No matter how much our people "get happy" and "shout" in church, if they go home at night from church hungry, they are tempted to find something before morning. This is a principle of human nature, and is not confined to the negro.

The negro has within him immense power for self-uplifting, but for years it will be necessary to guide and stimulate him. The recognition of this power led us to organize, five years ago, what is now known as the Tuskegee Negro Conference, — a gathering that meets every February, and is composed of about eight hundred representative colored men and women from all sections of the Black Belt. They come in ox-carts, mule-carts, buggies, on muleback and horseback, on foot, by railroad; some traveling all night in order to be present. The matters considered at the conferences are those that the colored people have it

within their own power to control : such as the evils of the mortgage system, the one-room cabin, buying on credit, the importance of owning a home and of putting money in the bank, how to build schoolhouses and prolong the school term, and how to improve their moral and religious condition.

As a single example of the results, one delegate reported that since the conferences were started five years ago eleven people in his neighborhood had bought homes, fourteen had got out of debt, and a number had stopped mortgaging their crops. Moreover, a school-house had been built by the people themselves, and the school term had been extended from three to six months ; and with a look of triumph he exclaimed, " We is done stopped libin' in de ashes ! "

Besides this Negro Conference for the masses of the people, we now have a gathering at the same time known as the Workers' Conference, composed of the officers and instructors in the leading colored schools of the South. After listening to the story of the conditions and needs from the people themselves, the Workers' Conference finds much food for thought and discussion.

Nothing else so soon brings about right relations between the two races in the South as the industrial progress of the negro. Friction between the races will pass away in proportion as the black man, by reason of his skill, intelligence, and character, can produce something that the white man wants or respects in the commercial world. This is another reason why at Tuskegee we push the industrial training. We find that as every year we put into a Southern community colored men who can start a brick-yard, a sawmill, a tin-shop, or a printing-office, — men who produce something that makes the white man partly dependent upon the negro, instead of all the dependence being on the other side, — a change takes place in the relations of the races.

Let us go on for a few more years knitting our business and industrial relations into those of the white man, till a black man gets a mortgage on a white man's house that he can foreclose at will. The white man on whose house the mortgage rests will not try to prevent that negro from voting when he goes to the polls. It is through the dairy farm, the truck garden, the trades, and commercial life, largely, that the negro is to find his way to the enjoyment of all his rights. Whether he will or not, a white man respects a negro who owns a two-story brick house.

What is the permanent value of the Tuskegee system of training to the South in a broader sense ? In connection with this, it is well to bear in mind that slavery taught the white man that labor with the hands was something fit for the negro only, and something for the white man to come into contact with just as little as possible. It is true that there was a large class of poor white people who labored with the hands, but they did it because they were not able to secure negroes to work for them ; and these poor whites were constantly trying to imitate the slave-holding class in escaping labor, and they too regarded it as anything but elevating. The negro in turn looked down upon the poor whites with a certain contempt because they had to work. The negro, it is to be borne in mind, worked under constant protest, because he felt that his labor was being unjustly required, and he spent almost as much effort in planning how to escape work as in learning how to work. Labor with him was a badge of degradation. The white man was held up before him as the highest type of civilization, but the negro noted that this highest type of civilization himself did no labor ; hence he argued that the less work he did, the more nearly he would be like a white man. Then, in addition to these influences, the slave system discouraged labor-saving machinery. To use labor-

saving machinery intelligence was required, and intelligence and slavery were not on friendly terms; hence the negro always associated labor with toil, drudgery, something to be escaped. When the negro first became free, his idea of education was that it was something that would soon put him in the same position as regards work that his recent master had occupied. Out of these conditions grew the Southern habit of putting off till to-morrow and the day after the duty that should be done promptly to-day. The leaky house was not repaired while the sun shone, for then the rain did not come through. While the rain was falling, no one cared to expose himself to stop the leak. The plough, on the same principle, was left where the last furrow was run, to rot and rust in the field during the winter. There was no need to repair the wooden chimney that was exposed to the fire, because water could be thrown on it when it was on fire. There was no need to trouble about the payment of a debt to-day, for it could just as well be paid next week or next year. Besides these conditions, the whole South, at the close of the war, was without proper food, clothing, and shelter, — was in need of habits of thrift and economy and of something laid up for a rainy day.

To me it seemed perfectly plain that here was a condition of things that could not be met by the ordinary process of education. At Tuskegee we became convinced that the thing to do was to make a careful systematic study of the condition and needs of the South, especially the Black Belt, and to bend our efforts in the direction of meeting these needs, whether we were following a well-beaten track, or were hewing out a new path to meet conditions probably without a parallel in the world. After fourteen years of experience and observation, what is the result? Gradually but surely, we find that all through the South the disposition to look upon labor as a disgrace is on the wane, and the parents who them-

selves sought to escape work are so anxious to give their children training in intelligent labor that every institution which gives training in the handicrafts is crowded, and many (among them Tuskegee) have to refuse admission to hundreds of applicants. The influence of the Tuskegee system is shown again by the fact that almost every little school at the remotest cross-roads is anxious to be known as an industrial school, or, as some of the colored people call it, an "industrial" school.

The social lines that were once sharply drawn between those who labored with the hand and those who did not are disappearing. Those who formerly sought to escape labor, now when they see that brains and skill rob labor of the toil and drudgery once associated with it, instead of trying to avoid it are willing to pay to be taught how to engage in it. The South is beginning to see labor raised up, dignified and beautified, and in this sees its salvation. In proportion as the love of labor grows, the large idle class which has long been one of the curses of the South disappears. As its members become absorbed in occupations, they have less time to attend to everybody else's business, and more time for their own.

The South is still an undeveloped and unsettled country, and for the next half century and more the greater part of the energy of the masses will be needed to develop its material opportunities. Any force that brings the rank and file of the people to a greater love of industry is therefore especially valuable. This result industrial education is surely bringing about. It stimulates production and increases trade, — trade between the races, — and in this new and engrossing relation both forget the past. The white man respects the vote of the colored man who does \$10,000 worth of business, and the more business the colored man has, the more careful he is how he votes.

Immediately after the war, there was a large class of Southern people who

feared that the opening of the free schools to the freedmen and the poor whites — the education of the head alone — would result merely in increasing the class who sought to escape labor, and that the South would soon be overrun by the idle and vicious. But as the results of industrial combined with academic training begin to show themselves in hundreds of communities that have been lifted up through the medium of the Tuskegee system, these former prejudices against education are being removed. Many of those who a few years ago opposed general education are now among its warmest advocates.

This industrial training, emphasizing as it does the idea of economic produc-

tion, is gradually bringing the South to the point where it is feeding itself. Before the war, and long after it, the South made what little profit was received from the cotton crop, and sent its earnings out of the South to purchase food supplies, — meat, bread, canned vegetables, and the like; but the improved methods of agriculture are fast changing this habit. With the newer methods of labor, which teach promptness and system, and emphasize the worth of the beautiful, — the moral value of the well-painted house, and the fence with every paling and nail in its place, — we are bringing to bear upon the South an influence that is making it a new country in industry, education, and religion.

*Booker T. Washington.*

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## THE ELECTION OF THE PRESIDENT.

No part of the Constitution of the United States has given less satisfaction than the articles and sections which set forth the manner of choosing a President, and define his duties and his powers. No other part has been so constantly the subject of discussion and proposed amendment, or has been so greatly changed by the slow growth of the unwritten constitution of our country. That this should be so was inevitable. The men who met at Philadelphia in 1787 and framed the Constitution were in no sense political theorists. They were as a body hard-headed, practical men of affairs, fully aware of the conditions they were to meet, and in their attempt to meet these conditions they were guided, wherever possible, by experience gained in the past. In most cases such experience was all-sufficient; but whenever any question concerning the President or his duties arose, they were left with nothing to guide them, for no such executive as they had in mind had ever existed in any coun-

try at any time. The creation of the office of President was, therefore, a hard task; was constantly before the convention during its entire sitting; and when it was finally accomplished, the result was such as seemed best suited to the needs of the country and the political ideas of the time.

But the needs of our country in 1787 were not those of 1896. The United States was then a very little republic, — not much more than three times as large as the present State of Texas. The Mississippi shut us in on the west. We nowhere touched the Gulf of Mexico. Bordering us on the north, on the west, and on the south were the possessions of Great Britain and Spain. The population, white and black, slave and free, was then about half that of the State of New York now. Small as the country was, the lack of every sort of modern means of communication, of the steamboat, of the railroad, of the telegraph, of the telephone, made it immense, and this con-

dition powerfully affected the convention in its attempt to create an executive.

The vast extent of the country; the difficulties in the way of communication; the diversity of interests in the Eastern, the Middle, and the Southern States; the ignorance of the people in each one of these groups of the wants of the people in the other two, led to a serious effort in the convention to establish an executive of three men, representing the three sections or groups of States. That a New England man, however well meaning and sincere, could understand and appreciate the needs of the people of the South, or that a man born and bred in Pennsylvania could impartially administer the law to the people of Massachusetts, was declared to be impossible. To this it was answered that the executive was to be the mere instrument for carrying out the will of Congress, and that the energy, dispatch, and responsibility necessary for the proper carrying out of that will could not exist in an executive of more than one. Should the administration of the laws be entrusted to three men, each would consider himself the representative of his section, responsible to his section, and would guard its special interests rather than the welfare of all. A single executive, it was answered, is "the *factus* of monarchy," and the temper of the people is opposed to even the semblance of monarchy. They will never repose confidence in an executive consisting of one man. When at last, after many postponements and many debates, the decision was made to have an executive of one, the difficulty was as far from a settlement as ever; for it was transferred to the next question, How shall he be chosen? Every State save one agreed that an election by the people was not to be thought of. The country was too large and the people were too little informed. It was admitted that the country was blessed with a few characters of continental reputation, but the time would come when such men would not exist,

and then the people would never agree on any one man for the executive. They would vote for men of their own State or their own section, and nobody would be elected. Very possibly, nay, very probably, the inhabitants of the populous States would combine and carry the elections. Did any one suppose that a native of Georgia or of South Carolina could ever, in times of peace, attain to such public importance as to be heartily supported by the voters of New England in preference to a native of Massachusetts? As one member said, "it was as unnatural to refer the choice of a proper character for chief magistrate to the people as it would be to refer a trial of colors to a blind man." This expressed the opinion of every State save Pennsylvania, and was the one view on which there was a general agreement.

For a while the convention could not decide who should elect the executive, and plan after plan was suggested. Some were for assigning that duty to electors composed of the governors and the presidents of the States; some to electors chosen by the state legislatures, or by the people, or by the state executives, or taken by lot from the national legislature; others were for leaving the whole matter to the Senate, or at least to the Senate and the House of Representatives. Each plan had much to recommend it, but the convention, utterly unable to determine which was best, selected the last-named, and voted that there should be an executive of one, that he should serve for seven years, should be elected by Congress, should not have a second term, and might be removed on impeachment and conviction of malfeasance or neglect of duty. The decision was made in sheer desperation, was not wholly acceptable to any one, and was attacked on all sides. The executive, it was said, must be independent of the legislature. This was admitted. But how, it was asked, can he be independent of a legislature to which he owes

his election? Is it not certain that he will be its creature, and will he not in all likelihood secure his election by chicanery, by intrigue, by cabal? He ought to control the legislature; he ought to be a check on its tendency to seize power; he ought to be the protector of the great mass of the people, and to stand between them and legislative tyranny. This cannot be if the legislature elect him or impeach him, or if his service be limited to a single term. The ideal executive is an officer chosen directly by the people for a short term, eligible to any number of reelections, unimpeachable by the legislature, and endowed with such power as to stop legislation that is not in the interests of the people.

For such an executive the convention was not prepared; but the argument unsettled it, and led to a reversal of all that had been done. The presidential term was cut down from seven to four years; the single-term provision was stricken out; the idea of election by the national legislature was abandoned; and in order that the President might be wholly independent of Congress, and not be subject to coercion on the one hand, and be able to protect the people against unwise laws on the other, he was given the veto power. Nothing could induce the convention to consent to an election by the people, and as it was now fully determined that the executive should be independent of Congress, each State was required to appoint, in such manner as its legislature should prescribe, as many electors as it had Senators and Representatives in Congress; and to these electoral bodies or colleges, each meeting in its own State and acting independently of every other, was given the double task of selecting a fit character to be President of the United States and then electing him to the office. Except for the restriction that the electors must vote by ballot for two men, one of whom must not be a resident of the same State as themselves, they were free to do as they

pleased; and that their action might be as free as possible two safeguards were provided. One forbade any Senator, Representative, or office-holder under the United States to act as elector. The other required the electors to meet in their own States and vote on the same day; for it was feared that, should they come from all parts of the country and gather in one grand convention, they would be subjected to that "chicanery, intrigue, and cabal," the dread of which was the reason for taking the election of President away from Congress.

While the convention was thus willing to resort to every means to secure the free election of an independent executive, it was not unmindful of the fact that his powers must be defined and his action restrained, lest he should become too independent, and by means of the veto coerce Congress and dictate legislation. Provision was made, therefore, that his veto might be destroyed by a two-thirds vote of both houses; and that should he become too hateful to be endured for even one term he could be impeached, and on conviction removed from office.

As thus defined by the framers of the Constitution, the President of the United States was to be an official chosen and elected by sundry bodies of citizens having no connection with the government, was to serve as many terms as the electors saw fit to give him, and was to be the guardian of popular rights against legislative encroachment. He was to come to his high office bound by no pledges, representing no section, advocating no policy, belonging to no party, and owing no man anything. He was to be the choice of fellow citizens who were called for the moment to act without collusion as electors, and this duty done were to sink at once into private life again. But Washington had not been many months President when a change set in, and the evolution of the President as we know him began.

The Constitution requires that the President "shall from time to time give to the Congress information of the state of the Union." To a generation which had not the easy means of gathering and spreading news which we enjoy; to a generation which knew not the railroad, the telegraph, the steamboat, the associated press; to a generation which paid twenty-five cents to send a letter four hundred miles, would not allow a newspaper to be carried in the mail, and had never seen a public document, this provision had a meaning and a use. It was the only way by which many a member of Congress could become aware of what was going on in all parts of the Union. Washington attached much importance to it, and, with that love of method and system which so distinguished him, gave the information to Congress, not, as the Constitution requires, "from time to time," but regularly at the opening of each session. On such occasions, after the two houses had organized and were ready for business, he would come, with great ceremony, in his state coach, to the room where the House sat, and taking the Speaker's chair would read a speech to the assembled Senators and Representatives. After he had finished and gone home, the two houses would separate and appoint committees to frame answers; and when they were ready, the Senate on one day, led by the Vice-President, and the House on another day, with the Speaker at its head, would march to the President's house, and stand with solemn faces while their presiding officers read the unmeaning replies. After partaking of cakes and wine, they would return to their chambers and go on with their public duties just as if the speech had never been made. So long as Washington and Adams occupied the presidential office this custom was never departed from; but when Jefferson began his first term it was abandoned, and the annual written message was introduced instead. The visit of the President to

Congress, the speech, the answers of the two houses and the parades through the streets of Philadelphia to deliver them, — ceremonies borrowed from England, — had always seemed to Jefferson to be quite out of place in a republican country, and had long been subjects of ridicule by his party. That he would have discontinued them under any circumstances is therefore quite likely. But in the summer of 1800 the seat of government was removed to Washington, and the thought of the Senate and the House marching down Pennsylvania Avenue (then a long and dusty country road) to deliver useless answers at the half-finished and not half-furnished White House was too much for him, and since December, 1801, every President has communicated his "information on the state of the Union" by message.

Another appendage to the presidential office, which we owe to Washington, and not to the Constitution, is the Cabinet. No such body of advisers was thought of or intended by the convention. It was indeed proposed to give the President a council similar to those which in many States were then associated with the governors. But this found no favor, and the Cabinet as we know it is purely the creature of executive action. The Constitution declares that the President "may require the opinion, in writing, of the principal officer in each of the executive departments, upon any subject relating to the duties of their respective offices." But that these officers should hold regular meetings, and that the Secretary of War and the Postmaster-General, the Secretary of the Interior and the Attorney-General, should advise the President, not in writing, on matters of finance or foreign policy which do not relate to the duties of their respective departments, and that these regular gatherings of the Secretaries should be looked on as one of the political institutions of our country, finds no countenance or authority in the Consti-

tution. The first Congress, however, had no sooner established the departments of War, State, and the Treasury, departments which had grown up under the Continental Congress, than Washington appointed the Secretaries, and began to consult them on matters of state. At first the consultation was informal, and their opinions were in writing; but as time went on, and the duties of his office increased, the President assembled the Secretaries and the Attorney-General at his house, and the Cabinet as a political institution began.

To the example of Washington is commonly ascribed the origin of the unwritten law that no President shall have more than two terms. This is a mistake. He retired from the presidency at the end of his second term because he was tired of public life; because, as he told his countrymen in the farewell address, the acceptance of the office had been at the sacrifice of personal comfort, — a sacrifice the condition of the country no longer required him to make. He was troubled by no scruples as to rotation in office, by no fear that many terms would “breed a lust of power.”

With his refusal to accept a third term came the first contested election, and the first real trial of the working of the system of presidential election by electoral colleges in the States. As the Constitution then stood, each elector was required to write down on his ballot the names of two men, without stating which one he wished to make President. When all the ballots were counted in the presence of Congress, the man who received the highest number, if a majority, was declared President, and the man who had the next highest number, though less than a majority, was proclaimed Vice-President. In 1796, the national organization of the Federalists was so poor that, although every elector wrote the name of Adams on his ballot as first choice, there was no agreement as

to who should be second choice, and such scattering followed that Jefferson, the Republican candidate, who received three votes less than Adams, became Vice-President. The lesson was not lost on either party, and when 1800 came the Federalists were so thoroughly organized that all their electors voted for Adams, and all save one, who was duly selected before election day, voted for Pinckney. The action of the Republicans marks an epoch in the history of presidential elections, for by them, in 1800, was held an informal congressional caucus for the nomination of President and Vice-President. The intention of the framers of the Constitution was that no elector should be pledged, that each should be free to vote for any man he chose, and that the electoral colleges as a body should be responsible for the selection of a proper man to be President, and then for his election to this office. But on the day in which the Republican Senators and Representatives in Congress met in caucus, and selected Jefferson and Burr to be the party candidates, the presidential electors were robbed of their most important duty, and degraded to mere boards of registry; they have never since been anything else. The Constitution, to all intents and purposes, has thus been amended.

The care which the Republicans took in 1800 to secure the concentration of their electoral votes on two men served but to make more prominent than ever a defect first brought to notice in 1796. The election of that year proved that it was possible to elect a President from one party, and a Vice-President from another. The election of 1800 showed that, under certain conditions, a party which had a large majority of the electoral votes might not be able to elect even a President. As the party caucus had formally nominated Jefferson and Burr as the only Republican candidates, every Republican elector felt in duty bound to vote for them, and for no one else. Each,

therefore, received the same vote, and as neither had the highest number, neither was chosen President, and the House of Representatives was forced to elect. That both these evils might be prevented in future the twelfth amendment was added to the Constitution in 1804, and the electors were empowered to cast two ballots, one for President and one for Vice-President. What had been done informally in 1800 was now done formally and regularly. A written summons was sent to every Republican Senator and Representative to attend a party caucus. Jefferson and Clinton were formally nominated, or as the phrase went, "recommended to the Republican voters of the United States." A Congressional campaign committee was appointed, and from 1804 to 1824 no President was ever nominated by any other body than the Congressional caucus.

When Jefferson retired, in 1809, the presidential office had thus in the course of twenty years been greatly modified. The heads of the executive departments had been transformed into the Cabinet, or council of advisers; the annual message had become an established institution; the electoral ballot for Vice-President had been created; the congressional caucus nomination of candidates had been introduced; the electors had practically been stripped of all power of choice, and the doctrine that two terms were enough for any President had been formally announced and ratified by the people. The refusal of Washington to accept a third term was based on personal reasons; but when the legislature of State after State invited Jefferson in 1808 to be the party candidate, he refused for political reasons. It was just as necessary, he said, to retire from the office at a proper time as it was to discharge its duties in a proper manner; rotation, he believed, was nowhere more necessary, and he warned his countrymen to beware of the love of power, of the sense of ownership and the disregard of popular

rights, which sprang from long continuance in office. The advice was sound, was approved by his countrymen, was acted on by Madison and Monroe, and long before Jackson's time had become a part of our unwritten constitution with all the force of law.

In the interval which separated the administrations of Jefferson and Jackson, the political condition of the country and the political ideas of the people changed completely. The religious and property qualifications for voters and office-holders were swept away. Manhood suffrage was introduced. For the first time the people entered politics, and with their entrance came all the appliances for the expression of their will, for defeating their will, for catching and holding their votes, — the machine, the boss, the state nominating convention, the spoils system. Though the proscription of political opponents and the distribution of offices among party workers came early into use in some of the States, it was not till 1820 that the way was made straight for the application of the principle to federal officials. In that year William H. Crawford was Secretary of the Treasury, and well knowing that he would be the congressional caucus candidate for President in 1824, he secured the passage of the four-year limitation law, by which the term of office of thousands of officials in his department was limited to four years. Up to that time the Presidents filled newly created offices, or such as were made vacant by the resignation or removal of the incumbent. Since that time each President has been forced to fill thousands and tens of thousands of places vacated by the operation of Crawford's four-year limitation law, which was soon extended to the post-office, and finally to every branch of the public service.

The law went into operation in 1821, and was administered most conscientiously by Monroe and John Quincy Adams. But on the defeat of Jackson in the

House of Representatives, and his re-nomination by the legislature of Tennessee in 1825, the possibilities of the law in the hands of unscrupulous politicians were finely exhibited. Office-holders were now plainly told that all who were for Jackson would work for him; that all who were not for him were against him, and that when he was inaugurated, in 1829, his friends, not his enemies, should have the spoils. That Jackson would be elected was certain, and every one of the fifty-five thousand office-holders who hoped for reappointment became a Jackson worker.

That Jackson would be elected was certain, because Adams possessed none of the qualifications which, in the opinion of the people, were fitting and necessary for a President; and the people were now the rulers. From the first inauguration of Washington to the day when the House of Representatives elected Adams and rejected Jackson, the intention of the framers of the Constitution with respect to the President had been carried out in the main. The electors, it is true, had been stripped of all power of choice, and had been pledged to vote for candidates selected and formally nominated by the congressional caucus. But the Presidents were well fitted in all respects for the duties of the office. Each of them was a man of national reputation; each had spent his life in the public service; each was a trained and practical statesman, and has left behind him writings which bear evidence of a mastery of the theory of popular government as then understood. But the time came, after our second war with England, when men of this sort found no favor in the sight of the people. The development of the country, the rush of population into the Mississippi Valley, the rise of new States with democratic constitutions of the modern type, the rapid extension of the franchise, not only created a new constituency, but surrounded the voters with in-

dustrial, social, and political conditions utterly unlike those of the days of Washington. New issues, new questions, new points of view followed, and new leaders, sprung in every case from the honest, hard-working masses, rose to guide the people in their efforts to settle the problems of self-government — federal, state, and municipal — forced on them by the changed state of society. The quiet and humdrum administration of Monroe marks the turning-point. The people then secured full control of their state and local governments, and that they should next seek for the control of the federal government was quite in order and to be expected. In many of the States the old way of choosing presidential electors by the legislature had given way to popular election by general ticket, and towards the end of Monroe's second term the cry that the President must be "a man of the people" was raised for the first time in our history.

This meant the death of the caucus system of nomination, which was now declared to be unconstitutional and oppressive. Senators and Representatives were expressly forbidden by the Constitution to act as electors of the President. But if members of Congress met and nominated the successful candidate, was not that nomination equivalent to an election? And if so, were they not, it was argued, acting as electors, and violating the law of the land? The attack on the old system was made accordingly by Tennessee, whose legislature supplied "a man of the people" when it nominated Andrew Jackson in 1822, and sent forth a set of resolutions to her sister States asking them to instruct their Senators and request their Representatives not to attend a congressional caucus. Her action and her resolutions gave the signal for a general revolt against the caucus, which, attended by a small minority, was held for the last time in 1824. A period of transition now followed, during which state legis-

latures and state conventions, which had been slowly developing in many of the States, made the nominations. But in 1831 the Anti-Masons held the first national convention for the nomination of a President, and so introduced a new piece of political machinery. The time was ripe for it. The country was compact and well settled. No State existed north of Indiana and Illinois, and, save Missouri, there was none west of the Mississippi. The means of transportation had so improved that it was possible to go from one end of the United States to the other without a great expenditure of time or money. The meeting of protectionists at Harrisburg in 1827 and of Anti-Masons at Baltimore in 1831 proved that such conventions could be made a success; and as the feeling was strong that the people should name the presidential candidates, the example of the Anti-Masons was declared to be truly democratic, and in 1832 was followed by both Democrats and National Republicans.

These early conventions were of the crudest sort. None of the careful and elaborate organization which now begins with the voters in the primaries and, leading up through the state convention for the selection of delegates, ends with the election of the permanent chairman of the national convention had any existence. They were mere mass-meetings, to which the party managers in each State sent as many or as few delegates as they pleased. Once assembled, it became manifest that the greatest inequality existed. Some States had but a single delegate. Others which happened to be near the place of meeting were represented by ten, twenty, fifty men. To remedy this a committee of the first Democratic convention framed three rules, which have ever since been characteristic of the party. One was the unit rule, which requires that the vote of each State shall be determined by the majority of its delegates, and cast as a unit.

The second gives to each State a vote equal to twice the number of its Senators and Representatives in Congress. The third provides that no candidate shall be declared nominated unless he receives two thirds of the votes polled by the convention.

From 1832 to 1840 no national conventions were held. Then each party again resorted to them under the pressure of public opinion, and no presidential candidate has since been put before the country in any other way. For a second reason the campaign of 1840 is still memorable. The time was one which in many ways bears a close resemblance to our own. There was the same financial distress, the same deficit in the national revenue, the same increase in the public debt in time of peace, the same wild schemes of banking and finance, the same prevalence of "crazes" and reforms, the same repudiation of the President and the party then in power, and in the abolitionists and anti-slavery people there was an element looked on both North and South with the same horror with which we view anarchists and socialists. But, unlike our day, there was no one great issue on which either party dared to stand. Neither convention, therefore, ventured to frame a platform. The Democrats were afraid to say a word, lest they should drive men from the party. The Whig party was such a collection of petty local factions, opposed to something in particular and nothing in general, that to make a platform satisfactory to everybody was not possible. It appealed, therefore, to the prejudices, emotions, and sentiments of the people, and the campaign became a craze. Then were brought into fashion the ratification meeting, the torchlight procession, the day parade, the campaign cry, the song, the caricature, the badge, — all the paraphernalia still resorted to as a means of arousing the ignorant, the prejudiced, and the emotional voter.

Thus was it that just as the congressional caucus in 1800 deprived the electoral colleges of the right to select the presidential candidate; just as the state legislatures and the state conventions in 1824 seized the power from the caucus; so, after 1840, the people, through the national party convention, took the nomination into their own hands, and have ever since retained it.

Once in their hands the conventions became the scenes of the "chicane, intrigue, and cabal" the fathers predicted would attend an election by Congress, and all the patronage at the disposal of the President — a patronage increasing rapidly as the country expanded, as the people multiplied, and as new States were admitted to the Union — was used for party purposes. In the eyes of the people the President was the chief distributor of offices. That he should have any personal knowledge of the fitness of one hundred thousand office-holders was not to be expected. His duty was to allot the federal patronage of each State to its Senators and Representatives, to become the official organ of their will, to make such removals and appointments as they saw fit to dictate; and as he was always a strong party man, the duty was cheerfully performed.

From this state of affairs has resulted another change in the presidential office as created by the fathers, another unwritten amendment of the Constitution. By that document, no Senator, no Representative, no federal office-holder, can be a presidential elector; that is, a man responsible in part for the selection and election of a President. But the electors do not select a President. He is picked out by the national convention of the party, and as this action is equivalent to an election, the convention is the real electoral college, and the constitutional electors are mere recording officers. If the plain intent and meaning of the Constitution were obeyed, no Senator, no

Representative, no office-holder, could rightfully take part in the proceedings of a convention for the nomination of a President; yet it is by these men that in the case of the two great parties, at least, conventions are attended and managed. Not only then are such bodies utterly unknown to the Constitution, utterly foreign to the intention of the framers of it, but a large part of the members of them are men expressly forbidden to take any part in the selection of a President. It is indeed true that legally all these proceedings count for nothing. Legally the President is still chosen by the electors, who are free to accept or reject the candidate of the national convention. Thus the man who in 1820 was appointed a Monroe elector and then cast his ballot for John Quincy Adams, the electors who in 1824 were chosen by the New York legislature to support Clay and then voted for Jackson, were acting within legal bounds, and their acts were not and cannot be questioned. Yet the electors are not free to act. They are pledged, they are morally bound to vote for the candidate of their party; and so certain are they to do it that no man who on election night scans the returns from the States goes home in the slightest doubt as to who will be the next President. Millions of citizens who read the newspapers on the morrow really believe that a President has been elected, though nothing has been done which could be taken notice of by the House and Senate when they meet in joint session to witness the counting of the electoral votes. Not till the electoral colleges have voted, and the House and Senate acted, is a President elected; yet the proceedings of none of these bodies ever receive ten lines of notice in any newspaper in the country. Their usefulness is gone. There is now no reason for their existence, and that they will be suffered to exist much longer does not seem likely. The time has come when the election as well as the nomina-

tion of a President may safely be entrusted to the people.

With the election in November next, just one hundred years will have passed since the presidency was contested for the first time by two men put forward as candidates by two political parties. Looking back over this century and

the changes which have taken place in the popular conception of the presidential office, we may reasonably ask, Were the fathers right in their belief that the people were not fit to be entrusted with this high duty? Our answer is, They were wrong. The people are fit.

*John B. McMaster.*

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ON THE THRESHOLD.

I.

Not all the pageant of the setting sun  
Should yield the tired eyes of man delight,  
No sweet beguiling power had stars at night  
To soothe his fainting heart when day is done,  
Nor any secret voice of benison  
Might nature own, were not each sound and sight  
The sign and symbol of the infinite,  
The prophecy of things not yet begun.  
So had these lips, so early sealed with sleep,  
No fruitful word, this life no power to move  
Our deeper reverence, did we not see  
How more than all he said, he was,—how, deep  
Below this broken life, he ever wove  
The finer substance of a life to be.

II.

Oft have I stood within the carven door  
Of some cathedral at the close of day,  
And seen its softened splendors fade away  
From lucent pane and tessellated floor,  
As if a parting guest who comes no more,  
Till over all silence and blackness lay.  
Then rose sweet murmurings of them that pray,  
And shone the altar lamps unseen before.  
So, Dear, as here I stand with thee alone,  
The voices of the world sound faint and far,  
The glare and glory of the noon grow dim,  
And in the stillness, what I had not known,  
I know,—a light pure-shining as a star,  
A song uprising like a holy hymn.

*Arthur S. Hardy.*

## THE SPIRIT OF AN ILLINOIS TOWN.

## IN THREE PARTS. PART TWO.

## ON THE WEST SIDE.

FRIENDSHIP between man and woman is so little tolerated or understood in our country that I avoided giving Trail City any occasion to call me Kate Keene's suitor. She herself had an instinct against lovers, so singular in a maid of her age that it was talked about. But she had an equally strong instinct for comradeship, and every soul in the place was bound to Kate Keene by some invisible cord.

In the dark of every morning I heard her slip downstairs to begin her daily tasks. How hard those tasks were I do not know, the domestic machinery never appearing, though for a fortnight after our compact I had mere glimpses of her. I took to selecting books from my shelves, and leaving them with the conspicuous appeal "Read" on my table. They might or might not be appropriated by Mrs. Jutberg. But the venture proved lucky, as a small marker lettered "Kate," forgotten in one of the returned books, convinced me.

Autumn glooms and howling winds came on. The sodden prairie was raw and horrible, worse than a steamer-deck in a fog. Above seas of black and waxy mud rushed a river of wind, drowning human hope. In this bleakness everything took a trivial and contemptible guise. One said to himself, "What are these fools doing out on an open plain? Why don't they hunt shelter?" My life hung so torpidly on me, I thought every day of suicide. If there was ever man or woman born into this world who won through it without feeling sometimes impelled to take the old pagan short cut out, that man or woman must have been a stupid brute. Like the sender of anonymous letters, the incipient suicide is

often the person you least suspect. I did my work; and my daily bread was something to be thankful for. But the dead level of that plain and its pursuing blackness were too typical.

On some days I could not put out of my mind a sodden and neglected little grave in a foreign churchyard, undecorated by the beaded flowers and wreaths and crowns which defied weather and memorialized grief around it. A farmer leading his freckle-nosed boy by the hand was a taunting reminder that some wretches are denied the commonest comforts of the commonest lot.

Then I began to think of winter rime on European villages. Paris, London, Rome, Florence, called me, with all their art treasures, all their variety of life in which a man might lose himself. Home-sickness for things American passed into astonishment that man is held to his own place on earth by a cord he cannot break even in a migratory age. His life seems kneaded into that land, and he longs for it when he is away with a reasonless passion that has nothing to do with its adaptability to his physical health or the building of his fortunes. But I was too poor to turn eastward again. The petty treadmill of a country newspaper had me for its automatic motor.

It was surprising to see what interest Sam took in the thing. Nothing pleased him better than leading a crowd of old rattlesnake-fighters in to see our type; and when we hazarded a small steam-plant in place of the old hand-press, and began to feel our way to a daily, he was as wild as a Pottawatomie.

The whole town rushed like a comet along the plane of improvement. Its local political spirit was intense. The salary of mayor and aldermen was fixed

rigidly at fifty cents per head a year. When a man was nominated for one of these offices, however, he poured out his own private means like water on the expenses of an election rather than suffer the odium of defeat. The town had contempt for any one who failed in any way to "get there."

Feuds and cross-purposes existed, but these were all new and swiftly changing, like the clouds over the prairie. No families had hereditary enemies. By the time Sam had me adjusted to the fact that Colonel York and Mr. Babcock were in a furious tug over grain elevators or the placing of the school funds, they had passed again through the amicable process which he called kissing and making up. We had to steer our bark very carefully among breakers, and lean to this side or that with discretion; but Sam had the discretion and did the leaning.

Many good fellows thought I was sickly, and came into the office to cheer me up. One jolly, roseate old rascal, with tufts of hair like wool above his ears, swapped daily jokes about his nomination for county coroner.

"You'll give me employment if I get there," said he.

"But why do you want to sit on such objects as I am?"

"Well, I'll tell you, editor: my aim is to get into some business where there won't be any more kicking. Now, the man I deal with as coroner won't kick: he can't. His friends won't: the State pays the expenses. I'm getting on, and peaceful, soothing employment like this is what I want for my old age."

Sometimes the conviction stung me that I was wasting my prime in this eddy, with people whose thoughts could never be identical with mine. "It is not my place," my soul said. Every morning when I rose, the sickening distaste swept over me. And a man who submits to disadvantage maims his own spirit. Yet there I lay prostrate, like a

tangled horse, who after vain efforts to rise sinks flat, with his head on the paving. And suppose I did stand on my feet once more, for whom should I do anything? All around were men with set faces and tense purpose, their eyes fixed on better futures for their children and an old age of plenty. I could work with mechanical execution, but not as a creative mind.

Blessed is that transcriber with electrical touch who makes his page crackle and sparkle at the very points where we might blindly miss the meaning. So much that happens to us seems not worth setting down. I have tallied these blank days as they were tallied against me. I simply lost them without living. Sallow northern light fell across my page while I wrote, and rain drove against our office windows. Esther, our periodical scrub-woman, progressed on her knees as far as my chair; and when I had to move, her infant nephew, whom she called "buddy," — a contraction of "brother," — always improved the opportunity to get on my lap. She kept him very clean, and of this I was glad, on his adoption of me. The smell of-dirty little boy on a wet day surpasses every other rankness. His pet and constant follower, a sand-hill crane of bluish-gray plumage, would stalk after him and stand beside the desk, stretching himself up to overtop me as I sat, or stooping dejectedly to forage in the waste-basket. Esther told me she had sometimes seen cranes dancing real quadrilles at the edge of a slew: and the stately manners of this one, whose name was Jimmy, testified to some breeding. But he had been caught young, and deprived of courtly example at the very time when lank leg and neck were developing to the utmost, so he lacked the wild grace of his ancestors, and knocked things over with his feet, and convulsively tried to swallow whatever he could pick up with his bill.

Seeing that I regarded Jimmy without the animosity which was so often his

portion, Esther explained: "I named him after my brother that was consumpted and died. My brother used to go steppin' around slow, with his hands in his pockets, somethin' like a crane. Jimmy is a comfort to me, if he does dirty the floors and chew clothes on the line. It takes hard work to support my brother's children, now he's gone. But you ought to seen the style they used to put on. His wife had as much as seven hundred dollars left to her. I never got none of it: it come from her folks. And she did n't save a cent of that money. I wanted them to get a home. But all-wools was n't too good for them then. How that family did dress! And they went into s'ciety and spent it all. Now she's a widow, with five children for her and me to keep, and she can't do much."

"Were you never married yourself, Esther?" I inquired.

"Oh yes," she responded cheerfully, lifting a liver-colored face in which pleasant eyes were set, "two or three times. But nary one was any account. So I turned them off, and took in my brother's folks."

Jimmy the crane, having begun hopelessly on a ball of twine in the wastebasket while Esther talked, now caught her eye and repented. He offered no resistance to disgorging when Esther picked up the remainder of the ball to unwind him, and she on her part brought link after link of cord from his midst, until it seemed that Jimmy's intestines were being spun forth through his open bill. Having parted with the end of the twine, — which I pressed upon Esther's acceptance, as we no longer needed it in the office, — Jimmy shook his wings, and uttered a resigned plaintive sound which might be interpreted "Koort."

"Jimmy's a great hand for string," remarked Esther; "and he miscalculates about what he eats like folks miscalculate about other things. Folks does a heap of things there ain't no need of. My mother, she used to part us children's

hair on the side instead of in the middle; she said she wanted to save the middle partin' till we was growed, so it would be new and nice. But now it ain't the fashion for women to part their hair at all, and I might as well have saved myself from bein' laughed at so much at school. I think about these things sometimes when I'm unwindin' Jimmy, and I wish everybody was as easy to manage in their innards."

When I told Sam this adventure of Jimmy's he exploded with a similar wish regarding my unmanageable and unseen interior. I was a trial to him at that time, sulking in retreat while I should have identified myself with the Dancing Club, the Billiard Club, the Lyric Club, the Wilderness Club; for club life began early to mould the society of the ambitious town. The Tennis Club was temporarily suspended until summer should again permit nets to be stretched and courts to be marked out. I heard even of amateur plays which outdid traveling barnstormers in the little theatre on the west side.

Nor did I take that interest in funerals which Sam, who mourned departed friends with policy and devotion, would have had me take.

"Man, you act as if you thought you'd never die. How would you like to have people slight your funeral?"

"What difference would it make to me?"

"It would make a tremendous difference to me whether folks came to mine or not," declared my partner. "I'm setting my stakes for a regular boom when my turn comes. It often brings the tears to my eyes to think how I shall be mourned and shan't be there to see."

I thought it likely Sam would not be disappointed of his boom, when I saw how Trail City packed a house to which he dragged me where an obscure dead citizen lay. The hideous drenching weather had passed, and silver mists and burnished frostiness now made the morn-

ing landscapes glorious, so that to walk abroad was a delight. Yet this did not account for the hushed multitudinous gathering. I had before seen all Trail City on the old Pottawatomie road leading to the cemetery, bearing through sheets of rain and deep mud-ruts some old shell of a body that was really no loss to the community. But at that time I had not learned the great neighborly heart of an Illinois town.

I saw Kate Keene's hat and jacket beyond us in one of the crowded rooms, and they made a spot of living interest for me while the minister's voice labored like a locomotive up a steep grade with the character of the departed.

"Our brother was — strictly honest. Nobody can gainsay that," he challenged.

"He had n't sense enough to overreach anybody, — hardly enough to come in when it rained," wrote Sam in a private notebook for my eye. The good people around watched him respectfully as he made record of local eloquence.

"Our brother's health, or rather his lack of health," proceeded the laboring advocate, "prevented his greatly distinguishing himself in active life."

"Too lazy to draw his breath," wrote Sam.

"His bereaved family" —

"Relieved family," wrote Sam.

"Come along," he whispered, when the wearied crowd were permitted to stir, and I would have escaped from the file. "It's the custom of this country to put yourself on review when you go to a funeral. You won't get any credit if you don't pass around and view the remains. Do you think that widow is n't jealously counting noses, and tallying against the absentees? The less she has to bury, the more fuss she wants made over it."

We duly paid our last tribute to that which had a dignity denied to us who gazed, and I confided to my partner, as we reached the sidewalk, that the occasion had been profitable in suggesting

notes for his own obituary. "I will do you up something like this: 'The Honorable Sham Peevey, who deceived no one by dropping the *h*, has gone to his long rest, and we may now enjoy a little ourselves. His aim in life was to make his generation serve him to the utmost. Popularity was his religious creed. His favorite occupation was laying flattery on living men with a trowel' " —

"Hold on; I never basted you," remonstrated Sam.

— "but for dead men, who no longer represented votes, he had nothing but a scalpel."

"Nobody saw it but his ill-natured partner, though."

"He was good natured because he had a digestion proof against gormandizing. Energy he did possess, and a boundless desire to boom himself, but being constituted without an immortal soul, his chances for distinction in the next world are small."

"He never neglected his friends, however, and he has something pigeonholed for an emergency which may overtake his dear partner, Seth Adams. I'll do you justice, my boy. It runs like this: 'His noble form, six feet in height and two inches in width, enshrined the most genial nature in Trail City. But he kept it all to himself. My friends, no corporation in the State of Illinois would miss Seth Adams more than Trail City if Trail City only knew he had been here. Traveled, scholarly, of a culture so sensitive that it could find companionship only in the silence of Esther's crane, what might he not have done in this community if he had only quit locking himself up in his own room! So light a vehicle overloaded with soul will probably never again slip through Trail City without making any noise.' "

While we chaffed each other the pushing crowd separated us, — Sam letting himself be carried off with a man he wanted to dun, and I consciously waiting for our housemate; for I might walk

with her in sight of the town after a funeral, like any other acquaintance.

Mrs. Jutberg did not interfere with, or direct, or in any way chaperon her niece, varying her indifference only by outbursts of unexpected rage. To see the girl try to avoid giving offense, and keep to a narrow path unaided, harrowed me as it must have harrowed any man who approved of conventual care over girls. The protection Kate had was nothing but brutal abandonment. The young town's innocence was in fact her only bulwark. A dialogue which we sometimes overheard took this form: —

"Aunt, do you care if I go to the Club this evening?"

"No, I don't care where you go."

"But you have no objections? You have nothing for me to do here?"

"If I had, I'd let you know."

"Yes, I thought you would. And Lucia York's party will call for me. If we are late, I can stay all night at the Yorks', and not disturb you."

"You'd better," signified Mrs. Jutberg.

With large patience which would have been unnatural in any but a child trained in Kate's hard school, she would then thank her guardian for the privilege. I wondered where she had learned this gentle deference to elders so unworthy of it. The remarkable man who looked like me rose more and more in my opinion, as I reflected on what he had produced between his bouts in the ditch; for as far as my acquaintance with the maternal stock had gone, I rejected it as having no part in the result called Kate.

Mrs. Jutberg certainly had times of exaltation and lightness, but she was not on speaking terms with any neighbor, and treated the world as in conspiracy against her. Several times she arraigned Sam and me for dark and deadly clippings in our paper. The most innocent and open human selfishness she translated as malign influence directed

against her; and we heard her accuse Kate of plots and deep-laid schemes. She would nurse these ideas for days, and then suddenly explode them with disastrous force. I never saw Mrs. Jutberg dislocated by laughter; she came to grief through temper. Yet this self-tormentor was the most exquisite of that school of old-fashioned housekeepers who cannot tolerate servants, and make a fine art of living; and she would sit up night after night with any sick enemy. When her benevolence passed a moderate limit, however, I could see a gentle uneasiness appear in Mr. Jutberg; he anticipated a recoil, and he was seldom wrong.

I lifted my hat and fell into step with Kate Keene in the midst of the dispersing crowd. I cannot now tell what her features were like, speech or expression so mobilized them; but she affected me as the only individual in all that crowd. The best companion in the world is a woman capable of great friendship whose mind does not run to love and marriage. She had no self-consciousness. The awkwardness of late childhood was just passing like a discord into virgin harmony. And as I walked beside her the thought came over me that I too was young, really little beyond my boyhood. I was not twenty-eight years old.

"Death is made a very disgusting trial to a man by the customs we have," I said to her. "When we die we ought simply to disappear, as if dropped through a hole in the crust. Survivors missing us could then say with some respect and awe, 'He's gone under.'"

"Perhaps it will be that way for you and me. I have often thought it would be fine to have a bureau of death in every town or on city street corners, where poor wretches who could no longer bear life might drop it" —

"Enter without money, and disappear without a funeral."

"Yes; in some nice painless chemical way that leaves no traces, — the whole

responsibility resting on the person, who decides for himself."

"I have had the same thought," and we looked at each other with the surprise of meeting in a discovery.

"Do you believe it would be very wicked?" inquired Kate.

"I believe it would be very civilized."

"But many people would rush to the place in a passion of disappointment"—

"And stop at the door. Only those who really needed to die would ever go in."

"I have seen times when I would have gone in," said Kate.

"You?"

"Yes. Those who feel deeply would be always at that door; my father would have been lost to me years before he was. We used to talk about it. He made a sketch once that he called A Death Bureau, but he never printed it."

"I made a sketch on the same theme last week, and called it The Ready Door; and if pushed, I shall print mine."

Again Kate and I looked at each other with astonishment at the family resemblance in mental states.

"Don't print it, because some one might read it who would make a ready door for himself; and after he was dead he would be so sorry. Now I am older, I can see there is danger of our turning around at the other side of the grave and wishing to come back to finish what we were made for."

"But so few of us are made for anything. We are accidents."

"No," said the girl, her voice softening; "no, father, we all mean something. But some of us are a long time finding out what. When you really know what you are here for and how to take hold to do it, it's grand to live. You can be full of joy when you are most miserable. Now I have found this out,—the preachers never told me: when you cannot stand trouble any longer, pray to God Almighty and say, 'O God Almighty, I thank you for everything,—I thank you

for everything!' That takes the bitterness away, and makes you feel calm and as if you could wait and see what it all meant."

"I neither pray nor go to church."

"Church is everywhere," said Kate, "and you have to pray. You pray whether you know it or not."

Two tall boys pushed by us, with critical recognition of a girl overheard counseling prayer. Kate gave them a nod and a smile, and I did not think she noticed their grins until she said to me, watching their hulking backs, "Poor fellows, they are yet in cattlehood, and have to pray with a kind of lowing."

"A great many of us are yet in cattlehood, and have n't learned even the lowing."

"A man like you ought to have got more out of his troubles. Such as those yonder depend on men like you to do their thinking and direct their salvation. I have heard my father say that."

The family tendency toward religion, which in Mrs. Jutberg took the form of hysteria, had received an impetus from her father.

"It always seemed to me a childish thing to call on the Lord in trouble, and forget him at other times."

"Why, no one forgets," said Kate. "You can't forget. It goes on all the time, without words. When I am reading to people, I am praying with all my soul, 'O God Almighty, please let your light shine through me now.'"

"What do you read to people?"

"Many different things." She turned her innocent face full upon me. "I am going to read in public for my living when I am of age."

This, then, was her ambition. The matter was settled, with sublime indifference to obstacles; and my heart ached for her.

"Have you had training?"

"Only what my father gave me. But he said I must learn housekeeping with my aunt until I am eighteen. For when

you know housekeeping you have a trade to fall back on, as the Jews always brought up their children to have."

I secretly admired the Israelitish wisdom of my double, and intimated that she must not be disappointed at having to fall back upon her trade.

"Oh, I should n't mind going as housemaid or cook in a city while I watched for my chance," said Kate. "I don't mind work; it's beautiful. There's such satisfaction in making everybody comfortable. But I can do a better thing; and my father said I must do my best."

"It will be very hard to make a place for yourself as a public reader, Kate."

"I know it will, but I shall get engagements when the time comes."

And when I saw her radiant patience and confidence I could not say another word. Could I tell her how nearly impossible it was, without stage traditions and training, influence, means, or protection, to enter a career so nearly allied to the actor's, that closest profession in the world? Could I show her that not one aspirant in a thousand who really gained the boards ever rose to distinction? Could I threaten her with the coldness of empty halls and theatres, and hard-hearted landlords who would seize baggage for unpaid bills?

The pessimism of a cosmopolite was so strong in me that I did some lying awake and suffering on account of the disappointment in store for this poor child, who deserved so much better of fate. I had no influence, no money, was of no use to her myself. This vicarious despondency, which oppressed me greatly, must have lasted two or three weeks, for winter had struck us with what the natives called a blizzard, when Sam walked into the office one morning and informed me that I would go to the Wilderness Club with him that evening. I remember the snow ground under wheels with a scream like little bells, and when I went to the railway stations for items the north wind blew the crys-

tals like white dust. There was a fog over all the whiteness, — dry, the very lacework of smoke-mist; and frost flowers and trees decorated our windows. Everything was so full of electricity that hair crackled, and a little "tic" of a shock went through you when you touched metal. It was several degrees below zero, and I had merely unbuttoned and thrown back my overcoat, though our stove simmered in red heat.

Our postal-card correspondence was before me, items gathered by rural helpers, and headed with the names of their respective centres, — "Plum Ridge," "Prairie Dog Hollow," "Rattlesnake Corner," "Big Slew," "Fidelity Schoolhouse," and many others. It gave one a neighborly thrilling of the heart to read that "Sam Cass is finishing the inside of his new house. That's right, Sam: first fix the cage, and then catch the bird."

And "Jerry Fox always knowed a good thing when he seen it. Jerry has took in another half-section. He now has as fine a farm as any in this part of Illinois."

"We regret to learn that Eli Harness's children is down with the whooping-cough, but health in this neighborhood is otherwise good, except Milton Singly's wife, who is also bedfast."

"Tade Saindon has took to Sundaying in Caxton. Wonder what the attraction is, and this neighborhood so full of pretty girls?"

And the human bitterness and envy betrayed in one which declared, "Some of the boys around here are getting too smart. Because their fathers can afford to send them off to college, the airs they put on is enough to disgust sensible people."

"Well," I said, looking up from this mass of local history, "you have been threatening me with various clubs a long while. But why Wilderness? In this bald world, where there is n't a stump and the trees are transplanted sticks, why Wilderness?"

"That's Kate Keene's favorite word ; she named the club. And you will go in full evening dress."

"Sam, I have n't unfolded my dress coat since I left Paris."

"Some of the boys around here are getting too smart," quoted my partner, taking up a postal card. "'Because they have been abroad, the airs they put on is enough to disgust sensible people.'"

"Airs would be lost on Trail City. You only feel sorrow for a man who has been away from it and its boom. What's the occasion at the Wilderness Club to-night?"

"Something swell. And the girls' mothers will be there to help them receive after the theatrical business. You think you're the only citizen that knows his little Shakespeare ; you'll find out there's another of us. And it ends with a cosy ball, — good orchestra music. I want you to do the style for the firm ; you can do it better than anybody, when you want to."

"But I don't think I want to."

"Come, old man. It's in the theatre. Parquet floored over for dancing ; women there working like mad now, decorating with flags and things ; and Mrs. Babcock has risked some of her finest greenhouse flowers in this zero weather. They're certain to freeze on the road ; but when a woman goes into a thing, she goes in. Folks will be there — friends of the Babcocks' — from Chicago, and the Yorks have some of their people here from the East. Trail City is going to eclipse herself, and we've got to be in it with both feet."

"I have no desire to eclipse anything with my feet."

"Oh, come, Seth. This won't do any longer. It's treating little Kate Keene badly, you know."

"What has she to do with it?"

"Why, she's the star. And the whole thing is for charity, besides."

"Why did n't you tell me it was a charity scheme?" I demanded, with in-

stant change of resolution. "That alters the matter. I'll come out for charity's sake. What does Kate Keene do?"

"Wait until you hear her. She does some things that nobody else ever did. I told you her father was an actor before he took to drinking and newspaper work, did n't I?"

"No, you never did."

"Well, she's a corker when you put her before an audience. I can't tell you what it is. Sometimes I think it's genius. She is n't pretty, like Teresa Babcock or Lucia York — but confound Keene ! why did n't he leave her better fixed ? I have often thought she would make a fine wife for a public man, with that magnetic pull."

"Somebody has set it down, Sam Peevey, that the basest men will take the devotion of the best women as a matter of course, but I never saw such a disgusting illustration of it as you are."

Sam laughed, shaking his ample flesh. But that evening I saw him shake more uncontrollably with weeping, for the hearty fellow always carried his emotions on the outside of his person.

The little theatre, with its single huge chandelier and row of footlights, was pretty with bunting and potted plants, and warm, and full. Chairs had been arranged upon the floored parquet, and here and in the two boxes and all around the walls spread a sea of faces. We saw Teresa Babcock turning her black eyes toward us for an instant, with the proprietary interest she certainly had in all young men ; the York girls surrounded by a court and smiling ; maids, matrons, men, children, a gathered population, humming like bees. All the girls had their mothers or other relatives to witness their social triumphs. I looked about for the fallow face of Mrs. Jutberg, and when Sam detected my quest he laughed at me for a dull sinner, to think she would trust her frail soul and anatomy in such a vortex of play-acting and dancing.

Then the daughter of the man I resembled came across the stage. Kate Keene looked like a Greek girl. How the slim creature in a short black dress that we were used to become a supple goddess I do not know. Perhaps her father's stage traditions taught her that noble draping — of silk, or wool, or cotton, it might have been snow; one was not conscious of material — which fell from her shoulders to the floor, and was bound under the breasts by a girdle. She had her hair encircled by a fillet. Her neck and undeveloped young arms were like veined marble. And I remember having an underthought of surprise that her wrists and hands were only expressive; were not coarsened by the labor they daily performed.

When her transformation had taken hold of us, we found it was more than a trick of clothing; she began to do with us as she pleased. If there were people in the audience whose prejudices she shocked by that peculiar simple dress, or who recalled her father to her disadvantage, they were found in their innermost hidings by a piercing sweetness of voice and presence that I cannot make known in words. It was a spell. None of the hollow tricks of the elocutionist broke it. She made people pass before our minds, magnifying our human experience. She was Perdita as white as a lily. She was Cleopatra with a Greek-Egyptian face. With sudden angularity she was Betsey Trotwood chasing donkeys. She was a score of droll American forms which we recognized with shouts of laughter. She was age, youth, childhood, tears.

She left us; and four times, five times, six times, seven times, we dragged her back to give us the joy of living a moment longer in the mimic world. And then the town of Trail, with its guests, stood upon its feet, and shouted and laughed and cried, until I felt something break away within me. I rushed from the theatre, leaving Sam standing on a

seat, blubbering and waving his handkerchief.

I worshiped her. The light of God Almighty shone through her. I seemed to walk among thick-clustering stars, and the constellations overhead were near enough to pull down. My trouble was gone. A returning tide of life filled me with warmth like success. There was a lambent spirit who had brought the world, the whole world, into this small Illinois town. It made no difference that I had managed affairs badly in the past: they had brought me to her; the main interest in life had been served.

I looked around the arctic expanse lost in the vastness of unseen horizon, and loved my town. The semaphore at the railway junction threw crimson lights across the snow, and a hissing of quiescent locomotives came to the ear. Let them plough through darkness on long quest to distant cities. I myself was landed. Through all this fury of exaltation there was no definite object before my mind. I did not know what I should do: the happiness of being was as much as I could endure.

It was bitter cold, but to the outermost layer of skin I tingled with resisting heat. My overcoat was on my arm. I breasted the awful breath of the Northwest. I was rushing to the limits of the western sidewalk when a panting behind made itself heard, and I turned to see in the dimness one of the hotel runners following me.

"You're wanted," he said, blowing on his hands and stamping. "I've hollered at you nearly ever since you left the theatre, but you did n't hear."

"You don't want me?"

"Yes, sir, you're the man. There's a friend of yours at the house that sent for you."

"Who is he?"

"I was just to say it was a sick friend, and to tell you to hurry."

The fact of my having a sick friend made little impression on me. As far

as I paid attention to the fellow's words his message was of little account. But I walked back with him, intending to look in at the hotel, where some passing bore was probably finding time hang heavy between trains. The merest acquaintances will seize on you in the name of friendship, when they have ends of their own to serve. What Sam would have called the sick-friend gag did not in the least deceive me. I expected to look in at some rubicund fellow with his feet and a box of cigars on the table.

The huge wooden hotel, mansard-roofed and many-lighted, was gaudy as a steamer in the waste of dim whiteness. That many-storied caravansary went up in fire years ago; but I can see it yet as I

stepped from the broad stone paving into the pretentious entrance, and passed vistas of billiard and smoking rooms, and the deserted long apartment which the management proudly called its saloon parlor, from which a weak piano usually tinkled.

The messenger led me upstairs, and though this was carrying the joke of the sick friend whom I expected to find in the smoking-room too far, I followed, still in the white mental heat that makes a man externally numb and indifferent. He rapped on a door at the front end of the corridor, and opened it for me to enter. A sift of well-known perfume met me. The door shut me in, and I stood face to face with my wife.

*Mary Hartwell Catherwood.*

## OUT OF THE STREET : JAPANESE FOLK-SONGS.

### I.

"THESE," said Manyemon, putting on the table a roll of wonderfully written Japanese manuscript, "are Vulgar Songs. If they are to be spoken of in some honorable book, perhaps it will be necessary to say that they are Vulgar, so that Western people may not be deceived."

Next to my house there is a vacant lot, where washermen (*sentakuya*) work in the ancient manner, — singing as they work, and whipping the wet garments upon big flat stones. Every morning at daybreak their singing wakens me; and I like to listen to it, though I cannot often catch the words. It is full of long, queer, plaintive modulations. Yesterday, the apprentice — a lad of fifteen — and the master of the washermen were singing alternately, as if answering each other; the contrast between the tones of the man, sonorous as if boomed through a conch, and the clarion alto of the boy,

being very pleasant to hear. Whereupon I called Manyemon and asked him what the singing was about.

"The song of the boy," he said, "is an old song : —

*Things never changed since the Time of the Gods :  
The flowing of water, the Way of Love.*

I heard it often when I was myself a boy."

"And the other song?"

"The other song is probably new : —

*Three years thought of her,  
Five years sought for her;  
Only one night held her in my arms.*

A very foolish song!"

"I don't know," I said. "There are famous Western romances containing nothing wiser. And what is the rest of the song?"

"There is no more : that is the whole of the song. If it be honorably desired, I can write down the songs of the washermen, and the songs which are sung in

this street by the smiths and the carpenters and the bamboo-weavers and the rice-cleaners. But they are all nearly the same."

Thus came it to pass that Manyemon made for me a collection of Vulgar Songs.

By "vulgar" Manyemon meant written in the speech of the common people. He is himself an adept at classical verse, and despises the *hayari-uta*, or ditties of the day; it requires something very delicate to please him. And what pleases him I am not qualified to write about; for one must be a very good Japanese scholar to meddle with the superior varieties of Japanese poetry. If you care to know how difficult the subject is, just study the chapter on prosody in Aston's Grammar of the Japanese Written Language, or the introduction to Professor Chamberlain's Classical Poetry of the Japanese. Her poetry is the one original art which Japan has certainly not borrowed either from China or from any other country; and its most refined charm is the essence, irreproducible, of the very flower of the language itself: hence the difficulty of representing, even partially, in any Western tongue, its subtler delicacies of sentiment, allusion, and color. But to understand the compositions of the people no scholarship is needed: they are characterized by the greatest possible simplicity, directness, and sincerity. The real art of them, in short, is their absolute artlessness. This was why I wanted them. Springing straight from the heart of the eternal youth of the race, these little gushes of song, like the untaught poetry of every people, utter what belongs to all human experience rather than to the limited life of a class or a time; and even in their melodies still resound the fresh and powerful pulsings of their primal source.

Manyemon had written down forty-seven songs; and with his help I made

free renderings of the best. They were very brief, varying from seventeen to thirty-one syllables in length. Nearly all Japanese poetical metre consists of simple alternations of lines of five and seven syllables; the frequent exceptions which popular songs offer to this rule being merely irregularities such as the singer can smooth over either by slurring or by prolonging certain vowel sounds. Most of the songs which Manyemon had collected were of twenty-six syllables only; being composed of three successive lines of seven syllables each, followed by one of five, thus:—

Ka-mi-yo ko-no-ka-ta  
Ka-wa-ra-nu mo-no wa:  
Mi-dzu no na-ga-ré to  
Ko-i no mi-chi.<sup>1</sup>

Among various deviations from this construction I found 7-7-7-7-5, and 5-7-7-7-5, and 7-5-7-5, and 5-7-5; but the classical five-line form (*tanka*), represented by 5-7-5-7-7, was entirely absent.

Terms indicating gender were likewise absent; even the expressions corresponding to "I" and "you" being seldom used, and the words signifying "beloved" applying equally to either sex. Only by the conventional value of some comparison, the use of a particular emotional tone, or the mention of some detail of costume, was the sex of the speaker suggested, as in this verse:—

*I am the water-weed drifting, — finding no place  
of attachment:  
Where, I wonder, and when, shall my flower be-  
gin to bloom?*

Evidently the speaker is a girl who wishes for a lover; the same simile uttered by masculine lips would sound in Japanese ears much as would sound in English ears a man's comparison of himself to a violet or to a rose. For the like reason, one knows that in the following song the speaker is not a woman:—

<sup>1</sup> Literally, "God - Age - since not - changed - things as-for: water-of flowing and love-of way."

*Flowers in both my hands, — flowers of plum and cherry :*  
Which will be, I wonder, the flower to give me fruit ?

Womanly charm is compared to the cherry flower and also to the plum flower ; but the quality symbolized by the plum flower is moral always rather than physical.<sup>1</sup> The verse represents a man strongly attracted by two girls : one, perhaps a dancer, very fair to look upon ; the other beautiful in character. Which shall he choose to be his companion for life ?

One more example : —

*Too long, with pen in hand, idling, fearing, and doubting,*  
I cast my silver pin for the test of the tatamizan.

Here we know from the mention of the hairpin that the speaker is a woman, and we can also suppose that she is a *geisha* ; the sort of divination called *tatamizan* being especially popular with dancing-girls. The rush covering of floor-mats (*tatami*), woven over a frame of thin strings, shows on its upper surface a regular series of lines about three fourths of an inch apart. The girl throws her pin upon a mat, and then counts the lines it touches. According to their number she deems herself lucky or unlucky. Sometimes a little pipe — *geishas'* pipes are usually of silver — is used instead of the hairpin.

The theme of all the songs was love, as indeed it is of the vast majority of the Japanese *chansons des rues et des bois* ; even songs about celebrated places usually containing some amatory suggestion. I noticed that almost every simple phase of the emotion, from its earliest budding to its uttermost ripening, was represented in the collection ; and

<sup>1</sup> See Glimpses of Unfamiliar Japan, ii. 357.

<sup>2</sup> Inimitably simple in the original : —

Horeta-wai na to  
Sukoshi no koto ga :  
Nazé [ni] kono yō ni  
Jinikui ?

I therefore tried to arrange the pieces according to the natural passionnal sequence. The result had some dramatic suggestiveness.

II.

The songs really form three distinct groups, each corresponding to a particular period of that emotional experience which is the subject of all. In the first seven songs the surprise and pain and weakness of passion find utterance ; beginning with a plaintive cry of reproach and closing with a whisper of trust.

I.

*You, by all others disliked ! — oh, why must my heart thus like you ?*

II.

*This pain which I cannot speak of to any one in the world :*  
Tell me who has made it, — whose do you think the fault ?

III.

*Will it be night forever ? — I lose my way in this darkness :*  
Who goes by the path of Love must always go astray !

IV.

*Even the brightest lamp, even the light electric,*  
Cannot lighten at all the dusk of the Way of Love.

V.

*Always the more I love, the more it is hard to say so :*  
Oh ! how happy I were should the loved one say it first !

VI.

*Such a little word ! — only to say, " I love you ! "*  
Why, oh, why do I find it hard to say like this ?<sup>2</sup>

VII.

*Clicked-to<sup>3</sup> the locks of our hearts ; let the keys remain in our bosoms.*

The *ni* in brackets is unnecessary, and used only to assist the voice in singing ; for the measure of the line *yō* counts as two syllables.

<sup>3</sup> In the original this is expressed by an onomatopoe, *pinto*, imitating the sound of the fastening of the lock of a *tansu*, or chest of drawers : —

After which mutual confidence the illusion naturally deepens; suffering yields to a joy that cannot disguise itself, and the keys of the heart are thrown away: this is the second stage.

## I.

*The person who said before, "I hate my life since I saw you,"  
Now after union prays to live for a thousand years.*

## II.

*You and I together, — lilies that grow in a valley:  
This is our blossoming-time — but nobody knows the fact.*

## III.

*Receiving from his hand the cup of the wine of greeting,  
Even before I drink, I feel that my face grows red.*

## IV.

*I cannot hide in my heart the happy knowledge that fills it;  
Asking each not to tell, I spread the news all round.<sup>1</sup>*

## V.

*All crows alike are black, everywhere under heaven:  
The person that others like, why should not I like too?*

## VI.

*Going to see the beloved, a thousand ri are as one ri;<sup>2</sup>  
Returning without having seen, one ri is a thousand ri.*

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Pinto kokoro ni  
Jōmai oroshi  
Kagi wa tagai no  
Muné ni aru.

<sup>1</sup> Much simpler in the original: —

Muné ni tsutsumenu  
Ureshii kotowa; —  
Kuchidomé shinagara  
Furearuku.

<sup>2</sup> One ri is equal to about two and a half English miles.

<sup>3</sup> In the original *dorota*; literally, "mud rice-fields," — meaning rice-fields during the time of flushing, before the grain has fairly grown up. The whole verse reads: —

## VII.

*Going to see the beloved, even the water of rice-fields<sup>3</sup>  
Ever becomes, as I drink, nectar of gods<sup>4</sup> to the taste.*

## VIII.

*You, till a hundred years; I, until nine and ninety:  
Together we still shall be in the time when the hair turns white.*

## IX.

*Seeing the face, at once the folly I wanted to utter  
All melts out of my thought, and somehow the tears come first!<sup>5</sup>*

## X.

*Crying for joy made wet my sleeve that dries too quickly:  
'T is not the same with the heart, — that cannot dry so soon!*

## XI.

*To Heaven with all my soul I prayed to prevent your going:  
Already, to keep you with me, answers the blessed rain.*

So passes the period of illusion. The rest is doubt and pain; only the love remains to challenge even death: —

## I.

*Parted from you, my beloved, I go alone to the pine-field:  
There is dew of night on the leaves; there is also dew of tears.*

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Horete kayoyeba  
Dorota no midzu mo  
Nomeba kanro no  
Aji ga suru.

<sup>4</sup> *Kanro*, a Buddhist word, properly written with two Chinese characters signifying "sweet dew." The real meaning is *amrita*, the drink of the gods.

<sup>5</sup> *Iitai guchi sayé*  
*Kao miriya kiyété*  
*Tokaku namida ga*  
*Saki ni deru.*

The use of *tokaku* ("somehow," "for some reason or other") gives a peculiar pathos to the utterance.

II.

*Even to see the birds flying freely above me  
Only deepens my sorrow, — makes me thoughtful  
the more.*

III.

*Coming? or coming not? Far down the river  
gazing, —  
Only yomogi shadows<sup>1</sup> astir in the bed of the  
stream.*

IV.

*Letters come by the post; photographs give me the  
shadow!  
Only one thing remains which I cannot hope to  
gain.*

V.

*If I may not see the face, but only look at the let-  
ter,  
Then it were better far only in dreams to see.*

VI.

*Though his body were broken to pieces, though his  
bones on the shore were bleaching,  
I would find my way to rejoin him, after gather-  
ing up the bones.<sup>2</sup>*

III.

Thus was it that these little songs,  
composed in different generations and  
in different parts of Japan by various

<sup>1</sup> The plant *yomogi* (*Artemisia vulgaris*)  
grows wild in many of the half-dry beds of the  
Japanese rivers.

<sup>2</sup> Mi wa kuda kuda ni  
Honé wo isobé ni  
Sarasoto mama yo

persons, seemed to shape themselves for  
me into a ghost of a romance, — into  
the shadow of a story needing no name  
of time or place or person, because eter-  
nally the same, in all times and places.

Manyemon asks which of the songs I  
like best; and I turn over his manuscript  
again to see if I can make a choice.  
Without, in the bright spring air, the  
washers are working; and I hear the  
heavy *pon-pon* of the beating of wet robes,  
regular as the beating of a heart. Sud-  
denly, as I muse, the voice of the boy  
soars up in one long, clear, shrill, splen-  
did rocket-tone, and breaks, and softly  
trembles down in coruscations of frac-  
tional notes; singing the song that Man-  
yemon remembers hearing when he him-  
self was a boy: —

*Things never changed since the Time of the Gods:  
The flowing of water, the Way of Love.*

“I think that is the best,” I said. “It  
is the soul of all the rest.”

“*Hin no nusubito, koi no uta*,” inter-  
pretatively murmurs Manyemon. “Even  
as out of poverty comes the thief, so out  
of love the song!”

*Lafcadio Hearn.*

Hiroi atsumete  
Sôté misho.

The only song of this form in the collection.  
The use of the verb *soi* implies union as hus-  
band and wife.

## THE COUNTRY OF THE POINTED FIRS.

## XVI.

Mrs. TODD never by any chance gave warning over night of her great projects and adventures by sea and land. She first came to an understanding with the primal forces of nature, and never trusted to any preliminary promise of good weather, but examined the day for herself in its infancy. Then, if the stars were propitious, and the wind blew from a quarter of good inheritance whence no surprises of sea-turns or southwest sultriness might be feared, long before I was fairly awake I used to hear a rustle and knocking like a great mouse in the walls, and an impatient tread on the steep garret stairs that led to Mrs. Todd's chief place of storage. She went and came as if she had already started on her expedition with utmost haste and kept returning for something that was forgotten. When I appeared in quest of my breakfast, she would be absent-minded and sparing of speech, as if I had displeased her, and she was now, by main force of principle, holding herself back from altercation and strife of tongues.

These signs of a change became familiar to me in the course of time, and Mrs. Todd hardly noticed some plain proofs of divination one August morning when I said, without preface, that I had just seen the Beggs' best chaise go by, and that we should have to take the grocery. Mrs. Todd was alert in a moment.

"There! I might have known!" she exclaimed. "It's the 15th of August, when he goes and gets his money. He heired an annuity from an uncle o' his on his mother's side. I understood the uncle said none o' Sam Begg's wife's folks should make free with it, so after Sam's gone it'll all be past an' spent, like last summer. That's what Sam

prosper on now, if you can call it prosperin'. Yes, I might have known. 'Tis the 15th o' August with him, an' he gener'ly stops to dinner with a cousin's widow on the way home. Feb'uary an' August is the times. Takes him 'bout all day to go an' come."

I heard this explanation with interest. The tone of Mrs. Todd's voice was complaining at the last.

"I like the grocery just as well as the chaise," I hastened to say, referring to a long-bodied high wagon with a canopy-top, like an attenuated four-posted bedstead on wheels, in which we sometimes journeyed. "We can put things in behind—roots and flowers and raspberries, or anything you are going after—much better than if we had the chaise."

Mrs. Todd looked stony and unwilling. "I counted upon the chaise," she said, turning her back to me, and roughly pushing back all the quiet tumblers on the cupboard shelf as if they had been impertinent. "Yes, I desired the chaise for once. I ain't goin' berryin' nor to fetch home any more wilted vegetation this year. Season's about past, except for a poor few o' late things," she added in a milder tone. "I'm goin' up country. No, I ain't intendin' to go berryin'. I've been plottin' for it the past fortnight and hopin' for a good day."

"Would you like to have me go too?" I asked frankly, but not without a humble fear that I might have mistaken the purpose of this latest plan.

"Oh certain, dear!" answered my friend affectionately. "Oh no, I never thought o' any one else for comp'ny, if it's convenient for you, long's poor mother ain't come. I ain't nothin' like so handy with a conveyance as I be with a good bo't. Comes o' my early bring-

ing-up. I expect we've got to make that great high wagon do. The tires want settin' and 't is all loose-jointed, so I can hear it shackle the other side o' the ridge. We'll put the basket in front. I ain't goin' to have it bouncin' an' twirlin' unsteady all the way. Why, I've been makin' some nice hearts and 'rounds to carry."

These were signs of high festivity, and my interest deepened moment by moment.

"I'll go down to the Beggs' and get the horse just as soon as I finish my breakfast," said I. "Then we can start whenever you are ready."

Mrs. Todd looked cloudy again. "I don't know but you look nice enough to go just as you be," she suggested doubtfully. "No, you would n't want to wear that pretty blue dress o' yourn 'way up country. 'T ain't dusty now, but it may be comin' home. No, I expect you'd rather not wear that and the other hat."

"Oh yes. I should n't think of wearing these clothes," said I, with sudden illumination. "Why, if we're going up country and are likely to see some of your friends, I'll put on the blue dress, and you must wear your watch; I am not going at all if you mean to wear the big hat."

"Now you're behavin' nice," responded Mrs. Todd, with a gay toss of her head and a cheerful smile, as she came across the room, bringing a saucerful of wild raspberries, a pretty piece of salvage from supper-time. "I was cast down when I see you come to breakfast. I did n't think 't was just what you'd select to wear to the reunion, where you're goin' to meet everybody."

"What reunion do you mean?" I asked, not without amazement. "Not the Bowden Family's? I thought that was going to take place in September."

"To-day's the day. They sent word the middle o' the week. I thought you

might have heard of it. Yes, they changed the day. I been thinkin' we'd talk it over, but you never can tell beforehand how it's goin' to be, and 't ain't worth while to wear a day all out before it comes." Mrs. Todd gave no place to the pleasures of anticipation, but she spoke like the oracle that she was. "I wish mother was here to go," she continued sadly. "I did look for her last night, and I could n't keep back the tears when the dark really fell and she wa'n't here, she does so enjoy a great occasion. If William had a mite o' snap an' ambition, he'd take the lead at such a time. Mother likes variety, and there ain't but a few nice opportunities 'round here, an' them she has to miss 'less she contrives to get ashore to me. I do re'lly hate to go to the reunion without mother, an' 't is a beautiful day; everybody'll be asking where she is. Once she'd have got here anyway. Poor mother's beeginnin' to feel her age."

"Why, there's your mother now!" I exclaimed with joy, I was so glad to see the dear old soul again. "I hear her voice at the gate." But Mrs. Todd was out of the door before me.

There, sure enough, stood Mrs. Blackett, who must have left Green Island before daylight. She had climbed the steep road from the water-side so eagerly that she was out of breath, and was standing by the garden fence to rest. She held an old-fashioned brown wicker cap-basket in her hand, as if visiting were a thing of every day, and looked up at us as pleased and triumphant as a child.

"Oh, what a poor, plain garden! Hardly a flower in it except your bush o' balm!" she said. "But you do keep your garden neat, Almiry. Are you both well, an' goin' up country with me?" She came a step or two closer to meet us, with quaint politeness and quite as delightful as if she were at home. She dropped a quick little curtsy before Mrs. Todd.

"There, mother, what a girl you be! I am so pleased! I was just bewailin' you," said the daughter, with unwonted feeling. "I was just bewailin' you, I was so disappointed, an' I kep' myself awake a good piece o' the night scoldin' poor William. I watched for the boat till I was ready to shed tears yisterday, and when 't was comin' dark I kep' makin' errands out to the gate an' down the road to see if you wa'n't in the doldrums somewhere down the bay."

"There was a head wind, as you know," said Mrs. Blackett, giving me the cap-basket, and holding my hand affectionately as we walked up the clean-swept path to the door. "I was partly ready to come, but dear William said I should be all tired out and might get cold, havin' to beat all the way in. So we give it up, and set down and spent the evenin' together. It was a little rough and windy outside, and I guess 't was better judgment; we went to bed very early and made a good start just at daylight. It's been a lovely mornin' on the water. William thought he'd better fetch across beyond Bird Rocks, rowin' the greater part o' the way; then we sailed from there right over to the Landin', makin' only one tack. William'll be in again for me to-morrow, so I can come back here an' rest me over night, an' go to meetin' to-morrow, and have a nice, good visit."

"She was just havin' her breakfast," said Mrs. Todd, who had listened eagerly to the long explanation without a word of disapproval, while her face shone more and more with joy. "You just sit right down an' have a cup of tea and rest you while we make our preparations. Oh, I am so gratified to think you've come! Yes, she was just havin' her breakfast, and we were speakin' of you. Where's William?"

"He went right back; he said he expected some schooners in about noon after bait, but he'll come an' have his dinner with us to-morrow unless it rains;

then next day. I laid his best things out all ready," explained Mrs. Blackett, a little anxiously. "This wind will serve him nice all the way home. Yes, I will take a cup of tea, dear, — a cup of tea is always good; and then I'll rest a minute and be all ready to start."

"I do feel condemned for havin' such hard thoughts o' William," openly confessed Mrs. Todd. She stood before us so large and serious that we both laughed and could not find it in our hearts to convict so rueful a culprit. "He shall have a good dinner to-morrow, if it can be got, and I shall be real glad to see William," the confession ended handsomely, while Mrs. Blackett smiled approval and made haste to praise the tea. Then I hurried away to make sure of the grocery wagon. Whatever might be the good of the reunion, I was going to have the pleasure and delight of a day in Mrs. Blackett's company, not to speak of Mrs. Todd's.

The early morning breeze was still blowing, and the warm, sunshiny air was of some ethereal northern sort, with a cool freshness as if it came over new-fallen snow. The world was filled with a fragrance of fir-balsam and the faintest flavor of seaweed from the ledges, bare and brown at low tide in the little harbor. It was so still and so early that the village was but half awake. I could hear no voices but those of the birds, small and great, — the constant song sparrows, the clink of a yellow-hammer over in the woods, and the far conversation of some deliberate crows. I saw William Blackett's escaping sail already far from land, and Captain Littlepage was sitting behind his closed window as I passed by, watching for some one who never came. I tried to speak to him, but he did not see me. There was a patient look on the old man's face, as if the world were a great mistake and he had nobody with whom to speak his own language or find companionship.

## XVII.

Whatever doubts and anxieties I may have had about the inconvenience of the Beggs' high wagon for a person of Mrs. Blackett's age and shortness, they were happily overcome by the aid of a chair and her own valiant spirit. Mrs. Todd bestowed great care upon seating us as if we were taking passage by boat, but she finally pronounced that we were properly trimmed. When we had gone only a little way up the hill she remembered that she had left the house door wide open, though the large key was safe in her pocket. I offered to run back, but my offer was met with lofty scorn, and we lightly dismissed the matter from our minds, until two or three miles further on we met the doctor, and Mrs. Todd asked him to stop and ask her nearest neighbor to step over and close the door if the dust seemed to blow in the afternoon.

"She'll be right in her kitchen; she'll hear you the minute you call; 't won't give you no delay," said Mrs. Todd to the doctor. "Yes, Mis' Dencott's right there, with the windows all open. It is n't as if my fore door opened right on the road, anyway." At which proof of composure Mrs. Blackett smiled wisely at me.

The doctor seemed delighted to see our guest; they were evidently the warmest friends, and I saw a look of affectionate confidence in their eyes. The good man left his carriage to speak to us, but as he took Mrs. Blackett's hand he held it a moment, and, as if merely from force of habit, felt her pulse as they talked; then to my delight he gave the firm old wrist a commending pat.

"You're wearing well: good for another ten years at this rate," he assured her cheerfully, and she smiled back. "I like to keep a strict account of my old stand-bys," and he turned to me. "Don't you let Mrs. Todd overdo to-

day,—old folks like her are apt to be thoughtless;" and then we all laughed, and, parting, went our ways gayly.

"I suppose he puts up with your rivalry the same as ever?" asked Mrs. Blackett. "You and he are as friendly as ever, I see, Almira," and Almira sagely nodded.

"He's got too many long routes now to stop to 'tend to all his door patients," she said, "especially them that takes pleasure in talkin' themselves over. The doctor and me have got to be kind of partners; he's gone a good deal, far an' wide. Looked tired, did n't he? I shall have to advise with him an' get him off for a good rest. He'll take the big boat from Rockland an' go off up to Boston an' mouse round among the other doctors, once in two or three years, and come home fresh as a boy. I guess they think consider'ble of him up there." Mrs. Todd shook the reins and reached determinedly for the whip, as if she were compelling public opinion.

Whatever energy and spirit the white horse had to begin with were soon exhausted by the steep hills and his discernment of a long expedition ahead. We toiled slowly along. Mrs. Blackett and I sat together, and Mrs. Todd sat alone in front with much majesty and the large basket of provisions. Part of the way the road was shaded by thick woods, but we also passed one farmhouse after another on the high uplands, which we all three regarded with deep interest, the house itself and the barns and garden-spots and poultry all having to suffer an inspection of the shrewdest sort. This was a highway quite new to me; in fact, most of my journeys with Mrs. Todd had been made afoot and between the roads, in open pasture-lands. My friends stopped several times for brief dooryard visits, and made so many promises of stopping again on the way home that I began to wonder how long the expedition would last. I had often noticed how warmly Mrs. Todd was

greeted by her friends, but it was hardly to be compared to the feeling now shown toward Mrs. Blackett. A look of delight came to the faces of those who recognized the plain, dear old figure beside me; one revelation after another was made of the constant interest and intercourse that had linked the far island and these scattered farms into a golden chain of love and dependence.

"Now, we must n't stop again if we can help it," insisted Mrs. Todd at last. "You'll get tired, mother, and you'll think the less o' reunions. We can visit along here any day. There, if they ain't frying doughnuts in this next house, too! These are new folks, you know, from over St. George way; they took this old Talcot farm last year. 'Tis the best water on the road, and the check-rein's come undone — yes, we'd best delay a little and water the horse."

We stopped, and seeing a party of pleasure-seekers in holiday attire, the thin, anxious-looking mistress of the farmhouse came out with wistful sympathy to hear what news we might have to give. Mrs. Blackett first spied her at the half-closed door, and asked with such cheerful directness if we were trespassing that, after a few words, she went back to her kitchen and reappeared with a plateful of doughnuts.

"Entertainment for man and beast," announced Mrs. Todd with satisfaction. "Why, we've perceived there was new doughnuts all along the road, but you're the first that has treated us."

Our new acquaintance flushed with pleasure, but said nothing.

"They're very nice; you've had good luck with 'em," pronounced Mrs. Todd. "Yes, we've observed there was doughnuts all the way along: if one house is frying all the rest is; 'tis so with a great many things."

"I don't suppose likely you're goin' up to the Bowden reunion?" asked the

hostess as the white horse lifted his head and we were saying good-by.

"Why, yes," said Mrs. Blackett and Mrs. Todd and I, all together.

"I am connected with the family. Yes, I expect to be there this afternoon. I've been lookin' forward to it," she told us eagerly.

"We shall see you there. Come and sit with us, if it's convenient," said dear Mrs. Blackett, and we drove away.

"I wonder who she was before she was married?" said Mrs. Todd, who was usually unerring in matters of genealogy. "She must have been one of that remote branch that lived down beyond Thomaston. We can find out this afternoon. I expect that families'll march together, or be sorted out some way. I'm willing to own a relation that has such proper ideas of doughnuts."

"I seem to see the family looks," said Mrs. Blackett. "I wish we'd asked her name. She's a stranger, and I want to help make it pleasant for all such."

"She resembles Cousin Pa'lina Tilley about the forehead," said Mrs. Todd with decision.

We had just passed a piece of woodland that shaded the road, and come out to some open fields beyond, when Mrs. Todd suddenly reined in the horse as if somebody had stood on the roadside and stopped her. She even gave that quick reassuring nod of her head which was usually made to answer for a bow, but I discovered that she was looking eagerly at a tall ash-tree that grew just inside the field fence.

"I thought 't was goin' to do well," she said complacently as we went on again. "Last time I was up this way that tree was kind of drooping and discouraged. Grown trees act that way sometimes, same's folks; then they'll put right to it and strike their roots off into new ground and start all over again with real good courage. Ash-trees is very likely to have poor spells; they ain't got the resolution of other trees."

I listened hopefully for more; it was this peculiar wisdom that made one value Mrs. Todd's pleasant company.

"There's sometimes a good hearty tree growin' right out of the bare rock, out o' some crack that just holds the roots," she went on to say, "right on the pitch o' one o' them bare stony hills where you can't seem to see a wheelbarrowful o' good earth in a place, but that tree 'll keep a green top in the driest summer. You lay your ear down to the ground an' you 'll hear a little brook runnin'. Every such tree has got its own livin' spring; there's folks made to match 'em."

I could not help turning to look at Mrs. Blackett, close beside me. Her hands were clasped placidly in their thin black woolen gloves, and she was looking at the flowery wayside as we went slowly along, with a pleased, expectant smile. I do not think she had heard a word about the trees.

"I just saw a nice plant o' elecampane growin' back there," she said presently to her daughter.

"I have n't got my mind on herbs today," responded Mrs. Todd, in the most matter-of-fact way. "I'm bent on seeing folks," and she shook the reins again.

I for one had no wish to hurry, it was so pleasant in the shady roads. The woods stood close to the road on the right; on the left were narrow fields and pastures where there were as many acres of spruces and pines as there were acres of bay and juniper and huckleberry, with a little turf between. When I thought we were in the heart of the inland country, we reached the top of a hill, and suddenly there lay spread out before us a wonderful great view of a hillside of well-cleared fields that swept down to the wide water of a bay, whose distant shores were like another country in the midday haze which half hid the hills beyond and the far-away pale blue mountains on the northern horizon. There was a schooner with all sails set

coming down the bay from a white village that was sprinkled on the shore, and there were many sailboats flitting about. It was a noble landscape, and my eyes, which had grown used to the narrow inspection of a shaded roadside, could hardly take it in.

"Why, it's the upper bay," said Mrs. Todd. "You can see 'way over into the town of Fessenden. Those farms 'way over there are all in Fessenden. Mother used to have a sister that lived up that shore. If we started as early 's we could on a summer mornin', we could n't get to her place from Green Island till late afternoon, even with a fair, steady breeze, and you had to strike the time just right so as to fetch up 'long o' the tide and land near the flood. 'T was ticklish business, an' we did n't visit back an' forth as much as mother desired. You have to go 'way down the co'st to Cold Spring Light an' round that long point, — up here's what they call the Back Shore."

"No, we were 'most always separated, my dear sister and me, after the first year she was married," said Mrs. Blackett. "We had our little families an' plenty o' cares. We were always lookin' forward to the time we could see each other more. Now and then she'd get out to the island for a few days while her husband 'd go fishin'; and once he stopped with her an' two children, and made him some flakes right there and cured all his fish for winter. We did have a beautiful time together, sister an' me; she used to look back to it long's she lived."

"I do love to look over there where she used to live," Mrs. Blackett went on as we began to go down the hill. "It seems as if she must still be there, though she's long been gone. She loved their farm, — she didn't see how I got so used to our island; but somehow I was always happy from the first."

"Yes, it's very dull to me up among those slow farms," declared Mrs. Todd. "The snow troubles 'em in winter.

They're all besieged by winter, as you may say; 'tis far better by the shore than up among such places. I never thought I should like to live up country."

"Why, just see the carriages ahead of us on the next rise!" exclaimed Mrs. Blackett. "There's going to be a great gathering, don't you believe there is, Almiry? It has n't seemed up to now as if anybody was going but us. An' 'tis such a beautiful day, with yesterday cool and pleasant to work an' get ready, I should n't wonder if everybody was there, even the slow ones like Phebe Ann Brock."

Mrs. Blackett's eyes were bright with excitement, and even Mrs. Todd showed remarkable enthusiasm. She hurried the horse and caught up with the holiday-makers ahead. "There's all the Dep'fords goin', six in the wagon," she told us joyfully; "an' Mis' Alva Tilley's folks are now risin' the hill in their new carryall."

Mrs. Blackett pulled at the neat bow of her black bonnet-strings, and tied them again with careful precision. "I believe your bonnet's on a little bit sideways, dear," she advised Mrs. Todd as if she were a child; but Mrs. Todd was too much occupied to pay proper heed. We began to feel a new sense of gayety and of taking part in the great occasion as we joined the little train.

### XVIII.

It is very rare in country life, where high days and holidays are few, that any occasion of general interest proves to be less than great. Such is the hidden fire of enthusiasm in the New England nature that, once given an outlet, it shines forth with almost volcanic light and heat. In quiet neighborhoods such inward force does not waste itself upon those petty excitements of every day that belong to cities, but when, at long intervals, the altars to patriotism, to friend-

ship, to the ties of kindred, are reared in our familiar fields, then the fires glow, the flames come up as if from the inexhaustible burning heart of the earth; the primal fires break through the granite dust in which our souls are set. Each heart is warm and every face shines with the ancient light. Such a day as this has transfiguring powers, and easily makes friends of those who have been cold-hearted, and gives to those who are dumb their chance to speak, and lends some beauty to the plainest face.

"Oh, I expect I shall meet friends to-day that I have n't seen in a long while," said Mrs. Blackett with deep satisfaction. "'T will bring out a good many of the old folks, 'tis such a lovely day. I'm always glad not to have them disappointed."

"I guess likely the best of 'em 'll be there," answered Mrs. Todd with gentle humor, stealing a glance at me. "There's one thing certain: there's nothing takes in this whole neighborhood like anything related to the Bowdens. Yes, I do feel that when you call upon the Bowdens you may expect most families to rise up between the Landing and the far end of the Back Cove. Those that are n't kin by blood are kin by marriage."

"There used to be an old story goin' about when I was a girl," said Mrs. Blackett, with much amusement. "There was a great many more Bowdens then than there are now, and the folks was all setting in meeting a dreadful hot Sunday afternoon, and a scatter-witted little bound girl came running to the meetin'-house door all out o' breath from somewhere in the neighborhood. 'Mis' Bowden, Mis' Bowden!' says she. 'Your baby's in a fit!' They used to tell that the whole congregation was up on its feet in a minute and right out into the aisles. All the Mis' Bowdens was setting right out for home; the minister stood there in the pulpit tryin' to keep sober, an' all at once he burst right out laughin'. He

was a very nice man, they said, and he said he'd better give 'em the benediction and they could hear the sermon next Sunday, so he kept it over. My mother was there, and she thought certain 't was me."

"None of our family was ever subject to fits," interrupted Mrs. Todd severely. "No, we never had fits, none of us, and 't was lucky we did n't 'way out there to Green Island. Now these folks right in front: dear sakes knows the bunches o' soothin' catnip I've had to favor old Mis' Evins with dryin'! You can see it right in their expressions, all them Evins folks. There, just you look up to the cross-roads, mother!" she suddenly exclaimed. "See all the teams ahead of us. And oh, look down on the bay: yes, look down on the bay! See what a sight o' boats, all headin' for the Bowden place cove!"

"Oh, ain't it beautiful!" said Mrs. Blackett, with all the delight of a girl. She stood up in the high wagon to see everything, and when she sat down again she took fast hold of my hand.

"Had n't you better urge the horse a little, Almiry?" she asked. "He's had it easy as we came along, and he can rest when we get there. The others are some little ways ahead, and I don't want to lose a minute."

### XIX.

We watched the boats drop their sails one by one in the cove as we drove along the high land. The old Bowden house stood, low-storied and broad-roofed, in its green fields as if it were a motherly brown hen waiting for the flock that came straying toward it from every direction. The first Bowden settler had made his home there, and it was still the Bowden farm; five generations of sailors and farmers and soldiers had been its children. And presently Mrs. Blackett showed me the stone-

walled burying-ground that stood like a fort on a knoll overlooking the bay, but, as she said, there were plenty of scattered Bowdens who were not laid there, — some lost at sea, and some out West, and some who died in the war; most of the home graves were those of women.

We could see now that there were different footpaths from along shore and across country. In all these there were straggling processions walking in single file, like old illustrations of the Pilgrim's Progress. There was a crowd about the house as if huge bees were swarming in the lilac bushes. Beyond the fields and cove a higher point of land ran out into the bay, covered with woods which must have kept away much of the northwest wind in winter. Now there was a pleasant look of shade and shelter there for the great family meeting.

We hurried on our way, beginning to feel as if we were very late, and it was a great satisfaction at last to turn out of the stony highroad into a green lane shaded with old apple-trees. Mrs. Todd encouraged the horse until he fairly pranced with gayety as we drove round to the front of the house on the soft turf. There was an instant cry of rejoicing, and two or three persons ran toward us from the busy group.

"Why, dear Mis' Blackett! — here 's Mis' Blackett!" I heard them say, as if it were pleasure enough for one day to have a sight of her. Mrs. Todd turned to me with a lovely look of triumph and self-forgetfulness. An elderly man who wore the look of a prosperous sea-captain put up both arms and lifted Mrs. Blackett down from the high wagon like a child, and kissed her with hearty affection. "I was master afraid she would n't be here," he said, looking at Mrs. Todd with a face like a happy sun-burnt school-boy, while everybody crowded round to give their welcome.

"Mother's always the queen," said Mrs. Todd. "Yes, they'll all make

everything of mother; she'll have a lovely time to-day. I would n't have had her miss it, and there won't be a thing she'll ever regret, except to mourn because William wa'n't here."

Mrs. Blackett having been properly escorted to the house, Mrs. Todd received her own full share of honor, and some of the men, with a simple kindness that was the soul of chivalry, waited upon us and our baskets and led away the white horse. I already knew some of Mrs. Todd's friends and kindred, and felt like an adopted Bowden in this happy moment. It seemed to be enough for any one to have arrived by the same conveyance as Mrs. Blackett, who presently had her court inside the house, while Mrs. Todd, large, hospitable, and preëminent, was the centre of a rapidly increasing crowd about the lilac bushes. Small companies were continually coming up the long green slope from the water, and nearly all the boats had come to shore. I counted three or four that were baffled by the light breeze, but before long all the Bowdens, small and great, seemed to have assembled, and we started to go up to the grove across the field.

Out of the chattering crowd of noisy children, and large-waisted women whose best black dresses fell straight to the ground in generous folds, and sunburnt men who looked as serious as if it were town-meeting day, there suddenly came silence and order. I saw the straight, soldierly little figure of a man who bore a fine resemblance to Mrs. Blackett, and who appeared to marshal us with perfect ease. He was imperative enough, but with a grand military sort of courtesy, and bore himself with solemn dignity of importance. We were sorted out according to some clear design of his own, and stood as speechless as a troop to await his orders. Even the children were ready to march together, a pretty flock, and at the last moment Mrs. Blackett and a few distinguished companions, the ministers

and those who were very old, came out of the house together and took their places. We ranked by fours, and even then we made a long procession.

There was a wide path mowed for us across the field, and as we moved along the birds flew up out of the thick second crop of clover, and the bees hummed as if it still were June. There was a flashing of white gulls over the water where the fleet of boats rode the low waves together in the cove, swaying their small masts as if they kept time to our steps. The plash of the water could be heard faintly, yet still be heard; we might have been a company of ancient Greeks going to celebrate a victory, or to worship the god of harvests in the grove above. It was strangely moving to see this and to make part of it. The sky, the sea, have watched poor humanity at its rites so long; we were no more a New England family celebrating its own existence and simple progress; we carried the tokens and inheritance of all such households from which this had descended, and were only the latest of our line. We possessed the instincts of a far, forgotten childhood; I found myself thinking that we ought to be carrying green branches and singing as we went. So we came to the thick shaded grove still silent, and were set in our places beneath the straight trees that swayed together and let sunshine through here and there like a single golden leaf that flickered down, vanishing in the cool shade.

The grove was so large that the great family looked far smaller than it had in the open field; there was a thick growth of dark pines and firs with an occasional maple or oak that let through a gleam of sunlight like a bright window in the great roof. On three sides we could see the water, shining behind the tree-trunks, and feel the cool salt breeze that began to come up with the tide just as the day reached its highest point of heat. We could see the green sunlit field we had just crossed as if we looked

out at it from a dark room, and the old house and its lilacs standing placidly in the sun, and the great barn with a stockade of carriages from which two or three care-taking men who had lingered were coming across the field together. Mrs. Todd had taken off her warm gloves and looked the picture of content.

"There!" she exclaimed. "I've always meant to have you see this place, but I never looked for such a beautiful opportunity, weather an' occasion both made to match. Yes, it suits me: I don't ask no more. I want to know if you saw mother walkin' at the head! It choked me right up to see mother at the head, walkin' with the ministers," and Mrs. Todd turned away to hide the feeling she could not instantly control.

"Who was the marshal?" I hastened to ask. "Was he an old soldier?"

"Don't he do well?" answered Mrs. Todd with satisfaction.

"He don't often have such a chance to show off his gifts," said Mrs. Caplin, a friend from the Landing who had joined us. "That's Sant Bowden; he always takes the lead, such days. Good for nothing else most o' his time; trouble is he" —

I turned with interest to hear the worst. Mrs. Caplin's tone was both zealous and impressive.

"Stim'lates," she explained scornfully.

"No, Santin never was in the war," said Mrs. Todd with lofty indifference. "It was a cause of real distress to him. He kep' enlistin', and traveled far an' wide about here, an' even took the bo't and went to Boston to volunteer; but he ain't a sound man, an' they would n't have him. They say he knows all their tactics, an' can tell all about the battle o' Waterloo well's he can Bunker Hill. I told him once the country'd lost a great general, an' I meant it, too."

"I expect you're near right," said Mrs. Caplin, a little crestfallen and apologetic.

"I be right," insisted Mrs. Todd with

much amiability. "'T was most too bad to cramp him down to his peaceful trade, but he's a most excellent shoemaker at his best, an' he always says it's a trade that gives him time to think an' plan his manœuvres. Over to the Port they always invite him to march Decoration Day, same as the rest, an' he does look noble; he comes of soldier stock."

I had been noticing with great interest the curiously French type of face which prevailed in this rustic company. I had said to myself before that Mrs. Blackett was plainly of French descent, in both her appearance and her charming gifts, but this is not surprising when one has learned how large a proportion of the early settlers on this northern coast of New England were of Huguenot blood, and that it is the Norman Englishman, not the Saxon, who goes adventuring to a new world.

"They used to say in old times," said Mrs. Todd modestly, "that our family came of very high folks in France, and one of 'em was a great general in some o' the old wars. I sometimes think that Santin's ability has come 'way down from then. 'T ain't nothin' he's ever acquired; 't was born in him. I don't know's he ever saw a fine parade, or met with those that studied up such things. He's figured it all out an' got his papers so he knows how to aim right for William's fish-house five miles out on Green Island, or up there on Burnt Island where the signal is. He had it all over to me one day, an' I tried hard to appear interested. His life's all in it, but he will have those poor gloomy spells come over him now an' then, an' then he has to drink."

Mrs. Caplin gave a heavy sigh.

"There's a great many such stray-away folks, just as there is plants," continued Mrs. Todd, who was nothing if not botanical. "I know of just one sprig of laurel that grows over back here in a wild spot, an' I never could hear of no other on this coast. I had a large bunch brought me once from Massachusetts

way, so I know it. This piece grows in an open spot where you 'd think 't would do well, but it's sort o' poor-lookin'. I've visited it time an' again, just to notice its poor blooms. 'T is a real Sant Bowden, out of its own place."

Mrs. Caplin looked bewildered and blank. "Well, all I know is, last year he worked out some kind of a plan so's to parade the county conference in platoons, and got 'em all flustered up tryin' to sense his ideas of a holler square," she burst forth. "They was holler enough anyway after ridin' 'way down from up country into the salt air, and they'd been treated to a sermon on faith an' works from old Fayther Harlow that never knows when to cease. 'T wa'n't no time for tactics then: they wa'n't a-thinkin' of the church military. Sant, he could n't do nothin' with 'em. All he thinks of, when he sees a crowd, is how to march 'em. 'T is all very well when he don't tempt too much. He never did act like other folks."

"Ain't I just been maintainin' that he ain't like 'em?" urged Mrs. Todd decidedly. "Strange folks has got to have strange ways, for what I see."

"Somebody observed once that you could pick out the likeness of 'most every sort of a foreigner when you looked about you in our parish," said Sister Caplin, her face brightening with sudden illumination. "I did n't see the bearin' of it then quite so plain. I always did think Mari' Harris resembled a Chinee."

"Mari' Harris was pretty as a child, I remember," said the pleasant voice of Mrs. Blackett, who, after receiving the affectionate greetings of nearly the whole company, came to join us,—to see, as she insisted, that we were out of mischief.

"Yes, Mari' was one o' them pretty little lambs that make dreadful homely old sheep," replied Mrs. Todd with energy. "Cap'n Littlepage never 'd look so disconsolate if she was any sort of

a proper person to direct things. She might divert him; yes, she might divert the poor old gentleman, an' let him think he had his own way 'stead o' arguing everything down to the bare bone. 'T would n't hurt her to sit down an' hear his great stories once in a while."

"The stories are very interesting," I ventured to say.

"Yes, you always catch yourself a-thinkin' what if they was all true, and he had the right of it," answered Mrs. Todd. "He's a good sight better company, though dreamy, than such sordid creatur's as Mari' Harris."

"Live and let live," said dear old Mrs. Blackett gently. "I have n't seen the captain for a good while, now that I ain't so constant to meetin'," she added wistfully. "We always have known each other."

"Why, if it is a good pleasant day to-morrow, I'll get William to call an' invite the capt'in to dinner. William'll be in early so's to pass up the street without meetin' anybody."

"There, they're callin' out it's time to set the tables," said Mrs. Caplin, with great excitement.

"Here's Cousin Sarah Jane Blackett! Well, I am pleased, certain!" exclaimed Mrs. Todd, with unaffected delight; and these kindred spirits met and parted with the promise of a good talk later on. After this there was no more time for conversation until we were seated in order at the long tables.

"I'm one that always dreads seeing some o' the folks that I don't like, at such a time as this," announced Mrs. Todd privately to me after a season of reflection. We were just waiting for the feast to begin. "You would n't think such a great creatur's I be could feel all over pins an' needles. I remember, the day I promised to Nathan, how it come over me, just's I was feelin' happy's I could, that I'd got to have an own cousin o' his for my near relation

all the rest o' my life, an' it seemed as if die I should. Poor Nathan saw some-thin' had crossed me, — he had very nice feelings, — and when he asked me what 't was, I told him. 'I never could like her myself,' said he. 'You shan't be bothered, dear,' he says; an' 't was one o' the things that made me set a good deal by Nathan, he did n't make a habit of always opposin', like some men. 'Yes,' says I, 'but think o' Thanksgivin' times an' funerals; she's our relation, an' we've got to own her.' Young folks don't think o' those things. There she goes now!" said Mrs. Todd, with an alarming transition from general opinions to particular animosities. "I hate her just the same as I always did; but she's got on a real pretty dress. I do try to remember that she's Nathan's cousin. Oh dear, well; she's gone by after all, an' ain't seen me. I expected she'd come pleasantin' round just to show off an' say afterwards she was acquainted."

This was so different from Mrs. Todd's usual largeness of mind that I had a moment's uneasiness; but the cloud passed quickly over her spirit, and was gone with the offender.

There never was a more generous out-of-door feast along the coast than the Bowden family set forth that day. To call it a picnic would make it seem trivial. The great tables were edged with pretty oak-leaf trimming, which the boys and girls made. We brought flowers from the fence-thickets of the great field; and out of the disorder of flowers and provisions suddenly appeared as orderly a scheme for the feast as the marshal had shaped for the procession. I began to respect the Bowdens for their inheritance of good taste and skill and a certain pleasing gift of formality. Something made them do all these things in a finer way than most country people would have done them. As I looked up and down the tables there was a good

cheer, a grave soberness that shone with pleasure, a humble dignity of bearing. There were some who should have sat below the salt for lack of this good breeding; but they were not many. So, I said to myself, their ancestors may have sat in the great hall of some old French house in the Middle Ages, when battles and sieges and processions and feasts were familiar things. The ministers and Mrs. Blackett, with a few of their rank and age, were put in places of honor, and for once that I looked any other way I looked twice at Mrs. Blackett's face, serene and mindful of privilege and responsibility, the mistress by simple fitness of this great day.

Mrs. Todd looked up at the roof of green trees, and then carefully surveyed the company. "I see 'em better now they're all settin' down," she said with satisfaction. "There's old Mr. Gilbraith and his sister. I wish they were settin' with us; they're not among folks they can parley with, an' they look disappointed."

As the feast went on, the spirits of my companion steadily rose. The excitement of an unexpectedly great occasion was a subtle stimulant to her disposition, and I could see that sometimes when Mrs. Todd had seemed limited and heavily domestic, she had simply grown sluggish for lack of proper surroundings. She was not so much reminiscent now as expectant, and as alert and gay as a girl. We who were her neighbors were full of gayety, which was but the reflected light from her beaming countenance. It was not the first time that I was full of wonder at the waste of human ability in this world, as a botanist wonders at the wastefulness of nature, the thousand seeds that die, the unused provision of every sort. The reserve force of society grows more and more amazing to one's thought. More than one face among the Bowdens showed that only opportunity and stimulus were lacking; a narrow set of cir-

cumstances had caged a fine able character and held it captive. One sees exactly the same types in a country gathering as in the most brilliant city company. You are safe to be understood if the spirit of your speech is the same for one neighbor as for the other.

## XX.

The feast was a noble feast, as has already been said. There was an elegant ingenuity displayed in the form of pies which delighted my heart. Once acknowledge that an American pie is far to be preferred to its humble ancestor, the English tart, and it is joyful to be reassured at a Bowden reunion that invention has not yet failed. Beside a delightful variety of material, the decorations went beyond all my former experience: dates and names were wrought in lines of pastry and frosting on the tops. There was even more elaborate reading matter on an excellent early-apple pie which we began to share and eat, precept upon precept. Mrs. Todd helped me generously to the whole word *Bowden*, and consumed *Reunion* herself, 'save an undecipherable fragment; but the most renowned essay in cookery on the tables was a model of the old Bowden house made of durable gingerbread, with all the windows and doors in the right places, and sprigs of genuine lilac set at the front. It must have been baked in sections, in one of the last of the great brick ovens, and fastened together on the morning of the day. There was a general sigh when this fell into ruin at the feast's end, and was shared by a great part of the assembly, not without seriousness, and as if it were a pledge and token of loyalty. I met the maker of the gingerbread house, which had called up lively remembrances of a childish story. She had the gleaming eye of an enthusiast and a look of high ideals.

"I could just as well have made it all of

frosted cake," she said, "but 't would n't have been the right shade; the old house, as you observe, was never painted, and I concluded that plain gingerbread would represent it best. It was n't all I expected it would be," she said sadly, as many an artist had said before her of his work.

There were speeches by the ministers; and there proved to be a historian among the Bowdens, who gave some anecdotes of the family history; and then appeared a poetess, whom Mrs. Todd regarded with wistful compassion and indulgence, and when the long faded garland of verses came to an appealing end, she turned to me with words of praise.

"Sounded pretty," said the generous listener. "Yes, I thought she did very well. We went to school together, an' Mary Anna had a very hard time; trouble was, her mother thought she'd given birth to a genius, an' Mary Anna's come to believe it herself. There, I don't know what we should have done without her; there ain't nobody else that can write poetry between here and 'way up beyond Rockland; it adds a great deal at such a time. When she speaks o' those that are gone, she feels it all, and so does everybody else, but she harps too much. I'd laid half of that away for next time, if I was Mary Anna. There comes mother to speak to her, an' old Mr. Gilbraith's sister; now she'll be heartened right up. Mother'll say just the right thing."

The leave-takings were as affecting as the meetings of these old friends had been. There were enough young persons at the reunion, but it is the old who really value such opportunities; as for the young, it is the habit of every day to meet their comrades, — the time of separation has not come. To see the joy with which these elder kinfolk and acquaintances had looked in one another's faces and the lingering touch of their friendly hands; to see these affectionate meetings and then the reluctant part-

ings, gave one a new idea of the isolation in which it was possible to live in that after all thinly settled region. They did not expect to see one another again very soon; the steady, hard work on the farms, the difficulty of getting from place to place, especially in winter when boats were laid up, gave double value to any occasion which could bring a large number of families together. Even funerals in this country of the pointed firs were not without their social advantages and satisfactions. I heard the words "next summer" repeated many times, though summer was still ours and all the leaves were green.

The boats began to put out from shore, and the wagons to drive away. Mrs. Blackett took me into the old house when we came back from the grove: it was her father's birthplace and early home, and she had spent much of her own childhood there with her grandmother. She spoke of those days as if they had but lately passed; in fact, I could imagine that the house looked almost exactly the same to her. I could see the brown rafters of the unfinished roof as I looked up the steep staircase, though the best room was as handsome with its good wainscoting and touch of ornament on the cornice as any old house of its day in a town.

Some of the guests who came from a distance were still sitting in the best room when we went in to take leave of the master and mistress of the house. We all said eagerly what a pleasant day it had been, and how swiftly the time had passed. Perhaps it is the great national anniversaries which our country has lately kept, and the soldiers' meetings that take place everywhere, which have made reunions of every sort the fashion. This one, at least, had been very interesting. I fancied that old feuds had been overlooked, and the old saying that blood is thicker than water had again proved itself true, though from the variety of names one argued a certain adulteration

of the Bowden traits and belongings. Clannishness is an instinct of the heart,—it is more than a birthright, or a custom; and lesser rights were forgotten in the claim to a common inheritance.

We were among the very last to return to our proper lives and lodgings. I came near to feeling like a true Bowden, and parted from certain new friends as if they were old friends, rich with the treasure of a new remembrance.

At last we were in the high wagon again; the old white horse had been well fed in the Bowden barn, and we drove away and soon began to climb the long hill toward the wooded ridge. The road was new to me, as roads always are, going back. Most of our companions had been full of anxious thoughts of home,—of the cows, or of young children likely to fall into disaster,—but we had no reasons for haste, and drove slowly along, talking and resting by the way. Mrs. Todd said once that she really hoped her front door had been shut on account of the dust blowing in, but added that nothing made any weight on her mind except not to forget to turn a few late mullein leaves that were drying on a newspaper in the little loft. Mrs. Blackett and I gave our word of honor that we would remind her of this heavy responsibility. The way seemed short, we had so much to talk about. We climbed hills where we could see the great bay and the islands, and then went down into shady valleys where the air began to feel like evening, cool and damp with a fragrance of wet ferns. Mrs. Todd alighted once or twice, refusing all assistance in securing some boughs of a rare shrub which she valued for its bark, though she proved incommunicative as to her reasons. We passed the house where we had been so kindly entertained with doughnuts earlier in the day, and found it closed and deserted, which was a disappointment.

"They must have stopped to tea somewheres and thought they'd finish

up the day," said Mrs. Todd. "Those that enjoyed it best 'll want to get right home so 's to think it over."

"I did n't see the woman there after all, did you?" asked Mrs. Blackett as the horse stopped to drink at the trough.

"Oh yes, I spoke with her," answered Mrs. Todd, with but scant interest or approval. "She ain't a member o' our family."

"I thought you said she resembled Cousin Pa'lina Bowden about the forehead," suggested Mrs. Blackett.

"Well, she don't," answered Mrs. Todd impatiently. "I ain't one that's ord'narily mistaken about family likenesses, and she did n't seem to meet with friends, so I went square up to her. 'I expect you're a Bowden by your looks,' says I. 'Yes, I take it you're one o' the Bowdens.' 'Lor', no,' says she. 'Dennett was my maiden name, but I married a Bowden for my first husband. I thought I'd come an' just see what was a-goin' on!'"

Mrs. Blackett laughed heartily. "I'm goin' to remember to tell William o' that," she said. "There, Almiry, the only thing that's troubled me all this day is to think how William would have enjoyed it. I do so wish William had been there."

"I sort of wish he had myself," said Mrs. Todd freshly.

"There wa'n't many old folks there, somehow," said Mrs. Blackett, with a touch of sadness in her voice. "There ain't so many to come as there used to

be, I'm aware, but I expected to see more."

"I thought they turned out pretty well, when you come to think of it; why, everybody was sayin' so an' feelin' gratified," answered Mrs. Todd hastily with pleasing unconsciousness; then I saw the quick color flash into her cheek, and presently she made some excuse to turn and steal an anxious look at her mother. Mrs. Blackett was smiling and thinking about her happy day, though she began to look a little tired. Neither of my companions was troubled by her burden of years. I hoped in my heart that I might be like them as I lived on into age, and then smiled to think that I too was no longer very young. So we keep the same hearts, though our outer framework fails and shows the touch of time.

"'T was pretty when they sang the hymn, was n't it?" asked Mrs. Blackett at supper-time, with real enthusiasm. "There was such a plenty o' men's voices; where I sat it did sound beautiful. I had to stop and listen when they came to the last verse."

I saw that Mrs. Todd's broad shoulders began to shake. "There was good singers there; yes, there was excellent singers," she agreed heartily, putting down her teacup, "but I chanced to drift alongside Mis' Peter Bowden o' Great Bay, an' I could n't help thinkin' if she was as far out o' town as she was out o' tune, she would n't get back in a day."

*Sarah Orne Jewett.*

## A DAY'S DRIVE IN THREE STATES.

IN a day and a night I had come from early May to middle June; from a world of bare boughs to a forest clad in all the verdure of summer. Such a shine as the big, lusty leaves of the black-jack oaks had put on! I could have raised a shout. In the day when "all the trees of the field shall clap their hands," may I be somewhere in the black-jack's neighborhood. Hour after hour we sped along, out of North Carolina into South Carolina: now through miles and miles of forest; now past a lonely cabin, with roses before the door, white honeysuckle covering the fence, and acres of sunny ploughed land on either side. Here a river ran between close green hills, and there the hills parted and disclosed the revolving horizon set with blue mountains. Then, at a little past noon, the porter appeared with his brush. "Seneca is next," he said. I alighted in lonely state, was escorted to the hotel, did my best with a luncheon, — gleaned bit by bit out of an outlying wilderness of small dishes, — and at the earliest moment took my seat in a "buggy" beside a colored boy who was to drive me to Walhalla, nine miles away. At that point I was to be met by the carriage that should convey me into the mountains.

Seneca is a smallish place, but my colored driver was no countryman. "Boston?" Yes, yes; he had lived there once himself. He had been a Pullman porter. "But you don't get to learn anything in that way," he added, a little disdainfully; "just running back and forth." He had "waited" in Florida, and had been to Jamaica and I forget where else, though he was only twenty-three years old. He liked to go round and see the world. "Married?" No; a man who did n't live anywhere had no business with a wife and children. Still he was not oblivious to feminine charms, as be-

came evident when we passed a pair of dusky beauties. "Oh, I will *look* at 'em," he said, with the tone of a man who had broken his full share of hearts. He was one of the fortunates who are born with their eyes open. I quizzed him about birds. Yes, he had noticed them; he had been hunting a good deal. This and the other were named, — partridges, pheasants, doves, meadow larks, chewinks, chats, night-hawks. Yes, he knew them; if not by the names I called them by, then from my descriptions, to which in most cases he proceeded to add some convincing touches of his own. The chat he did not recognize under that title, but when I tried to hit off some of the bird's odd characteristics he began to laugh. "Oh yes, sir, I know *that* fellow." As for whippoorwills, the whole country was full of them. "You can't hear your ears for 'em at night," he declared. "No, sir, you can't hear your ears." With all the rest he was a "silverite." At the end of the drive I handed him a dollar bill, one of Uncle Sam's handsomest, as it happened, fresh from the bank. He looked at it dubiously, fumbled it a moment, and passed it back. "Say, boss," he said, "can't you give me a silver dollar? It might rain." In a land of thunder-showers and thin clothing, he meant to say, what we need is an insoluble currency. That, as such things go, was a pretty substantial argument for "free silver," or so it seemed to me; and I spoke of it, accordingly, a week or two afterward, to an advocate of the "white metal." He was impressed by it just as I had been, and begged me to make use of the argument when I got back to Boston; as I now do, with all cheerfulness, feeling that, whatever a man's own opinions may be, he is bound to keep an ear open for the best that can be put

forward against them. At the same time, I am constrained to add that I have never been quite sure whether my driver's plea was anything better than a polite subterfuge. It would have been nothing wonderful, surely, if he had questioned the genuineness of a kind of money to which he was so little accustomed. Small bills — "ones and twos," as we familiarly call them — have but a limited circulation at the South, as all travelers must have noticed. On my present trip, for instance, I bought a railway ticket at a rural station, and proffered the agent a two-dollar bill. He gave it a glance of surprise, looked at me, — "Ah, a Northern man," so I read his thoughts, — and incontinently slipped the bill into his pocket. A rarity like that was not for the cash drawer and the daily course of business. I might almost as well have given him a two-dollar gold coin; like the pious heroine of a Sunday-school story I was reading the other day, who dropped into the contribution-box a "fifty-dollar gold piece"!

The rain, concerning whose destructive power my colored boy had been so apprehensive, very soon set in, and left me nothing to do but to make the best of an afternoon upon the hotel piazza, with its outlook up and down the village street, and its gossip and politics; as to the latter I played the part of listener, in spite of sundry courteous attempts to draw me out. Tillman and the silver question were discussed with a welcome coolness of spirit, while I looked at an occasional passing horseman (it is the one advantage of poor roads that they keep an entire community in the saddle), or admired the evolutions of the chimney swifts and the martins. Roses and honeysuckles would have made the dooryards beautiful, had that result fallen within the bounds of possibility, and a china-berry-tree, full of purple blossoms, was not only a thing of beauty, but to me was also a sweet remembrancer of Florida.

My only other recollection of the af-

ternoon seems almost too trivial for record. Yet who knows? What has interested one man may perchance do as much for another. In the midst of the talk, a man with an axe came along, and said to the proprietor of the hotel, "Have you got a grinding-rock here?" "Yes, round behind the house," was the answer. "Grinding-rock"! — that was a new name for my old back-breaking acquaintance of the haying season, and good as it was new. I adopted it on the instant. With its rasping, gritty sound, it seemed a plain case of onomatopoeitic justice. No more "grindstone" for me, if I live a thousand years.

I mentioned the subject some days afterward to a citizen of Highlands. "Oh yes," he answered, "they always say 'rock'; not only 'grinding-rock,' but 'whet-rock.'" Then he added something that pleased me still more. He had just been to the county-seat as a member of the grand jury, and among the cases before him and his colleagues was one of alleged assault by "rocking," that word being used in the legal document, whatever its name, in which the complaint was set forth. This point was of special interest to me, I say. In my boyhood, which, so far as I know, was not exceptionally belligerent, it was an every-day occurrence to "fire rocks" at an enemy, or "rock him;" whereas an editorial brother, himself of New England birth, with whom it is often my privilege to compare notes, affirms that he never heard such expressions, though he has sometimes met with them in manuscript stories. It was no small satisfaction to find this bit of my own Massachusetts — Old Colony — dialect still surviving, and in common use, in the Carolinas.

Walhalla itself, with an elevation of a thousand feet, and mountains visible not far off, lays some not unnatural claims to a "climate," and in a small way is a health resort, I believe, in spite of its rather sinister name, both summer and winter. To me, indeed, it seemed a

place to stop at rather than to stay in ; but, as the reader knows, I saw it only from the main street on a muddy afternoon, and was likely to do it but foul-weather justice. Even its merits as a necessary lodging station were lightly appreciated, till on my return I made my exit from the mountains on the other side of them, and put up for the night in another village, and especially at another hotel. Compared with that, Walhalla was in deed, as in name, a kind of heavenly place. Is it well, or not, that what is worse makes us half contented with what is simply bad ? I was more than ready, at any rate, when a Walhalla boy brought me word the next morning, "Your carriage has done come."<sup>1</sup>

The sky was fair, and shortly after seven o'clock we were on the road, the driver and his one passenger, in a heavy three-seated mountain wagon, locally known as a "hack," drawn by two horses. Our destination was said to be thirty-two miles distant, — so much I knew ; but the figures had given me little idea of the length of the journey. It was an agreeable surprise, also, when the driver informed me that we were not only going from South Carolina to North Carolina, but on the way were to spend some hours in Georgia, the mountainous northeastern corner of that State being wedged in between the two Carolinas. To accomplish our ascent of twenty-eight hundred feet required a day's ride in three States and over four mountains, — an exhilarating prospect in that perfect May weather.

My recollections of the day run together, as it were, till the route, as memory tries to picture it forth, turns all to one hopeless blur : an interminable alternation of ups and downs, largely over shaded forest roads, but with occasional sunny stretches, especially, as it seemed, whenever I essayed to take the cramp out of my legs by a half-hour's climb on foot. A turn or two in the road, and we

<sup>1</sup> "Do come" and "did come" are proper enough ; why not "done come" ?

had left the village behind us, and then, almost before I knew it, we were among the hills : now aloft on the shoulder of one of them, with innumerable mountains crowding the horizon ; now shut in some narrow, winding valley, our "distance and horizon gone," with a bird singing from the bushes, and likely enough a stream playing hide-and-seek behind a tangle of rhododendron and laurel. Wild as the country was, we never traveled many miles without coming in sight of a building of some kind : a rude mill, it might be, or more probably a cabin. Once at least, in a very wilderness of a place, we passed a schoolhouse ; as to which it puzzled me to guess, first where the pupils came from, and then how they got light to read by, unless they took their books out of doors and studied their lessons under the trees, and so went to school with the birds.

Little by little — very little — we continued to ascend, gaining something more than we lost as the road seesawed from valley to hill, and from hill to valley. So it finally appeared, I mean to say ; the changes in the vegetation serving eventually to establish a point which for hours together had been mainly an article of faith. As to another point, the four mountains over which our course was supposed to run, that remains a question of faith to this day. There might have been two, or thrice two, for aught I could tell. The road avoided summits, as a matter of course, and, if I can make myself understood, we were so lost in the hills that we could not see them. When we had left one and had come to another, I knew it only as the driver told me. So far as any sense of upward progress was concerned, we might almost as well have been marking time.

"What mountain are we on now ?"  
This was a stock question with me.

"Stumphouse."

"And why is it called Stumphouse ?"

"Because a good many years ago a man lived here in a hollow stump."

"And in what State are we?"

"South Carolina."

"But are n't we near the North Carolina line?"

"No, sir; we have to go through Georgia first."

Till now I had been quite unaware of what I may call the interstate character of our day's ride.

"Indeed! And how soon shall we get into Georgia?"

"When we cross the Chattoogy River."

"The Chattooga? What is that? A branch of the Savannah?"

"Yes, sir."

"How do you spell it?"

"I do not know, sir."

My driver had certain verbal niceties of his own; he never said "don't." As for his inability to spell "Chattooga," or "Chatuga," he was little to be blamed for that. The atlas-makers are no better off.

By and by we forded a sizable stream.

"Now, then, we are crossing into Georgia?" I began again.

"No, sir; this is not the Chattoogy, but one of its prongs."

Finally, at high noon, we dropped into a hot and breezeless valley, with the Chattooga running through it in the sun. Here was a farm. Mr. — lived here, and kept a kind of halfway house for travelers. But we would not stop at it, the driver said, if it was all the same to me. There was another house just across the river. He had given the people notice of our coming, on his way down the day before, and the woman would have dinner ready for me. Both houses were very nice places to eat at, he added for my encouragement. So it happened that I breakfasted in South Carolina, dined in Georgia, and supped in North Carolina. The dinner, to which I sat down alone, was bountiful after its kind. If the table did not "groan," it must have been because it was ignorant

of a table's duty; and if I did not make a feast, let the failure be laid to the idiosyncrasy of a man who once cut short his stay at one of the most inviting places in all Virginia because he was pampered monotonously for five consecutive meals with nothing but fried ham, fried eggs, and soda biscuits. "It is never too late to give up our prejudices," says Thoreau, in one of his lofty moods. Wisdom uttered in that tone is not to be disputed; but if it is never "too late," I for one have sometimes found it too early. My bill of fare here in Georgia was by no means confined to the three Southern staples just now enumerated (let so much be said in simple justice), but they held the place of honor, as a matter of course, and for the rest — well, there is a kind of variety that is only another kind of sameness. "An excellent dinner," said a facetious fellow-traveler of mine on a similar occasion, as, knife and fork in hand, he hovered doubtfully over the table, and, like Emerson's snowflake, "seemed nowhere to alight," — "a most excellent dinner; but then, you see, it is nothing but ham and eggs with variations." If this sounds like grumbling, it is only against a "system," as we say in these days, not against a person. My generous hostess had spared no pains, and from any point of view had given me far more than my money's worth; stinting herself only when it came to setting a price upon her bounty. That unavoidable business she approached, in response to the usual overtures on my part, with all manner of delicate indirections, holding back the decisive word till the very last moment, as if her tongue could not bring itself to utter a figure so extortionate. The truth was, she said, she had made nothing by giving dinners the year previous, and so felt obliged to charge five cents more the present season!<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> If I seem to have said too much about the vulgar question of something to eat, let it be my apology that for a Northern traveler in the

rural South the food question is nothing less than the health question. A few years ago, two Boston ornithologists, who had undertaken

The noon hour brought a sudden change in the day's programme. All the forenoon I had been asking questions, presuming upon my double right as a traveler and a Yankee; now I was to take my turn in the witness-box. My landlady's brother sat on the veranda mending a fishing-tackle, and we had hardly passed the time of day before it became apparent that he possessed one of nature's best intellectual gifts, an appetite for knowledge. With admirable civility, yet with no waste of time or breath, he went about his work, and long before dinner was announced I had given him my name, my residence (my age, perhaps, but here recollection becomes hazy), my occupation, the object of my present journey and its probable duration, some account of my previous visits South, my notion of New England weather, my impressions of Washington, especially of the height of the Washington monument as compared with other similar structures (a question of peculiar moment to him, for some reason now past recall), and Heaven knows what else; while on a thousand or two of other topics I had confessed ignorance. I had never been to Chautauqua; that was perhaps my examiner's most serious disappointment. He was at present engaged on a Chautauquan course of reading, as it appeared, — the best course of reading that he had ever seen, he was inclined to think. Here again he had me playing second fiddle, or rather no fiddle at all.

His was a wholesome catholicity of mind, but it pleased me to notice that he too had felt the touch of the modern spirit, and was something of a specialist. Geography, or perhaps I should say climatology, seemed to lie uppermost in

his thoughts. Once, I remember, he brought out a ponderous atlas of the world, a book of really astonishing proportions when the size of the house was taken into account, though it may not have been absolutely necessary for him to bring it out of doors in order to open it. On the subject of comparative climatology, be it said without reserve, it did not take him long to come to the end of my resources. It is possible, of course, that his own concern about it was but temporary, — the result of his before-mentioned course of reading. There is no better — nor better understood — rule for conversation than to choose the subject of the book you happen to have had last in hand. Two to one the other man will know less about it than you do. Then you are in clover. But should it turn out that he is at home where you have but recently peeped in at the window, and so is bound to have you at a disadvantage, you have only to be beforehand with him by acknowledging with becoming modesty that you really know nothing about the matter, but happen to have just been looking over with interest Mr. So-and-So's recent book. In other words, you may pass for a special student or a discursive reader, honorable characters both, according as the way opens.

I am not saying that my noonday acquaintance had practiced any such stratagem. His attitude throughout was that of a learner; nor did he set himself to shine even in that humble capacity, as one may easily do (and there are few safer methods) in this day of multifarious discovery, when the ability to ask intelligent questions has become of itself a badge of scholarship. His inquiries followed one another with perfect naturalness and simplicity; he sim-

an extensive tour among the North Carolina mountains, returned before the time. Sickness had driven them home, it turned out; and when they came to publish the result of their investigations, they finished their narrative by saying, "Few Northern digestions could accom-

plish the feat of properly nourishing a man on native fare." On my present trip, a resident physician assured me that the native mountaineers, living mostly out of doors and in one of the best of climates, are almost without exception dyspeptics.

ply wanted to know. As for the more strictly personal among them, they were only such as the most conventional of us instinctively feel like asking. "As soon as a stranger is introduced into any company," says Emerson, "one of the first questions which all wish to have answered is, 'How does that man get his living?'" There was no thought of taking offense. On the contrary, it was a pleasure to be angled for by so true an artist. If any newspaper should be in want of an "interviewer," — a remote contingency so far as any newspaper that I know anything about is concerned, — I could recommend a likely hand. A candidate for the presidency might balk him, but nobody else. My own conversation with him is still an agreeable memory; a man's mind is like a well, all the better for being once in a while pumped dry. And yet, while I speak of him in this tone of sincere appreciation, it must be acknowledged that in one respect he did me an ill turn. He robbed me of an illusion. The Yankee is second where I had supposed him an undisputed first.

Though we were at the halfway house, and in fact had made more than half of our day's journey, the valley of the Chattooga at this point lay so warmly in the sun that the aspect of things remained decidedly southern. Roses and snowballs were in bloom in the dooryard, and as I came out from dinner a blue-gray gnat-catcher, the only one seen on my entire trip, was complaining from a persimmon-tree beside the gate. My attention to it, and to sundry other birds of the smaller sorts, — a blue golden-winged warbler, for example, — was matter of surprise to the men of the house, both of whom were now on the veranda. My seeker after knowledge, indeed, asked me plainly, but not without a word of apology, what object I had in view in such studies; in short, — when I stumbled a bit in my explanation, — whether there was "any money in them." In that form

the question presented less difficulty, and in my turn I asked him and his brother-in-law how often they were accustomed to see ravens thereabout. Their reply was little to the comfort of an enthusiast who had come a thousand miles, more or less, with ravens in his eye. Neither of them had seen one in the last five years. Something had happened to the birds, they could not say what. Formerly it was nothing uncommon to notice one or two flying over. Alas, this was not the first time it had been borne in upon me that, ornithologically, my portion was among the belated.

I have said nothing about it hitherto, but I had not driven five or six hours through strange woods and into the midst of strange hills without an ear open for bird notes. Even the rumbling of the heavy wagon and the uneasy creaking of the harness could not drown such music altogether, and once in a while, as I have said, I spelled myself on foot. At short intervals, too, when we came to some promising spot, — a swampy thicket, perhaps, or a patch of evergreens, — I called a halt to listen; the driver making no objection, and the horses less than none. The voices, to my regret rather than to my surprise, were every one familiar, and the single unexpected thing about it all was the dearth of northern species. The date was May 6, and the woods might properly enough have been alive with homeward-bound migrants; but the only bird that I could positively rank under that head was a Swainson thrush, — a free-hearted singer, whose cheery White Mountain tune I never hear at the South without an inward refreshment. From the evergreens, none too common, and mostly too far from the road, came the voices of a pine warbler and one or two black-throated greens; and once, as we skirted a bushy hillside, I caught the sliding ditty of a prairie warbler. Here, too, I think it was that I heard the distinctive, loquacious call of a summer

tanager, — four happy chances, as but for them, and the single gnatcatcher by the halfway house gate, my vacation bird list would have been shorter by five species.

After all, the principal ornithological event of the forenoon was, not the singing of the Swainson thrush, but the discovery of a humming-bird's nest. This happened on the side of Stumphouse Mountain. I had taken a short cut by myself, and had come out of the woods into the road again some distance ahead of the wagon, when suddenly I heard the buzz and squeak of a hummer, and, glancing upward, put my eye instantly upon the nest, which might have been two thirds done from its appearance, and then upon its owner, whose reiterated squeakings, I have no doubt, expressed her annoyance at my intrusion. In truth, both owners were present, and in that lay the exceptional interest of the story.

Some years ago I had proved, as I thought, that the male ruby-throat habitually takes no part in the hatching and rearing of its young, and, for that matter, is never to be seen about the nest in the five or six weeks during which that most laborious and nerve-trying work is going on. As to why this should be I could only confess ignorance; and subsequent observations, both by myself and by others,<sup>1</sup> while confirming the fact of the male's absence, had done nothing to bring to light the reason for it. Is the female herself responsible for such a state of things? I should hate to believe, as I have heard it maintained, that female birds in general cherish little or no real affection for their mates, regarding them simply as necessities of the hour; but it is certain that widows among them waste no time in mourning, and it appears to me likely enough, if I am to say what I think, that the lady hummer, a fussy and capable body (we all know the human type), having her

nest done and the eggs laid, prefers her mate's room to his company, and gives him his walking ticket.

So much for a bit of half-serious speculation. The interest of the nest found here on Stumphouse Mountain lay, as I have said, in the fact that it was unfinished, and the male owner of it — if he is to be called an owner — was still present. Whether he was actually assisting — in any but the French sense of the word — in the construction of the family house, I am unable to tell. For the few minutes that I remained the female alone entered it, doing something or other to the wall or rim, and then flying away. With so long a journey before us there was no tarrying for further investigations, glad as I should have been to see the ruby-throat for once conducting himself with something like Christian propriety. For to-day, at all events, he was neither a deserter nor an exile.

We rested for an hour or more at the halfway house, and then resumed our journey: the morning story over again, — upward and downward and roundabout, with woods and hills everywhere, and two mountains still to put behind us. We should be in Highlands before dark, the driver said; but one contingency had been left out of his calculation. When we had been under way an hour, or some such matter, he began to worry about one of the horses. My own eyes had been occupied elsewhere, but now it was plain enough, my attention having been called to it, that "Doc" was leaving his mate to do the work. And Doc was never known to play the shirk, the driver said, with a jealousy for his favorite's reputation pleasant to see and honorable to both parties. The poor fellow must be sick. "Did n't he eat his dinner?" I asked. "Yes; there was no sign of anything wrong at that time." Then it could be no very killing matter, I said to myself; a touch of laziness, probably; who could blame him? — and I continued to enjoy the

<sup>1</sup> See especially an article by Mrs. Olive Thorne Miller in *The Atlantic Monthly* for June, 1896.

sights and sounds of the forest. But my seatmate, better experienced and more charitable, was not to be misled. Little by little his anxiety increased, till he could do nothing but talk about it (so it happened that we crossed the North Carolina line, and I was none the wiser); and before long it became evident, even to me, that whatever ailed the horse, sickness, laziness, discouragement, or exhaustion, he must be carefully humored, or we should find ourselves stranded for the night on a lonesome mountain road. Slower and slower we went, — both men on foot, of course, up all the ascents, — and worse and worse grew Doc's behavior. I was sorry for him, and sorrier still for the driver, who was thinking not only of his horse and his passenger, but of himself and his own standing with the owner of the team. He was sure it was none of his fault, he kept protesting; nothing of the kind had ever happened to him before. Finally, seeing him so miserably depressed (for the time being every misfortune is as bad as it looks), so quite at the end of his wit, and almost at the end of his courage, I said, "Why not take advice at the next house we come to? Two heads are better than one." That was a word in season. To take advice would be a kind of dividing the responsibility. It is what doctors do when the patient is dying on their hands. The man brightened at once.

A mile or two more of halting and painful progress, then, and we approached a clearing, on the further side of which two men were busy with a plough. The driver hailed one of them by name, and made known our difficulty. Would n't he please come to the road and see if he could make out what was the matter? He responded in the most neighborly spirit (he would have been a queer farmer, neighborly or not, not to feel interested in a question about a horse); but after looking into the animal's mouth, and disclaiming any special

right to speak in such a case, he could only say that he saw no sign of anything worse than fatigue. Had n't the horse been worked hard lately? Yes, the driver answered, he had been in the harness pretty steadily for some time past. At this I put in my oar. Could n't another horse be borrowed somewhere, and the tired one left to rest? — a suggestion, I need hardly say, that squinted hard toward the horse in sight before us across the field. The farmer approved of the idea; only where was the horse to come from? Mountain farmers, as I was to learn afterward, — and a strange state of things it seemed to a pilgrim from Yankee land, — are mostly too poor to support a horse, or even a mule. The man would let us have his, of course, but it was a young thing that had never been hitched up. "But I tell you," he broke out, after a minute's reflection. "You know So-and-So, don't you? He has a pair of mules. Perhaps you could get one of them." "Good!" said I, and we drove on a mile or two farther, — and by this time it *was* driving, — till we came to a cross-road, the only one that I recall on the whole day's route, though there must have been others, I suppose. The owner of the mules — whose exceptional opulence should have kept his name remembered — lived down that road a piece, the driver said. If I would stay by the wagon, he would go down there, and be back as quickly as possible.

He was gone half an hour or more, while the horses browsed upon the bushes (if a good appetite signified anything, Doc was not yet on his way to the buzzards), and I, after listening awhile to the masterly improvisations of a brown thrasher, went spying about to see what birds might be hiding in the underbrush. The hobbyist, say what you please about him (to the vulgar a stumbling-block, and to the worldly-minded foolishness), is a lucky fellow. All sorts of untoward accidents bring grist to his mill; and so

it was this time. I heard a sparrow's *tseep*, and soon called into sight two or three white-throats, — ordinary birds enough, but of value here as being the only ones found on the whole journey. I should have missed them infallibly but for Doc's misadventure.

The driver returned at last, and with him came a mountain farmer, — another good neighbor, I was glad to see, — leading a mule, which was quickly put into Doc's harness. But what to do with Doc? "Leave him," said I. "Lead him at the tail of the wagon," said the farmer; and the latter advice prevailed. And very good advice it seemed till we came to the first steepish piece of road. Then the horse began to hold back. "Look at him!" exclaimed the driver in despairing tones; and all our tribulations were begun over again.

From this point there was only one way of getting on, and that at a snail's pace and with incessant interruptions. The passenger took the reins, and the driver walked behind with his whip, and so, using as much kindness as might be, forced the unwilling horse to follow. Even that cruel resource threatened before long to fail us; for it began to look as if the unsteady creature would drop in his tracks. There it was, as I now suspect, that he played his best card. "You must leave him at the next house, if there is another," I said. "Yes, there is another," the driver answered, "and only one." We came to it presently, — a cabin far below us in a deep, wood-encircled valley, out of which rose pleasant evening sounds of a banjo and singing. The driver lifted his voice, and a woman appeared upon the piazza. The man of the house was not at home, she said; but the driver took down the Vir-

ginia fence, and with much patient coaxing and pulling got the horse down the long, steep slope and into a shed. Then, leaving word for him to be fed and cared for, he climbed back to the road, and, freed at last from our incumbrance, we quickened our pace.

By this time it was growing dark. Bird songs had ceased, and flowers had long been invisible. But indeed, for the greater part of the afternoon we had been so taken up with working our passage that I had found small opportunity for natural history comment. I recall a lovely rose-acacia shrub, an endless display of pink azalea, — set off here and there with the flat snowy clusters of the dogwood, — thickets fringed with drooping, white, sickly sweet *Leucothoe racemes* (which at the time I mistook for some kind of *Andromeda*), the shouts of two pileated woodpeckers, — always rememberable, — a hooded warbler's song out of a rhododendron thicket, and the sight of two or three rough-winged swallows. These last are worth mentioning, because in connection with them there came out the astonishing fact that the driver did not know what I meant by swallows. Apparently he had never heard the word, — which may help readers to understand what a scarcity of these airy birds there is in all that Alleghanian country. I should almost as soon have expected to find a man who had never heard of sparrows!

It was after eight o'clock when we turned a sharp corner in the road and saw the lights of the village shining through the forest ahead of us. In fifteen minutes more I was at supper. I had come a long way by faith, — faith in a guidebook star; and my faith had not been vain.

*Bradford Torrey.*

## THE OLD THINGS.

## XVII.

TEN days after Owen's visit Fleda received a communication from Mrs. Gereth, — a telegram of eight words exclusive of signature and date: "Come up immediately and stay with me here." It was characteristically sharp, as Maggie said; but, as Maggie added, it was also characteristically kind. "Here" was an hotel in London, and Maggie had embraced a condition which already began to produce in her some yearning for hotels in London. She would have responded in an instant, and she was surprised that her sister seemed to hesitate. Fleda's hesitation, which lasted but an hour, was expressed in that young lady's own mind by the reflection that in obeying her friend's summons she should n't know what she should be "in for." Her friend's summons, however, was but another name for her friend's appeal; and Mrs. Gereth's bounty had laid her under obligations more sensible than any reluctance. In the event — that is, at the end of the hour — she testified to her gratitude by taking the train, and to her mistrust by leaving her luggage. She went as if she had gone up for the day. In the train, however, she had another thoughtful hour, during which it was mainly her mistrust that deepened. She felt as if for ten days she had sat in darkness, looking to the east for a dawn that had not yet glimmered. Her mind had lately been less occupied with Mrs. Gereth, it had been so exceptionally occupied with Mona. If the sequel was to justify Owen's prevision of Mrs. Brigstock's action upon her daughter, this action was at the end of a week as much a mystery as ever. The stillness all round had been exactly what Fleda desired, but it gave her for the time a deep sense of failure, the

sense of a sudden drop from a height at which she had all things beneath her. She had nothing beneath her now; she herself was at the bottom of the heap. No sign had reached her from Owen, — poor Owen, who had clearly no news to give about his precious letter from Waterbath. If Mrs. Brigstock had hurried back to obtain that this letter should be written, Mrs. Brigstock might then have spared herself so great an inconvenience. Owen had been silent for the best of all reasons, — the reason that he had had nothing in life to say. If the letter had not been written, he would simply have had to introduce some large qualification into his account of his freedom. He had left his young friend under her refusal to listen to him until he should be able, on the contrary, to extend that picture; and his present submission was all in keeping with the rigid honesty that his young friend had prescribed.

It was this that formed the element through which Mona loomed large; Fleda had enough imagination, a fine enough feeling for life, to be impressed with such an image of successful immobility. The massive maiden at Waterbath *was* successful from the moment she could entertain her resentments as if they had been poor relations who need n't put her to expense. She was a magnificent dead-weight; there was something positive and portentous in her quietude. "What game are they all playing?" poor Fleda could only ask; for she had an intimate conviction that Owen was now under the roof of the Brigstocks. That was stupefying, if he really hated Mona; and if he did n't really hate her, what had brought him to Raphael Road and to Maggie's? Fleda had no real light, but she felt that to account for the absence of any result of their last meeting would take a supposi-

tion of the full sacrifice to charity that she had held up before him. If he had gone to Waterbath, it had been simply because he had to go. She had as good as told him that he would have to go; that this was an inevitable incident of his keeping perfect faith, — faith so literal that the smallest subterfuge would always be a reproach to him. When she tried to remember that it was for herself he was taking his risk, she felt how weak a way that was of expressing Mona's supremacy. There would be no need of keeping him up, if there were nothing to keep him up to. Her eyes grew wan as she discerned in the impenetrable air that Mona's thick outline never wavered an inch. She wondered fitfully what Mrs. Gereth had by this time made of it, and reflected with a strange elation that the sand on which the mistress of Ricks had built a momentary triumph was quaking beneath the surface. As *The Morning Post* still held its peace, she would be, of course, more confident; but the hour was at hand at which Owen would have absolutely to do either one thing or the other. To keep perfect faith was to inform against his mother, and to hear the police at her door would be Mrs. Gereth's awakening. How much she was beguiled Fleda could see from her having been for a whole month quite as deep and dark as Mona. She had let her young friend alone because of the certitude, cultivated at Ricks, that Owen had done the opposite. He had done the opposite, indeed, but much good had that brought forth! To have sent for her now, Fleda felt, was from this point of view wholly natural; she had sent for her to show at last how much she had scored. If, however, Owen was really at Waterbath, the refutation of Mrs. Gereth was easy.

Fleda found her in modest apartments, and with an air of fatigue in her distinguished face, — a sign, as she privately remarked, of the strain of that effort to be discreet of which she herself had

been having the benefit. It was a constant feature of their relation that this lady could make Fleda blench a little, and that the effect proceeded from the intense pressure of her confidence. If the confidence had been heavy even when the girl, in the early flush of devotion, had been able to feel herself most responsive, it drew her heart into her mouth now that she had reserves and conditions, now that she could not simplify with the same bold hand as her protectress. In the very brightening of the tired look, and at the moment of their embrace, Fleda felt on her shoulders the return of the load, and her spirit frankly quailed as she asked herself what she had brought up from her trusted seclusion to support it. Mrs. Gereth's free manner always made a joke of weakness, and there was in such a welcome a richness, a kind of familiar nobleness, that suggested shame to a harried conscience. Something had happened, she could see, and she could also see, in the bravery that seemed to announce it had changed everything, a formidable assumption that what had happened was what a healthy young woman must like. The absence of luggage had made this young woman feel meagre even before her companion, taking in the bareness at a second glance, exclaimed upon it and roundly rebuked her. Of course she had expected her to stay.

Fleda thought best to show bravery, too, and to show it from the first. "What you expected, dear Mrs. Gereth, is exactly what I came up to ascertain. It struck me as right to do that first. I mean to ascertain, without making preparations."

"Then you'll be so good as to make them on the spot!" Mrs. Gereth was most emphatic. "You're going abroad with me."

Fleda wondered, but she also smiled. "To-night — to-morrow?"

"In as few days as possible. That's

all that's left for me now." At this Fleda's heart gave a bound; she wondered to what particular difference in Mrs. Gereth's situation as last known to her it was an allusion. "I've made my plan," her friend continued: "I go for at least a year. We shall go straight to Florence; we can manage there. I don't look to you, however," she added, "to stay with me all that time. That will require to be settled. Owen will have to join us as soon as possible; he may not be quite ready to get off with us. But I'm convinced it's quite the right thing to go. It will make a good change; it will put in a decent interval."

Fleda listened; she was deeply mystified. "How kind you are to me!" she presently said. The picture suggested so many questions that she scarcely knew which to ask first. She took one at a venture. "You really have it from Mr. Gereth that he'll give us his company?"

If Mr. Gereth's mother smiled in response to this, Fleda knew that her smile was a tacit criticism of such a form of reference to her son. Fleda habitually spoke of him as Mr. Owen, and it was a part of her present vigilance to seem to have relinquished that right. Mrs. Gereth's manner confirmed a certain impression of her pretending to more than she felt; her very first words had conveyed it, and it reminded Fleda of the conscious courage with which, weeks before, the lady had met her visitor's first startled stare at the clustered spoils of Poynton. It was her practice to take immensely for granted whatever she wished. "Oh, if you'll answer for him, it will do quite as well!" she said. Then she put her hands on the girl's shoulders and held them at arm's length, as if to shake them a little, while in the depths of her shining eyes Fleda discovered something obscure and unquiet. "You bad, false thing, why did n't you tell me?" Her tone softened her harshness, and her visitor had never had

such a sense of her indulgence. Mrs. Gereth could show patience; it was a part of the general bribe, but it was also like the handing in of a heavy bill before which Fleda could only fumble in a peniless pocket. "You must perfectly have known at Ricks, and yet you practically denied it. That's why I call you bad and false!" It was apparently also why she again almost roughly kissed her.

"I think that before I answer you I had better know what you're talking about," Fleda said.

Mrs. Gereth looked at her with a slight increase of hardness. "You've done everything you need for modesty, my dear! If he's sick with love of you, you haven't had to wait for me to inform you."

Fleda hesitated. "Has he informed *you*, dear Mrs. Gereth?"

Dear Mrs. Gereth smiled sweetly. "How could he, when our situation is such that he communicates with me only through you, and that you are so tortuous you conceal everything?"

"Did n't he answer the note in which you let him know that I was in town?" Fleda asked.

"He answered it sufficiently by rushing off on the spot to see you."

Mrs. Gereth met that allusion with a prompt firmness that made almost insolently light of any ground of complaint, and Fleda's own sense of responsibility was now so vivid that all resentments turned comparatively pale. She had no heart to produce a grievance; she could only, left as she was with the little mystery on her hands, produce, after a moment, a question: "How then do you come to know that your son has ever thought?"

"That he would give his ears to get you?" Mrs. Gereth broke in. "I had a visit from Mrs. Brigstock."

Fleda opened her eyes. "She went down to Ricks?"

"The day after she had found Owen at your feet. She knows everything."

Fleda shook her head sadly; she was more startled than she cared to show. This odd journey of Mrs. Brigstock's, which, with a simplicity equal for once to Owen's, she had not divined, now struck her as having produced the hush of the last ten days. "There are things she does n't know!" she presently exclaimed.

"She knows he would do anything to marry you."

"He has n't told her so," Fleda said.

"No, but he has told you. That's better still!" laughed Mrs. Gereth. "My dear child," she went on, with an air that affected the girl as a sort of blind profanity, "don't try to make yourself out better than you are. I know what you are. I have n't lived with you so much for nothing. You're not quite a saint in heaven yet. Lord, what a creature you'd have thought me in my good time! But you do like it, fortunately, you idiot. You're pale with your passion, you sweet thing. That's exactly what I wanted to see. I can't for the life of me think where the shame comes in." Then, with a finer significance, a look that seemed to Fleda strange, she added, "It's all right."

"I've seen him but twice," said Fleda.

"But twice?" Mrs. Gereth still smiled.

"On the occasion, at papa's, that Mrs. Brigstock told you of, and one day, since then, down at Maggie's."

"Well, those things are between yourselves, and you seem to me both poor creatures at best." Mrs. Gereth spoke with a rich humor which tipped with light for an instant a real conviction. "I don't know what you've got in your veins; you absurdly exaggerated the difficulties. But enough is as good as a feast, and when once I get you abroad together" — She checked herself as if from excess of meaning; what might happen when she should get them abroad together was to be gathered only from the way she slowly rubbed her hands.

The gesture, however, made the pro-

mise so definite that for a moment her companion was almost beguiled. But there was nothing to account, as yet, for the wealth of Mrs. Gereth's certitude; the visit of the lady of Waterbath appeared but half to explain it. "Is it permitted to be surprised," Fleda deferentially asked, "at Mrs. Brigstock's thinking it would help her to see you?"

"It's never permitted to be surprised at the aberrations of born fools," said Mrs. Gereth. "If a cow should try to calculate, that's the kind of happy thought she'd have. Mrs. Brigstock came down to plead with me."

Fleda mused a moment. "That's what she came to do with *me*," she then honestly returned. "But what did she expect to get of you, with your opposition so marked from the first?"

"She did n't know I want *you*, my dear. It's a wonder, with all my violence, — the gross publicity I've given my desires. But she's as stupid as an owl, — she does n't feel your charm."

Fleda felt herself flush slightly, but she tried to smile. "Did you tell her all about it? Did you make her understand you want me?"

"For what do you take me? I was n't such a donkey."

"So as not to aggravate Mona?" Fleda suggested.

"So as not to aggravate Mona, naturally. We've had a narrow course to steer, but, thank God, we're at last in the open!"

"What do you call the open, Mrs. Gereth?" Fleda demanded. Then, as the other faltered, "Do you know where Mr. Owen is to-day?"

Mrs. Gereth stared. "Do you mean he's at Waterbath? Well, that's your own affair. I can bear it if *you* can."

"Wherever he is, I can bear it," Fleda said. "But I have n't the least idea where he is."

"Then you ought to be ashamed of yourself!" Mrs. Gereth broke out, with a change of note that showed how deep

a passion underlay everything she had said. The poor woman, catching her companion's hand, however, the next moment, as if to retract something of this harshness, spoke more patiently: "Don't you understand, Fleda, how immensely, how devotedly, I've trusted you?" Her tone was indeed a supplication.

Fleda was infinitely shaken; she was silent a little. "Yes, I understand. Did she go to you to complain of me?"

"She came to see what she could do. She had been tremendously upset, the day before, by what had taken place at your father's, and she had posted down to Ricks on the inspiration of the moment. She had n't meant it on leaving home; it was the sight of you closeted there with Owen that had suddenly determined her. The whole story, she said, was written in your two faces: she spoke as if she had never seen such an exhibition. Owen was on the brink, but there might still be time to save him, and it was with this idea she had bearded me in my den. 'What won't a mother do, you know?' — that was one of the things she said. What would n't a mother do, indeed? I thought I had sufficiently shown her what! She tried to break me down by an appeal to my good nature, as she called it, and from the moment she opened on *you*, from the moment she denounced Owen's falsity, I was as good natured as she could wish. I understood that it was a plea for mere mercy, that you and he between you were killing her child. Of course I was delighted that Mona should be killed, but I was studiously kind to Mrs. Brigstock. At the same time I was honest; I did n't pretend to anything I could n't feel. I asked her why the marriage had n't taken place months ago, when Owen was perfectly ready; and I showed her how completely that fatuous mistake on Mona's part cleared his responsibility. It was she who had killed *him*; it was she who had destroyed his affec-

tion, his illusions. Did she want him now when he was estranged, when he was disgusted, when he had a sore grievance? She reminded me that Mona had a sore grievance, too, but she admitted that she had n't come to me to speak of that. What she had come to me for was not to get the old things back, but simply to get Owen. What she wanted was that I would, in simple pity, see fair play. Owen had been awfully bedeviled, — she did n't call it that, she called it 'mised,' — but it was simply you who had bedeviled him. He would be all right still if I would see that you were out of the way. She asked me point-blank if it was possible I could want him to marry you."

Fleda had listened in unbearable pain and growing terror, as if her interlocutress, stone by stone, were piling some fatal mass upon her breast. She had the sense of being buried alive, smothered in the mere expansion of another will; and now there was but one gap left to the air. A single word, she felt, might close it, and with the question that came to her lips as Mrs. Gereth paused she seemed to herself to ask, in cold dread, for her doom. "What did you say to that?" she inquired.

"I was embarrassed, for I saw my danger, — the danger of her going home and saying to Mona that I was backing you up. It had been a bliss to learn that Owen had really turned to you, but my joy did n't put me off my guard. I reflected intensely for a few seconds; then I saw my issue."

"Your issue?" Fleda murmured.

"I remembered how you had tied my hands about saying a word to Owen."

Fleda wondered. "And did you remember the little letter that, with your hands tied, you still succeeded in writing to him?"

"Perfectly; my little letter was a model of reticence. What I remembered was all that in those few words I forbade myself to say. I had been an

angel of delicacy. I had effaced myself like a saint. It was not for me to have done all that, and then figure to such a woman as having done the opposite. Besides, it was none of her business."

"Is that what you said to her?" Fleda asked.

"I said to her that her question revealed a total misconception of the nature of my present relations with my son. I said to her that I had no relations with him at all, and that nothing had passed between us for months. I said to her that my hands were spotlessly clean of any attempt to make him make up to you. I said to her that I had taken from Poynton what I had a right to take, but had done nothing else in the world. I was determined that if I had bit my tongue off to oblige you, I would at least have the righteousness that my sacrifice gave me."

"And was Mrs. Brigstock satisfied with your answer?"

"She was visibly relieved."

"It was fortunate for you," said Fleda, "that she's apparently not aware of the manner in which, almost under her nose, you advertised me to him at Poynton."

Mrs. Gereth appeared to recall that scene; she smiled with a serenity remarkably effective as showing how cheerfully used she had grown to invidious allusions to it. "How should she be aware of it?"

"She would if Owen had described your outbreak to Mona."

"Yes, but he did n't describe it. All his instinct was to conceal it from Mona. He was n't conscious, but he was already in love with you!" Mrs. Gereth declared.

Fleda shook her head wearily. "No; I was only in love with him!"

Here was a faint illumination with which Mrs. Gereth instantly mingled her fire. "You dear old wretch!" she exclaimed; and she again, with ferocity, embraced her young friend.

Fleda submitted like a sick animal:

she would submit to everything now. "Then what further passed?"

"Only that she left me, thinking she had got something."

"And what had she got?"

"Nothing but her luncheon. But I got everything!"

"Everything?" Fleda quavered.

Mrs. Gereth, struck apparently by something in her tone, looked at her from a tremendous height. "Don't fail me now!"

It sounded so like a menace that, with a full divination at last, the poor girl fell weakly into a chair. "What on earth have you done?"

Mrs. Gereth stood there in all the glory of a great stroke. "I've settled you." She filled the room, to Fleda's scared vision, with the glare of her magnificence. "I've sent everything back."

"Everything?" Fleda gasped.

"To the smallest snuff-box. The last load went yesterday. The same people did it. Poor little Ricks is empty." Then as if, for a crowning splendor, to check all deprecation, "They're yours, you goose!" Mrs. Gereth concluded, holding up her handsome head and rubbing her white hands. Fleda saw that there were tears in her deep eyes.

## XVIII.

Fleda was slow to take in Mrs. Gereth's announcement, but when she had done so she felt it to be more than her cup of bitterness would hold. Her bitterness was her anxiety, the taste of which suddenly sickened her. What had she become, on the spot, but a traitress to her friend? The treachery increased with the view of the friend's motive, a motive magnificent as a tribute to her value. Mrs. Gereth had wished to make sure of her, and had reasoned that there would be no such way as by a large appeal to her honor. If it be true, as men have declared, that the sense of honor is

weak in women, some of the bearings of this stroke might have thrown a light on the question. What was now, at all events, put before Fleda was that she had been made sure of, for the greatness of the surrender imposed an obligation as great. There was an expression she had heard used by young men with whom she danced: the only word to fit Mrs. Gereth's intention was that Mrs. Gereth had designed to "fetch" her. It was a calculated, it was a crushing bribe; it looked her in the eyes and said simply, "That's what I do for you!" What Fleda was to do in return required no pointing out. The sense, at present, of how little she had done made her almost cry aloud with pain; but her first endeavor, in the face of the fact, was to keep such a cry from reaching her companion. How little she had done Mrs. Gereth didn't yet know, and possibly there would be still some way of turning round before the discovery. On her own side, too, Fleda had almost made one: she had known she was wanted, but she had not after all conceived how magnificently much. She had been treated by her friend's act as a conscious prize, but what made her a conscious prize was only the power the act itself imputed to her. As high, bold diplomacy it dazzled and carried her off her feet. She admired the noble risk of it, a risk Mrs. Gereth had faced for the utterly poor creature that the girl now felt herself. The change it instantly wrought in her was, moreover, extraordinary; it transformed at a touch her emotion on the subject of concessions. A few weeks earlier she had jumped at the duty of pleading for them, practically quarreling with the lady of Ricks for her refusal to restore what she had taken; she had been sore with the wrong to Owen, she had bled with the wounds of Poynton. Now, however, as she heard of the replenishment of the void that had so haunted her, she came as near sounding an alarm as if from the deck of a ship she had seen a person she

loved jump into the sea. Mrs. Gereth had become in a flash the victim; poor little Ricks had been laid bare in a night. If Fleda's feeling about the old things had taken precipitate form, the form would have been a frantic command. It was indeed for mere want of breath that she didn't shout, "Oh, stop them — it's no use! Bring them back — it's too late!" And what most kept her breathless was her companion's very grandeur. Fleda distinguished as never before the purity of such a passion; it made Mrs. Gereth august and almost sublime. It was absolutely unselfish, — she cared nothing for mere possession. She thought solely and incorruptibly of what was best for the things; she had surrendered them to the presumptive care of the one person of her acquaintance who felt about them as she felt herself, and whose long lease of the future would be the nearest approach that could be compassed to committing them to a museum. Now it was, in truth, that Fleda knew what rested on her; now it was, also, that she measured as if for the first time Mrs. Gereth's view of the natural influence of a fine acquisition. She had adopted the idea of blowing away the last doubt of what her young friend would gain, of making good still more than she was obliged to make it the promise of weeks before. It was one thing for the girl to have heard that in a certain event restitution would be made; it was another for her to see the condition, with a noble trust, treated in advance as performed, and to be able to feel that she should have only to open a door to find every old piece in every old corner. To have played such a card was therefore, practically, for Mrs. Gereth, to have won the game. Fleda had certainly to recognize that, so far as the theory of the matter went, the game had been won, — oh, had been made sure of!

She could n't, however, succeed for so very many minutes in deferring her exposure. "Why didn't you wait, dear-

est? Ah, why didn't you wait?" If that inconsequent appeal kept rising to her lips to be cut short before it was spoken, this was only because at first the humility of gratitude helped her to gain time, enabled her to present herself very honestly as too overcome to be clear. She kissed her companion's hands, she did homage at her feet, she murmured soft snatches of praise, and yet in the midst of it all was conscious that what she really showed most was the wan despair at her heart. She saw Mrs. Gereth's glimpse of this despair suddenly widen, heard the quick chill of her voice pierce through the false courage of endearments.

"Do you mean to tell me at such an hour as this that you've really lost him?"

The tone of the question made the idea a possibility for which Fleda had nothing from this moment but terror. "I don't know, Mrs. Gereth; how can I say?" she asked. "I've not seen him for so long; as I told you just now, I don't even know where he is. That's by no fault of his," she hurried on; "he would have been with me every day, if I had consented. But I made him understand, the last time, that I'll receive him again only when he's able to show me that his release has been complete and definite. Oh, he can't yet, don't you see, and that's why he has n't been back. It's far better than his coming only that we should both be miserable. When he does come he'll be in a better position. He'll be tremendously moved by the splendid thing you've done. I know you wish me to feel that you've done it as much for me as for Owen, but your having done it for me is just what will delight him most! When he hears of it," said Fleda, in desperate optimism, "when he hears of it" — There, indeed, regretting her advance, she quite broke down. She was wholly powerless to say what Owen would do when he heard of it. "I don't know what he won't make of you and how he won't hug you!" she

had to content herself with lamely declaring. She had drawn Mrs. Gereth to a sofa, with a vague instinct of pacifying her, and still, after all, gaining time; but it was a position in which her great duped benefactress, portentously patient again during this demonstration, looked far from inviting a "hug." Fleda found herself tricking out the situation with artificial flowers, — trying to talk even herself into the fancy that Owen, whose name she now made simple and sweet, might come in upon them at any moment. She felt an immense need to be understood and justified; she averted her face in dread from all that she might have to be forgiven. She pressed on her companion's arm as if to keep her quiet till she should really know, and then, after a minute, she poured out the clear essence of what in happier days had been her "secret:" "You mustn't think I don't adore him, when I've told him so to his face. I love him so that I'd die for him. I love him so that it's horrible. Don't look at me, therefore, as if I had not been kind, as if I had not been as tender as if he were dying and my tenderness were what would save him. Look at me as if you believe me, as if you feel what I've been through. Darling Mrs. Gereth, I could kiss the ground he walks on. I have n't a rag of pride; I used to have, but it's gone. I used to have a secret, but every one knows it now, and any one who looks at me can say, I think, what's the matter with me. It's not so very fine, my secret, and the less one really says about it the better, but I want you to have it from me because I was stiff before. I want you to see for yourself that I've been brought as low as a girl can very well be. It serves me right," Fleda laughed, "if I was ever proud and horrid to you! I don't know what you wanted me, in those days at Ricks, to do, but I don't think you can have wanted much more than what I've done. The other day, at Maggie's, I did things that made me, afterwards, think

of you. I don't know what girls may do; but if he does n't know that there is n't an inch of me that is n't his" — Fleda sighed as if she could n't express it; she piled it up, as she would have said; holding Mrs. Gereth with dilated eyes, she seemed to sound her for the effect of these words. "It's idiotic," she wearily smiled; "it's so strange that I'm almost angry for it, and the strangest part of all is that it is n't even happiness. It's anguish, — it was from the first; from the first there was a bitterness and a kind of dread. But I owe you every word of the truth. You don't do him justice, either: he's a dear, I assure you, he's a dear. I'd trust him to the last breath; I don't think you really know him. He's ever so much cleverer than he makes a show of; he's remarkable in his own shy way. You told me at Ricks that you wanted me to let myself go, and I've 'gone' quite far enough to discover that, as well as all sorts of other delightful things about him. You'll tell me I make myself out worse than I am," said the girl, feeling more and more in her companion's attitude a quality that treated her speech as a desperate rigmarole, and even perhaps as a piece of cold immodesty. She wanted to make herself out "bad," — it was a part of her justification; but it suddenly occurred to her that such a picture of her extravagance imputed a want of gallantry to the young man. "I don't care for anything you think," she declared, "because Owen, don't you know, sees me as I am. He's so kind that it makes up for everything!"

This attempt at gayety was futile; the silence with which, for a minute, her adversary greeted her troubled plea brought home to her afresh that she was on the bare defensive. "Is it a part of his kindness never to come near you?" Mrs. Gereth inquired at last. "Is it a part of his kindness to leave you without an inkling of where he is?" She rose again from where Fleda had kept

her down; she seemed to tower there in the majesty of her gathered wrong. "Is it a part of his kindness that, after I've toiled as I've done for six days, and with my own weak hands, which I have n't spared, to denude myself, in your interest, to that point that I've nothing left, as I may say, but what I have on my back, — is it a part of his kindness that you're not even able to produce him for me?"

There was a high contempt in this which was for Owen quite as much, and in the light of which Fleda felt that her effort at plausibility had been mere groveling. She rose from the sofa with an humiliated sense of rising from ineffectual knees. That discomfort, however, lived but an instant; it was swept away in a rush of loyalty to the absent. She herself could bear his mother's scorn; but to avert it from his sweet innocence she broke out with a quickness that was like the raising of an arm: "Don't blame him, — don't blame him: he'd do anything on earth for me! It was I," said Fleda eagerly, "who sent him back to her. I made him go; I pushed him out of the house; I declined to have anything to say to him except on another footing."

Mrs. Gereth stared as at some gross material ravage. "Another footing? What other footing?"

"The one I've already made so clear to you: my having it in black and white, as you may say, from her that she freely gives him up."

"Then you think he lies when he tells you that he has recovered his liberty?"

Fleda hesitated a moment; after which she exclaimed, with a certain hard pride, "He's enough in love with me for anything!"

"For anything, apparently, except to act like a man, and impose his reason and his will on your incredible folly; for anything except to put an end, as any man worthy of the name would have put it, to your systematic, to your idiotic

perversity. What are you, after all, my dear, I should like to know, that a gentleman who offers you what Owen offers should have to meet such wonderful exactions, to take such extraordinary precautions about your sweet little scruples?" Her resentment rose to a strange insolence which Fleda took full in the face, and which, for the moment at least, had the horrible force to present to her vengefully a showy side of the truth. It gave her a blinding glimpse of lost alternatives. "I don't know what to think of him," Mrs. Gereth went on, "I don't know what to call him: I'm so ashamed of him that I can scarcely speak of him even to *you*. But indeed I'm so ashamed of you both together that I scarcely know in common decency where to look." She paused, to give Fleda the full benefit of this remarkable statement; then she exclaimed, "Any one but a jackass would have tucked you under his arm and marched you off to the Registrar!"

Fleda wondered; with her free imagination she could wonder even while her cheek stung from a slap. "To the Registrar?"

"That would have been the sane, sound, immediate course to adopt. With a grain of gumption you'd both instantly have felt it. I should have found a way to take you, you know, if I'd been what Owen's supposed to be. I should have got the business over first; the rest could come when you liked! Good God, girl, your place was to stand before me as a woman honestly married. One does n't know what one has hold of in touching you, and you must excuse my saying that you're literally unpleasant to me to meet as you are. Then at least we could have talked, and Owen, if he had the ghost of a sense of humor, could have snapped his fingers at your refinements."

This stirring speech affected our young lady as if it had been the shake of a tambourine borne towards her from a

gypsy dance: her head seemed to go round, and she felt a sudden passion in her feet. The emotion, however, was but meagrely expressed in the flatness with which she heard herself presently say, "I'll go to the Registrar now."

"Now?" Magnificent was the sound Mrs. Gereth threw into this monosyllable. "And pray who's to take you?" Fleda gave a colorless smile, and her companion continued: "Do you literally mean that you can't put your hand upon him?" Fleda's wan grimace appeared to irritate her; she made a short, imperious gesture. "Find him for me, you fool, — *find* him for me!"

"What do you want of him," Fleda sadly asked, "feeling as you do to both of us?"

"Never mind how I feel, and never mind what I say when I'm furious!" Mrs. Gereth still more incisively added. "Of course I cling to you, you wretches, or I should n't suffer as I do. What I want of him is to see that he takes you; what I want of him is to go with you myself to the place." She looked round the room in feverish haste, as if for a mantle to catch up; she bustled to the window as if to spy a cab: she would allow half an hour for the job. Already in her bonnet, she had snatched from the sofa a garment for the street: she jerked it on as she came back. "Find him, find him," she repeated; "come straight out with me, to try, at least, to get at him!"

"How can I get at him? He'll come when he's ready," Fleda replied.

Mrs. Gereth turned on her sharply. "Ready for what? Ready to see me ruined without a reason or a reward?"

Fleda was silent; the worst of it all was that there was something unspoken between them. Neither of them dared to utter it, but the influence of it was in the girl's tone when she returned at last, with great gentleness, "Don't be harsh to me, — I'm very unhappy." The words produced a visible impression on

Mrs. Gereth, who held her face averted and sent off through the window a gaze that kept pace with the long caravan of her treasures. Fleda knew she was watching it wind up the avenue of Poynton, — Fleda participated, indeed, fully in the vision; so that after a little the most consoling thing seemed to her to add, "I don't see why in the world you take so for granted that he's, as you say, 'lost.'"

Mrs. Gereth continued to stare out of the window, and her stillness denoted some success in controlling herself. "If he's not lost, why are you unhappy?"

"I'm unhappy because I torment you, and you don't understand me."

"No, Fleda, I don't understand you," said Mrs. Gereth, finally facing her again. "I don't understand you at all, and it's as if you and Owen were of quite another race and another flesh. You make me feel very old-fashioned and simple and bad. But you must take me as I am, since you take so much else *with* me!" She spoke now with the drop of her resentment, with a dry and weary calm. "It would have been better for me if I had never known you," she pursued, "and certainly better if I had n't taken such an extraordinary fancy to you. But that too was inevitable: everything, I suppose, is inevitable. It was all my own doing, — you did n't run after me: I pounced on you and caught you up. You're a stiff little beggar, in spite of your pretty manners: yes, you're hideously misleading. I hope you feel how handsome it is of me to recognize the independence of your character. It was your clever sympathy that did it, — your extraordinary feeling for those accursed vanities. You were sharper about them than any one I had ever known, and that was a thing I simply could n't resist. Well," the poor lady concluded, after a pause, "you see where it has landed us!"

"If you'll go for him yourself, I'll wait here," said Fleda.

Mrs. Gereth, holding her mantle together, appeared to consider for a while. "To his club, do you mean?"

"Is n't it there, when he's in town, that he has a room? He has at present no other London address," Fleda said: "it's there one writes to him."

"How do *I* know, with my wretched relations with him?" Mrs. Gereth asked.

"Mine have not been quite so bad as that," Fleda desperately smiled. Then she added, "His silence, *her* silence, our hearing nothing at all, — what are these but the very things on which, at Poynton and at Ricks, you rested your assurance that everything is at an end between them?"

Mrs. Gereth looked dark and void. "Yes, but I had n't heard from you then that you could invent nothing better than, as you call it, to send him back to her."

"Ah, but, on the other hand, you've learned from them what you did n't know, — you've learned by Mrs. Brigstock's visit that he cares for me." Fleda found herself in the position of availing herself of optimistic arguments that she formerly had repudiated; her refutation of her companion had completely changed its ground. She was in a fever of ingenuity, and she was painfully conscious, on behalf of her success, that her fever was visible. She could herself see the reflection of it glitter in Mrs. Gereth's sombre eyes.

"You plunge me in stupefaction," that lady answered, "and at the same time you terrify me: your account of Owen is inconceivable, and yet I don't know what to hold on by. He cares for you, it does appear, and yet in the same breath you inform me that nothing is more possible than that he's spending these days at Waterbath. Excuse me if I'm so dull as not to see my way in such darkness. If he's at Waterbath, he does n't care for you. If he cares for you, he's not at Waterbath."

"Then where is he?" poor Fleda

wailed helplessly. She caught herself up, however; she did her best to be brave and clear. Before Mrs. Gereth could reply, with due obviousness, that this was a question for her not to ask, but to answer, she found an air of assurance to say: "You simplify far too much: you always did, and you always will. The tangle of life is much more intricate than you've ever, I think, felt it to be: you slash into it," cried Fleda finely, "with a great pair of shears you nip at it as if you were one of the Fates! If Owen's at Waterbath, he's there to wind everything up."

Mrs. Gereth shook her head with slow austerity. "You don't believe a word you're saying. I've frightened you, as you've frightened me: you're whistling in the dark to keep up our courage. I do simplify, doubtless, if to simplify is to fail to comprehend the insanity of a passion that bewilders a young block-head with bugaboo barriers, with hideous and monstrous sacrifices. I can only repeat that you're beyond me. Your perversity's a thing to howl over. However," the poor woman continued, with a break in her voice, a long hesitation, and then the dry triumph of her will, "I'll never mention it to you again! Owen I can just make out; for Owen is a block-head. Owen's a blockhead," she repeated, with a quiet, tragic finality, looking straight into Fleda's eyes. "I don't know why you dress up so the fact that he's disgustingly weak."

Fleda hesitated; at last, before her companion's, she lowered her look. "Because I love him. It's because he's weak that he needs me," she added.

"That was why his father, whom he exactly resembles, needed me. And I did n't fail his father," said Mrs. Gereth. She gave Fleda a moment to appreciate the remark; after which she pursued, "Mona Brigstock is n't weak; she's stronger than you!"

"I never thought she was weak," Fleda answered. She looked vaguely

round the room with a new purpose: she had lost sight of her umbrella.

"I did tell you to let yourself go, but it's clear enough that you really have n't," Mrs. Gereth declared. "If Mona has got him" —

Fleda had accomplished her search; her interlocutress paused. "If Mona has got him?" the girl inquired, tightening the umbrella.

"Well," said Mrs. Gereth profoundly, "it will be clear enough that Mona *has*."

"Has let herself go?"

"Has let herself go." Mrs. Gereth spoke as if she saw it in every detail.

Fleda felt the tone, and finished her preparation; then she went and opened the door. "We'll look for him together," she said to her friend, who stood a moment taking in her face. "They may know something about him at the colonel's."

"We'll go there." Mrs. Gereth had picked up her gloves and her purse. "But the first thing," she went on, "will be to wire to Poynton."

"Why not to Waterbath at once?" Fleda asked.

Her companion hesitated. "In *your* name?"

"In my name. I noticed a place at the corner."

While Fleda held the door open Mrs. Gereth drew on her gloves. "Forgive me," she presently said. "Kiss me," she added.

Fleda, on the threshold, kissed her; then they went out.

## XIX.

In the place at the corner, on the chance of its saving time, Fleda wrote her telegram, — wrote it in silence under Mrs. Gereth's eye, and then in silence handed it to her. "I send this to Waterbath, on the possibility of your being there, to ask you to come to me."

Mrs. Gereth held it a moment, read it more than once; then keeping it, and with her eyes on her companion, seemed to consider. There was the dawn of a kindness in her look; Fleda perceived in it, as if as the reward of complete submission, a slight relaxation of her rigor.

"Would n't it," she asked, "after all, perhaps be better, before doing this, to see if we can make his whereabouts certain?"

"Why so? It will be always so much done," said Fleda. "Though I'm poor," she added, with a smile, "I don't mind the shilling."

"The shilling's *my* shilling," said Mrs. Gereth.

Fleda stayed her hand. "No, no, — I'm superstitious."

"Superstitious?"

"To succeed, it must be all me!"

"Well, if that will make it succeed!" Mrs. Gereth took back her shilling, but she still kept the telegram. "As he's most probably not there" —

"If he should n't be there," Fleda interrupted, "there will be no harm done."

"If he should n't be there!" Mrs. Gereth ejaculated. "Heaven help us, how you assume it!"

"I'm only prepared for the worst. The Brigstocks will simply send any telegram on."

"Where will they send it?"

"Presumably to Poynton."

"They'll read it first," said Mrs. Gereth.

"Read it?"

"Yes, Mona will. She'll open it under the pretext of having it repeated; and then she'll probably do nothing. She'll keep it as a proof of your immodesty."

"What of that?" asked Fleda.

"You don't mind her seeing it?"

Rather musingly and absently, Fleda shook her head. "I don't mind anything."

"Well, then, that's all right," said

Mrs. Gereth, as if she had only wanted to feel that she had been irreproachably considerate. After this she was gentler still, but she had another point to clear up. "Why have you given, for a reply, your sister's address?"

"Because, if he *does* come to me, he must come to me there. If that telegram goes," said Fleda, "I return to Maggie's to-night."

Mrs. Gereth seemed to wonder at this. "You won't receive him here with me?"

"No, I won't receive him here with you. Only where I received him last, — only there again." She showed her companion that as to that she was firm.

But Mrs. Gereth had obviously now had some practice in following queer movements prompted by queer feelings. She resigned herself, though she fingered the paper a moment longer. She appeared to hesitate; then she brought out, "You could n't, then, if I release you, make your message a little stronger?"

Fleda gave her a faint smile. "He'll come if he can."

Mrs. Gereth met fully what this conveyed; with decision she pushed in the telegram. But she laid her hand quickly upon another form, and with still greater decision wrote another message. "From *me*, this," she said to Fleda when she had finished: "to catch him possibly at Poynton. Will you read it?"

Fleda turned away. "Thank you."

"It's stronger than yours."

"I don't care," said Fleda, moving to the door. Mrs. Gereth, having paid for the second missive, rejoined her, and they drove together to Owen's club, where the elder lady alone got out. Fleda, from theansom, watched through the glass doors her brief conversation with the hall porter, and then met in silence her return with the news that he had not seen Owen for a fortnight, and was keeping his letters till called for. These had been the last orders; there were a dozen letters lying

there. He had no more information to give, but they would see what they could find at Colonel Gereth's. To any connection with this inquiry, however, Fle-da now roused herself to object, and her friend had indeed to recognize that, on second thoughts, it could n't be quite to the taste of either of them to advertise in the remoter reaches of the family that they had forfeited the confidence of the master of Poynton. The letters lying at the club proved effectively that he was not in London, and that was the question that immediately concerned them. Nothing could concern them further till the answers to their telegrams should have had time to arrive. Mrs. Gereth had got back into the cab, and, still at the door of the club, they sat staring at their need of patience. Fle-da's eyes rested, in the great hard street, on passing figures that struck her as pup-pets pulled by strings. After a little the driver challenged them through the hole in the top: "Anywhere in particular, ladies?"

Fle-da decided. "Drive to Euston, please."

"You won't wait for what we may hear?" Mrs. Gereth asked.

"Whatever we hear, I must go." As the cab went on, she added, "But I need n't drag *you* to the station."

Mrs. Gereth was silent a moment; then, "Nonsense!" she sharply replied.

In spite of this sharpness they were now almost equally and almost tremulously mild, though their mildness took mainly the form of an inevitable sense of nothing left to say. It was the unsaid that occupied them,—the thing that for more than an hour they had been going round and round without naming it. Much too early for Fle-da's train, they encountered at the station a long half-hour to wait. Fle-da made no further allusion to Mrs. Gereth's leaving her; their dumbness, with the elapsing minutes, grew to be in itself a reconstituted bond. They slowly paced the great gray plat-

form, and presently Mrs. Gereth took the girl's arm and leaned on it with a hard demand for support. It seemed to Fle-da not difficult for each to know of what the other was thinking, — to know, indeed, that they had in common two alternating visions, one of which, at moments, brought them as by a common impulse to a pause. This was the one that was fixed; the other filled at times the whole space, and then was should-ered away. Owen and Mona glared to-gether out of the gloom and disappeared, but the replenishment of Poynton made a shining, steady light. The old splen-dor was there again, the old things were in their places. Our friends looked at them with an equal yearning; face to face, on the platform, they counted them in each other's eyes. Fle-da had come back to them by a road as strange as the road they themselves had followed. The wonder of their great journeys, the prodigy of this second one, was the ques-tion that made her occasionally stop. Several times she uttered it, asked how this and that difficulty had been met. Mrs. Gereth replied with pale lucidity, — was naturally the person most famil-iar with the truth that what she under-took was always somehow achieved. To do it was to do it, — she had more than one kind of magnificence. She con-fessed there, audaciously enough, to a sort of arrogance of energy, and Fle-da, going on again, her inquiry more than answered and her arm rendering ser-vice, flushed, in her diminished identity, with the sense that such a woman was great.

"You do mean literally everything, to the last little miniature on the last lit-tle screen?"

"I mean literally everything. Go over them with the catalogue!"

Fle-da went over them while they walked again; she had no need of the catalogue. At last she spoke once more: "Even the Maltese cross?"

"Even the Maltese cross. Why not

that as well as everything else? — especially as I remembered how you like it.”

Finally, after an interval, the girl exclaimed, “But the mere fatigue of it, the exhaustion of such a feat! I drag you to and fro here while you must be ready to drop.”

“I’m very, very tired.” Mrs. Gereth’s slow head-shake was tragic. “I could n’t do it again.”

“I doubt if they’d bear it again!”

“That’s another matter: they’d bear it if *I* could. There won’t have been, this time either, a shake or a scratch. But I’m too tired, — I very nearly don’t care.”

“You must sit down, then, till I go,” said Fleda. “We must find a bench.”

“No. I’m tired of *them*; I’m not tired of you. This is the way for you to feel most how much I rest on you.” Fleda had a compunction, wondering as they continued to stroll whether it was right after all to leave her. She believed, however, that if the flame might for the moment burn low, it was far from dying out, — an impression presently confirmed by the way Mrs. Gereth went on: “But one’s fatigue is nothing. The idea under which one worked kept one up. For you I *could*, — I can still. Nothing will have mattered if *she*’s not there.”

There was a question that this imposed, but Fleda at first found no voice to utter it: it was the thing that, between them, since her arrival, had been so consciously and vividly unsaid. Finally she was able to breathe: “And if she *is* there — if she’s there already?”

Mrs. Gereth’s rejoinder too hung back; then when it came — from sad eyes as well as from barely moved lips — it was unexpectedly merciful: “It will be very hard.” That was all, now; and it was poignantly simple. The train Fleda was to take had drawn up; the girl kissed her as if in farewell. Mrs. Gereth submitted; then after a little brought out, “If we *have* lost” —

“If we *have* lost?” Fleda repeated, as she paused again.

“You’ll all the same come abroad with me?”

“It will seem very strange to me if you want me. But whatever you ask, whatever you need, that I will always do.”

“I shall need your company,” said Mrs. Gereth. Fleda wondered an instant if this were not practically a demand for penal submission, — for a surrender that, in its complete humility, would be a long expiation. But there was none of the latent chill of the vindictive in the way Mrs. Gereth pursued: “We can always, as time goes on, talk of them together.”

“Of the old things?” Fleda had selected a third-class compartment: she stood a moment looking into it, and at a fat woman with a basket who had already taken possession. “Always?” Fleda said, turning again to her companion. “Never!” she exclaimed. She got into the carriage, and two men with bags and boxes immediately followed, blocking up door and window so long that when she was able to look out again Mrs. Gereth had gone.

*Henry James.*

## GIRLS IN A FACTORY VALLEY.

A HURRYING, eager population fills the factory towns of one of the river valleys of New England. Changes in the social strata occur constantly. Various religions prevail, and different languages are spoken. New-coming races enter, and jostle the older inhabitants. A certain tendency to fuse into one people is observable, but it is still doubtful what will be the exact character of that people. The men of long American pedigree look on, half amused, half indignant, yet with an optimistic patience and a large amount of faith in the American destiny, as they find themselves possessed of less power and influence than citizens of foreign descent and foreign birth. Perhaps their faith in the nation's destiny is well founded.

A little while ago I visited a factory family, and I inquired into its nationality. The mother answered in imperfect English, "I am a Swede, my husband a German."

Her eight-year-old boy interrupted her with superb self-assertion. "I am a Yankee," he said, with uplifted head.

Life is very materialistic in this valley, among both the rich and the poor. The prizes desired and eagerly scrambled for are seldom of a spiritual nature, — a bigger factory, a finer house, a more gorgeous gown, a faster horse, a brighter-colored calico, a newer hat, a larger loaf of bread, a more ample allowance of tobacco, a softer bed. Wherein do these things differ, when the question is as to the soul of man?

There is a better side. The domestic affections are well esteemed. Fathers plan for their children; mothers bend over their babies, and now and then, for an instant, the Madonna look creeps into their faces.

Experiences typical of the tenderer side of this life, as well as of its dangers, fill the pages that follow.

## I.

Ellen McKay's father, a night-watchman, long employed by one firm, decided some eight years ago that life with the wife who had borne him nine children was no longer tolerable, and he sought the safe shelter of a boarding-house. For a time he did nothing for his wife, but for two years past he has paid her two dollars a week. He earns nine dollars, and gives Ellen fifty cents weekly, and he paid the same sum to another daughter, Annie, after her health broke down, until her death. He also maintains a life insurance for Ellen's benefit, which costs him fifty dollars a year. Mrs. McKay keeps house with several of her children. She drinks; and although her circumstances do not make it absolutely necessary, she sometimes goes on a begging expedition. It is a mild statement of the case to say that on these occasions she does not always tell the exact truth. Her oldest son, Joe, and his wife, Maggie, board with her. They both drink. He works in a thread-mill, and the wife works there sometimes. Once in a while Maggie is inspired with a spirit of enterprise, and visits some house in the town, soliciting assistance. She, like her mother-in-law, looks upon a visit of this nature as an opportunity to exercise her imaginative faculties. She has been married six years, and her babies die at birth or in very early infancy. Other members of the McKay family are two lads, both working, and a ten-year-old girl. When I once asked Mrs. McKay the number of her children, she evidently suspected me of a desire to ascertain how many she had whose wages she could control, and her ability to count her offspring was curiously diminished by her habit of reckoning them merely according

to their wage-earning value. She finally admitted the existence of an additional son of about twenty-two. "He lives in Providence," she said; "I don't know just where. He would be no good to me if he were here," — meaning that he would, at best, only pay board; for he is of age, and would claim his own wages.

The McKays occupy an upstairs tenement in a large white house, whose garret is the abode of a hopeless drunkard and his family. As we climbed the stairs, I noticed that they were clean. We entered a kitchen, and passed through it to a front sitting-room, where Mrs. McKay sat down to entertain my companion and myself. She is a big woman, and has a face whose badness grows more evident the more it is looked at. Both the rooms were clean, and the floors were covered with bits of carpet and home-made rugs.

Maggie, the daughter-in-law, came after us into the sitting-room. She moved with a slow, feeble step, and her face betrayed an undisciplined character stirred by primitive passions. Her eyelids that day were heavy, but handsome, and her dark hair had a luxuriant look in its slovenliness. She went about restlessly from room to room, as if impelled by some inward torment of the flesh or the spirit.

On the little marble-topped centre table in the sitting-room stood a yellow baking-dish filled with green dandelion leaves. I could not decide whether they had been placed there for decorative purposes or were intended for eating at the dinner. I was somehow impressed with the idea that they were there for ornament, for just beyond the marble table was another stand supporting a tiny white coffin, with a candelabrum behind it. Within that coffin lay the body of Maggie's last infant, aged six days when it died. It looked like a little doll dressed in white, and laid in a toy cradle for some happy child's amusement.

The baby had been born one Thurs-

day. Annie, Mrs. McKay's consumptive daughter, had died on the following Sunday, and was buried on Tuesday. The baby had died on Wednesday, and was then, on Thursday morning, awaiting its burial that afternoon. The McKays had passed an eventful week. The two women were perfectly sober that day, and the house was clean for the second funeral. Mrs. McKay is credited with having possessed a great fancy for funerals in her earlier life, and with having spent much money for carriages to go in processions to the cemetery.

I left Mrs. McKay and Maggie with my companion, and went out to talk with Ellen in the pantry. She sat there washing dishes. The pantry was well stocked with china, glass, and tin ware. Indeed, everything about the house showed that the family had not been in such reduced circumstances as to sell their furniture for liquor; but Ellen explained to me, as I sat with her, that their income was an uncertain one. Maggie's husband, Joe, omitted to pay his board when he was out of work, or when, as during the last week, he had "trouble" which increased his expenses, and he did not make up for the omission afterwards. I did not learn where the money for Annie's funeral was to come from.

When Ellen was ten years old she was badly burned on the legs because of an accident with a lamp, and she has never walked since. She spoke very quietly of her sister Annie's death. "We lost a good friend in her," she said, but she did not show any passionate grief. I asked her if she liked to read. Yes, she said she did. She read story-books that different girls lent her. She never read anything but story-books. I saw one of them afterwards in the house; its title was *Cameron Pride*. I have spent several hours since thinking whether it would be possible for anybody to write just the sort of books that it would be best for a girl like Ellen to read. She did not read a great deal, she said. It

took her some time to get through a book. She did other things. She did all the family sewing. I learned afterwards that though her legs are so drawn that she cannot use crutches, she does manage to get one foot on the treadle when seated before a sewing-machine, so that she can run it.

"You're a very useful girl," I ventured to say, hoping to please her. And then I added, "You have a brother in Providence. Is he married?"

"I don't know," she answered.

"You don't know?" I exclaimed in surprised reply. "Why, are you on good terms with him? Does he come here?"

"Oh yes, he comes here often. He's been here this last week. He came Saturday, and when he saw Annie was so sick he stayed till Tuesday night. He told me a while ago he was married, an' then again he says he is n't. I don't know when he's foolin'. I've never seen his wife. He's keepin' company with a young lady, but I don't think he's got married."

She said he was a jeweler, but she was not sure where he worked. The whole relation to this brother, as she and her mother betrayed it, seemed to betoken that lack of confidential family intimacy which is a melancholy element in the lives of many persons belonging to that class which forms the doubtful layer between the vicious and the criminal.

I asked her if she ever went outdoors.

"Oh no," she said pleasantly. "Sometimes, when it's very hot, I get downstairs to the back door. I've never seen the town. I wish I could see what Main Street is like. I was only ten years old when I was burned, and I'd hardly ever been down street before that time. Mother would n't let us go out alone, an' she was always working, an' could n't go with us."

I asked her if she could go to drive if I came for her with a carriage.

"I have n't any clothes of my own," she said, as her mind evidently turned to

hats and jackets, "but I could wear my sister's things."

Mrs. McKay showed no especial interest when I told her that I was coming to take her crippled daughter out, though she said readily enough that she would get her ready. But Maggie looked up from her seat by the baby's coffin, and spoke in a soft, pleasantly modulated voice: "It would be a real blessing if you would come and take Ellen to drive. She's young, and she has no pleasures. She's always just as patient and uncomplaining as you see her. I don't see how she bears her life."

When, on May-day, I went for Ellen, I found her on the floor sweeping. She was literally on the floor, and she looked very little, for her legs were bent under her in a pitiful fashion; and when she moved, she put her hands down one at each side, and in some way slid around, keeping her person erect from the waist. It was sad and strange enough to see her use a big broom, the handle rising much above her head.

At first Ellen seemed startled by the proposition to prepare to go immediately to drive. She felt as if she could not do it. She said afterwards that she did not know it would be so easy to be lifted into the carriage. Maggie helped her with her preparations. The mother contented herself with finding a hat and making an ineffectual search for gloves. She tried to get me alone, saying that she wished to have a talk with me; but I suspected her motives, and gave her no opportunity to beg of me in private. I fancied that she was slightly under the influence of liquor. Ellen, however, appeared to have the natural childlike sentiment towards her mother. When she was dressed for her little journey, she went down the stairs sliding from step to step, and the driver took her in his arms and placed her in the open phaeton. Mrs. McKay followed us to the door. Ellen clambered upon the carriage-seat.

"Good-by!" called the girl, with a lit-

tle thrill in her voice; and then "Good-by!" once more; and finally, "Good-by, mother," she said, "for a little while, — for the first time in thirteen years."

It was a shabby little town through which we drove, but in it Ellen saw the kingdoms of this world and the glory thereof. She did not talk much, but she recognized the names of many places as names she had heard, — of streets, shops, graveyards, factories, the convent, the Catholic church and other churches. It was as much of an experience to us who took her as it was to her to be taken out into the world, — she a girl twenty-three years old, who had never seen a pretty lawn, a large shop window, or the main street of a town since she was a little child.

"She was quick at catching the meaning of things, though she said, 'I saw a thousand things I never saw at home.'"

"I does be afraid of the electric cars," she murmured as the horses approached one; but she was soon reassured, and gave herself up to quiet enjoyment.

"Are you happy?" I asked.

"Does *this* make me happy? Oh yes."

"What do you think about when you are at home?" I inquired.

"I don't think," she answered. "It's just like being dead."

Afterwards she admitted that she spent a great deal of time wondering how it would be if she could go out from the house; but she knew that she could not, and so she was generally contented. She wanted to see the river, and we drove over many bridges and let her look up and down the stream; and when she caught a glimpse of some little steamboats, she said, "I used to think they were like houses." She admired the dolls dressed up in the shop windows to display clothing and millinery, and thought them so "natural" and "handsome;" and she liked, though maybe not quite so well, the beauty of one or two magnolia-trees which were in full bloom,

and the glowing color of some red bushes seen in the distance up the river.

"I don't know how to thank you for your kindness," she said gently, as she found we were finally returning to the tenement house which she called home.

It seemed cruel to take her back. The driver lifted her with added tenderness out of the carriage, and insisted on carrying her up the outer steps into the house. She stopped on the entry staircase, and sat there facing us as we prepared to go. Her dreadful mother stood in the door repeating her maudlin request to me: "I wan' ter see yer, I wan' ter see yer myself."

Ellen called out good-by and waved a timid farewell from the stairs, and I scarcely noted the mother's horrible face or voice, for the girl's eyes were shining as I think I never saw any other human eyes shine.

## II.

One October afternoon a girl called to see me; and when I entered the sitting-room, she seemed perfectly at ease in a big armchair. She was about sixteen years old, noticeably clad in a red frock trimmed with black braid, a neat gray jacket, and a black and red hat. She had a pleasant, bright face, and she talked easily and agreeably, and tried to make me recall her, but I did not remember her. She told me that her name was Etta Burns, and that her family had once lived in this town. The strike that was pending in the town where she now lived had thrown the factory people out of work. She thought it would have been better for them to take the "cut-down" rather than quit their work. She speculated a little upon the loss per week that each operative would suffer under the reduction, and showed a general knowledge of mill work and wages, combined with some ignorance of arithmetic. Unable to get anything to do at home while the strike lasted, she had come,

she said, two weeks before, to a factory village a mile farther up the valley than the town where I live. While seeking employment, she had been staying there with a woman whom she knew, who had not charged her board. "But," she declared, "of course I must send her something after I get work. You can't take so much from a person and pay nothing."

On the day before, she proceeded to explain, a man had spread the tidings that work could now be had in the town where the strike had been, if the mill fugitives came back. Everybody was going back. She wanted to return, but she had no money, and she was trying to sell a leather music-roll for any sum that would enable her to go immediately home. She had taken music lessons, she said, when her family were in a more prosperous condition. I was familiar with the fact that girls in factory families often do take music lessons.

"If I give you a dollar for this roll, what will you do?"

"Go right home on the four o'clock train," she answered. It was then half past two.

"Won't you have to go back to the village, where your things are, first?"

"No," she replied promptly. "I came away meaning to go right on if I sold the roll."

"You must have clothes to take," I insinuated.

She gave a frank, triumphant smile, as though at that moment she felt, like Thoreau, that earthly possessions would be a burden to her free spirit. She made a pretty little gesture as if she wished to reveal herself entirely to me. "I've got nothing," she said, "but what I'm wearing."

I gave her the dollar and an addressed postal card, which she promised to post to me when she reached home. As she turned to leave the house, I saw that her short golden hair had been artificially curled. I followed her to the door with the conscience-prompted ad-

vice, "Now go home to your mother. That's where a girl like you should be."

"That's so," she said readily.

I watched her from the window, and saw her walk away with a steady, swift step. Her gown was not quite long enough to proclaim her a full-grown woman. I thought of certain well guarded, tenderly trained girls whom I knew, and the contrast between her lot and theirs struck me painfully.

At a little after five o'clock, the same afternoon, I was walking on the main street in the town, and I met a young woman. We passed each other quickly; then I wheeled about and laid a detaining touch on her shoulder. She stared blankly at me, but still I had courage to say, "You are the girl who came to my house this afternoon."

"No," she declared, "I'm not."

I looked at her dress. I looked at her yellow frizzled hair. "Yes," I said, "you are the girl."

"No, I never saw you before," she said.

"You are the one," I reiterated.

She smiled suddenly. "Why, yes!" she cried. "I did n't know you."

"You were deceiving me," I said; "you did n't go home."

"I found," she answered, "there was n't any four o'clock train. There's one about eight. I did n't know you at all," she added in a confident, winning sort of way.

"You have been spending the money I gave you," I remarked, noticing a small package in her hand.

"No, I have n't," she replied, and she calmly showed me the dollar bill tucked into her jacket pocket, and also held up to my sight the postal card, which she had rolled in one hand. "There," she said, "I would n't have kept this, if I had been deceiving you."

These proofs of an unaltered determination to go home appeared to deserve consideration, but I still had suspicion that there were features in the case mer-

iting investigation. My eyes fell again on the package that she carried.

"What have you there?" I asked, without stopping to reflect whether she had not an inalienable right to refuse to tell me.

The girl spared me any suggestion that I was impertinent, and instantly showed me two photographs. I gazed at them, half bewildered, perceiving, without really thinking about it, that while the pictures were not distinctly bad, they still were not such as I should like to see in the possession of the carefully guarded, tenderly trained girls whom this child had called to my mind. Etta wrapped up the photographs again, and said, confusing the details of her story somewhat, that a man whom she knew slightly had just met her on the street, had given her the pictures, and had asked her to take them to a girl in another part of the town. I told her that she must go at once with me to the railroad station and let me inquire about the train she intended to take. She asked if she might not go first to carry the photographs. I hesitated to permit her. She seemed to feel that I had some kind of power over her, — a matter concerning which I should have been in much doubt myself, had it occurred to her to question it, — for, as I hesitated, she said in her sweet voice, and with the politeness which characterized her manner, "You can go with me. It is n't far."

So I went. We passed through various streets, and I wondered why she was so willing that I should go with her, and whether she would slip away from me when she reached the house, and even whether there was any particular house that she was trying to find. It grew dark, and Etta looked here and there along the streets, and began to murmur incoherent remarks about the direction in which she was going. I had concluded that she did not know where to take me nor how to get rid either of me or of the

photographs, when she announced happily that we had come to the right street; and in a moment more she said, "This is the house. Wait here for me."

"Will you come out?" I asked.

"Oh yes," she answered, still well mannered and good natured, "I'll come out." She skipped up the stone steps and along a narrow paved passageway between the house and a fence. I followed, and heard a lively greeting as she went into the house and upstairs. An inside door shut as I came where I could see into the lower entry, but not before I had had a glimpse into a lighted interior which showed unmistakably that this was a tenement house occupied by families. I heard Etta's voice saying with pleasant honesty, "There's a lady waiting for me." In a moment more she came out with a girl whose face I could not clearly see in the evening light, but who had a pretty head and figure. She held the package of photographs. Both girls met me with an innocent and confiding air, as if I had been their kinswoman.

"May I stay to supper?" asked Etta.

"May she stay?" pleaded the other girl.

The situation threatened to become absurd, but since they were inclined to recognize me as in authority, I began to ask their plans. Etta assured me that Florence, as she called her companion, would go with her to the railroad station after supper. I turned to Florence, and asked, "Where and when did you know this girl?"

"About six weeks ago; she worked with me in a store."

"I worked there two days," admitted Etta.

"Six weeks ago!" I repeated. "You said that you came from B—— only two weeks ago."

She sputtered out some explanation that only half explained. I remembered her statement that she had brought no clothes from the town of B—— except those she had on, and I asked Florence

to identify her gown. Yes, she said, she thought it was the one the girl had worn when working at the store. As for extra underclothing, the need for which grew more apparent as the time of her admitted absence from home increased, she declared that she did bring two suits with her, and that she had them both on at that moment.

Uncertain what to do, I changed the point of attack, and turned to Florence, telling her that the photographs were not such as a girl would do well to receive from a young man. I tried to make the suggestion with all tenderness, but it was hardly strange that at this moment Etta's patience with my interference in her affairs suddenly failed. She began to speak in a harsh, violent, jeering tone.

"You did n't believe I was me!" she cried, facing me like an animal at bay, "Now own up, you thought I was lying."

"I hoped you were telling me the truth," I said, rather feebly. "I wanted to do by you what I should want some one to do by my child."

This sentiment softened her into an admission that she knew I had meant to be kind. From the time that Etta grew violent Florence showed signs of uneasiness, saying that she must go in, and now she left us abruptly. Etta did not seem to attach any significance to her departure, and went on storming at me.

"You did n't believe I was Etta Burns. Now you see there are people who know Etta Burns."

Florence came suddenly back, and broke out angrily. "My mother," she said, "won't let me keep the photographs, an' I don't want them." Then to Etta she continued tempestuously: "Take 'em yourself. An' my mother don't want you to come to the house any more, an' she says I must n't go with you."

"Tear up the photographs," I suggested.

"No, I won't have nothin' to do with them!" cried Florence, and she stuck them between the palings of the fence.

Etta calmly picked them up. She had grown quiet when Florence cast off her friendship. "I'm going in to see your mother," she said, and she dauntlessly marched into the house.

Florence remained with me in the doorway, complaining incoherently, as if some injury had been done her; and now I observed that she spoke of Etta as "Della."

"I don't want Della coming here," she whimpered. "I don't know her. I've only just seen her. I don't want such a fuss at the house."

I had not collected my thoughts at all, when Etta again came downstairs, and she and I stepped into the passage.

"I'm ready to go," was all she said. It was evident that she had been vanquished in the desperate raid she had made upstairs into the enemy's country.

"Now come with me to the railroad station," I bade her; and without further words we went down into the street.

She walked submissively beside me. I was wondering how I could most easily get her supper, when she broke the silence. "I'll tell you the truth," she said, calling me for the first time by my name, and with a perceptible quiver in her young voice. "I live in the next village, not in the town where I told you I lived, and I'll give you the street and number, and my name is Della Mahone; and I'll give you back your dollar. I told you that story because I thought you'd be more likely to buy my music-roll. I wanted the money to help my mother. She's a good woman. My father don't do much but drink. I did n't like to tell you the truth."

"Did n't you think I'd be as willing to help a girl who lives near by as one who lives farther off?" I asked.

"No," she answered. "I'd tried to sell the roll before, and I could n't." She took the dollar bill out of her pocket and handed it to me. "I guess you'd better take this now," she said.

It seemed to me that it might be

encouraging fraud and falsehood to refuse the money, and I took the detestable bill, feeling a little as if I were myself doing something rather disreputable. We pursued our way in the direction of the village where she now claimed residence. She murmured occasional short sentences in a soft, troubled tone. Sometimes they were spontaneous utterances of her own agitation; sometimes they were in answer to questions or remarks of mine.

"I've told you an awful lot of lies. I've got a cousin named Etta Burns. She lives in B——, where the strike is. I knew about the strike from her letters. Oh, I don't mind about the lies I've told. It's those photographs I care about. I've been such a fool. That's always the way with me. I always do what people ask me to. That's how I get into trouble. I never thought any harm when he asked me to take them to her. I'll send them back to him by mail. Oh, I don't know his name! I'll go to-morrow and find his sister, and tell her to give them to him and tell him he can do his own errands after this. Yes, I know his sister. I was standing with her a week ago, and she said, 'Oh, my brother's got some photographs,' and he came along and asked me to take them to Florence. I did n't look at them then. I took them home, and just looked at them once before I showed them to you. I never thought of there being any harm in them. Yes, I see now. I'll never do anything anybody asks me to again."

She said several times that she wished me to come and see her, and finally gave me minute instructions how to find the house where she lived, in the new part of the village, near a famous old oak-tree. "You can't miss it," she added. "My father's name is Jim. Just go along the alley and ask for Della Murray."

"Della Murray!" I repeated. "What is your name?"

"That's it," she declared.

"Is it?" I inquired. "Then why

did you tell me your name was Della Mahone?"

She was silent a moment, then answered helplessly, "I was rather nervous when I came out of that house." After a while she asked gently, "Don't you believe me?"

I mildly represented to her that in the course of the last hour or two she had herself placed several obstacles in the way of my putting absolute faith in her statements.

"I know," she meekly admitted. "I would n't believe me if I were in your place. But I'm telling the truth now. I'm Della Murray."

She was rather subdued and quiet after this. She showed an amiable solicitude that I should not stumble over some roughness in our path, and once she said humbly, "I hope you'll forgive me," and again, more childishly, "I hope you are n't mad with me."

We reached my home at last. She waited inside the door while I got the music-roll, which I gave her. She looked quite pretty as she stood there. I asked her if she wanted supper before she went on.

"No," she said, "I could n't eat."

I urged her to go straight home, and promised to go to see her soon.

"I hope you will," she answered in a bright, sweet way, and more cheerfully than she had spoken since she gave me the third name. Then she went out into the darkness, leaving me perplexed at the impotence of one human being to save the soul of another.

Two days later, on a beautiful Sunday morning, I drove to the row of tenement houses near the battered old oak, where she had said she lived. I could learn of nobody named Murray in that neighborhood, but some children told me of a girl living in a different part of the village, who wore a red gown and a black-and-red-hat, a girl whose hair was short, and who had lately bleached it yellow, and her name, they said, was Della Mahone.

## III.

Margaret Lombard became a pauper through the fault of others. She was a small, round-faced French Canadian woman, who was scarcely able to speak a word of English. Her husband deserted her. She had a willful old father, a fat, dark-skinned man of the peasant type, a man who looked as if he united the passions of an animal to the stolidity of a granite boulder. He had considerable property, but he declined to support his daughter unless she promised not to live with her husband again if he returned. She refused to make such a promise, and went to the state almshouse to be confined.

She had two children, a boy and a girl, when she entered the almshouse. They were taken from her for their good, and placed in the state school, an institution designed for the care of children who for any reason involving no offense of their own become the wards of the State. The poor young mother was thus left to wait alone, deserted by her husband, cast off by her father, deprived of her children, till another baby should be born.

The baby came, lived a year with its mother in the almshouse, and died. Then she went out again into the world, worked in the mill, and struggled on till she felt justified in trying to get her children. She obtained the boy with comparative ease, as he was still an inmate of the state school. But the little girl, Ada, had been "bound out" from the school when she was only five or six years old. There was a most conscientious board in charge of the school, and they had placed Ada in an excellent family, where the "binding out" was equivalent in effect, but not in form, to an adoption. The lady with whom she lived treated and loved her as if she were her own, and certainly gave her a home which promised a far more desirable future for her than any which her own mother could

provide in her tenement life in a factory town.

Margaret was told that the child had been given away from the school, but she refused to be contented with the assurance that it was in good hands. She went to her priest. She went to her father, and either his affection or his pride was roused. He announced his determination to spend his money, if necessary, to get back his grandchild. The French Canadians of the district were moved to some indignation on behalf of the mother. There appeared to be danger lest the matter should creep into politics.

When Ada herself was told that the other mother, whom she barely remembered, wanted her, she said to her adoptive parent, "You tell her that Ada Lombard is dead, and it's Ada A—— you've got."

Several persons went to Margaret to urge her to relinquish the child voluntarily. "It will be better for Ada to stay where she is," said one.

She looked sadly back, with the helpless smile and the soft cowl-like eyes of the French Canadian, and could only answer, "Yes, I know, but s'e my li'l girl. Ze feelin' is here," touching her breast. "I wants my chile."

The visitor grew dumb before the force of this unintelligent maternal impulse. Of course, Margaret, although she said "I know" so meekly, did not fully realize how much less desirable her home was than the one from which Ada was to be taken. It was, moreover, both touching and suggestive that in spite of her troubles the loving little Canadian mother had not found her tenement and factory life so hard to bear, or even her existence as a deserted wife so painful, as to make her shrink from bringing her daughter into a condition where she must take the chance of having no better fate. The mother also had the absolute justification to herself for her course implied in the fact that her religion was

different from that held by the woman who had adopted her child. There was a legal flaw in the title by which the state school held Ada, and the Board could not carry out its contract with the woman to whom they had bound the child.

Ada therefore came back to her own mother. She was an extremely attractive little creature, eight years old, — a child to fondle and caress. She wore her hair in a long curly mass. Her clothes were neat and pretty. No woman, were she either a real or an adoptive mother, could have willingly renounced her to another. The old French grandfather sat and smoked in Margaret's kitchen, and looked admiringly at the pretty child. He could not talk with her, for she did not speak French. The mother tried to devise amusement for her, and Ada sat happily in a visitor's lap and prattled of the shop windows she had seen in a walk. Nevertheless, she longed for the other mother whom she had left, and wanted to return to her. Whether it troubled her or not, Margaret did not attempt to deny that Ada was homesick.

Time passed, and once when I went to see the family I found Ada alone. She had to "keep house" all through the long hours that she was out of school and her mother was in the mill, — "keep house" or play in the street. On this particular day she was perched on a chair by the open window. She was well enough clad, but she did not look as daintily cared for as when she first came. As she sat there, I saw her throw back her curly head indignantly, when a man, passing outside, a man who lived upstairs in the same house, addressed her with a familiarity which may have been innocent enough, but which still reminded one that this beautiful child might be much exposed every day while the mother was in the mill. I asked her how she felt about her former home.

"I did want to go back at first," she

said, "but now I love my own mamma best."

Some months later, word was brought that two little children, each engaged in eating a big piece of molasses candy, had appeared at my door. They were Ada and her brother, who was younger than she. We entertained them for a while, and guarded the furniture from their sticky fingers, after which I walked home with them.

Margaret had moved into another part of the town, where an aunt who lived near by could look after the children a little during mill hours. The little Canadian occupied the lower floor of a tenement house which appeared to have no cellar. The rooms were bare, but cleanly kept, and at night the mother and the two children slept in one bed.

While I was there, Ada demanded permission to go out and play, and the mother gave her many admonitions about coming in again soon, mixed with general warnings against running about the streets. The little girl laughed in response and sputtered back with a bright, sweet impertinence, as though this was a nagging discipline to which she was well used, and whose value she esteemed at a very low figure. The mother smiled fondly, but somewhat helplessly, at the charming face, and I felt that the child's would soon be the dominant spirit. This was my last knowledge of them, and the memory of the pretty little figure dancing that Sunday gleefully before the mother's adoring eyes, offers no sure clue to the problem of the maiden's future.

#### IV.

Elsie Kearney was a girl whose life had passed through the crucible of some institutional home for children. When she was not quite sixteen years of age her little individual fate became complicated in the great issues of financial distress in which the whole nation was involved,

and all her past seemed to throw its force into an effort to wreck her present and threaten her future. At this time she was so fortunate as to secure the friendship of Miss W., a young lady whose better position in society and more sheltered existence had happily served to render her the more sympathetic with girls who had no shelter.

To her Elsie told her story. She and her sister lost their mother when they were little more than babies, and their father, with that fine contempt for parental responsibilities which seems to be largely a masculine prerogative, vanished calmly from the scene of his former life. Elsie said very little about him, but it was evident, when she spoke of it, that his desertion had made her feel very bitterly towards his memory.

The two little sisters were placed in a home for children, and in due time were both given out to families. Whether Elsie was bound to the Mr. and Mrs. Kearney who took her, or was legally adopted by them, I cannot say, but they gave her their name. She lived with them for several years. Mr. Kearney was a not very successful wage-earner, a man who drove wagons or did other work of a similar grade. Mrs. Kearney was rather self-indulgent and inefficient, and at times the household became indebted to charitable relief for its comforts.

Elsie was put to work in the mill when very young, and she had to do a great deal of housework in addition to her labors in the factory. She washed for the family in the morning before going to work in the mill, — mill-hours begin at half past six or seven, — and she ironed in the evening after her return.

When she was fifteen the child rebelled, and, leaving the home, went to live with some cousins in a neighboring city. The Kearneys took no legal steps to force her to come back, but they made idle speeches, and carelessly tossed

about damaging insinuations that Elsie had fled to some evil resort.

Elsie's cousins were so poor that she could not stay long with them, and she returned to the town she had left, to find herself, as a consequence of this unkind gossip, under a cloud of suspicion, while she was still so young that, had her lot been differently cast, she would hardly have known there was any such wrong as that of which she was suspected, in a world which would then probably have seemed to her made up mostly of nurseries for children and Sunday-school rooms.

The tears came into her beautiful blue eyes as she told Miss W. of this trouble which had befallen her.

"It's an awful thing," she said, "for a respectable girl to bear."

She took refuge with a kindly woman who could not afford to give her board, but who readily agreed to accept no recompense until the girl got to earning money. Day by day Elsie haunted the mills, and day by day she turned away from them heartsick because not one of them had any place for her within its walls.

Mrs. Kearney heard that Elsie was back in the town, and went to tell her that if she got work in the mill she should hold to the old legal bond, and claim and take her wages.

Poor Elsie's clothes were all black, and once Miss W. asked her if she was wearing mourning. Then the poor little thing confessed to the bit of childish sentimentality which had led her for years past, whenever she got anything to wear, to get only black garments.

"I felt so alone in the world," she said, "I felt as if I ought to wear black. I have n't anybody belonging to me. If I only had some one person, it would be so different!"

Elsie's sister, all this while, was living not many miles away. The choice of a home for her when she was put out from the asylum had been more wisely

made than in Elsie's case. She had been given to people who loved and cherished her as a child should be loved. They had taken her for their own, and secured her a comfortable and happy existence. They did not desire her to continue relations with persons with whom they had no connection. Elsie had seen her only once in five years. "It is quite right," she said, but still she felt the more bereaved because of this separation from her sister.

Elsie did not want to work in the mill. She preferred to do housework in some nice family, and at last — for even experiences pitiful as hers had been do not always end in utter tragedy — she heard of a place she could have, and came hopefully to Miss W. to tell her that the lady had a kind face, and that, best of all, she had a little child, so the girl felt sure there would be something bright and sweet in the life to which she was going.

## V.

The house was in a part of the valley somewhat unfamiliar to me. It was a high, square box with windows that looked like black holes. I entered, climbed two or three staircases that led through entries with board partitions, and finally made my way into a large kitchen lighted by two sunny windows. The sunshine was the only cheerful thing there. On a hard, narrow cot placed against the wall lay a seventeen-year-old girl covered with dirty bedclothes. Her nightgown was dirty. She owned but one, so perhaps it would be unfair to blame anybody for its condition, but her hands and wrists and face were dirty. She looked old, as persons in the last stages of consumption are likely to look, however few may be their years. She had probably once been pretty. Her features were delicate, and over her forehead waved loose hair of golden brown. Its

color was still bright. She hardly understood that bathing might relieve her sufferings, but gratefully accepted the comfort it brought when tried. She needed nourishment, too. Some one had sent her custard, which stood in a cup on the table. Black cinders and dust had fallen in and floated on the top, but her aunt fed her from it unhesitatingly, and omitted to wipe her lips afterwards.

She was in the care of two aunts, small, round-faced, white-haired, middle-aged creatures. To call them women would seem to confer on them a dignity beyond their deserts. They were not only dwarfish in stature, but distinctly elfish in character, and were apparently incapable of sustained mental effort or intelligent purpose, though they had undoubtedly a kind of interest, not wholly selfish, in the three children of their brother who had fallen to their care. Annie was the eldest of these. Her aunts showed fitful impulses of kindness towards her. They simply did not know and could not be made to know that she ought to be properly fed and bathed. They were not degraded or brutish, but they seemed like beings apart from those upon whom has been laid the burden of either mental or moral responsibility.

They did manifest a slight consciousness of the relation of cause and effect when they told how Annie had had to walk a mile or two on cold winter mornings to the mill where she worked, and the exposure had been bad for her; but I doubt if they suspected that if they had drank less beer, and had worked more themselves, either in the house or out of it, to procure her better food and warmer clothes, she might perhaps not have been brought thus pitifully to her death-bed, with life's morn yet golden in her hair.

These diminutive women were beer-drinkers; I do not know that they were guilty of other vices. A few years before this time they had lived in my own village, and the moment I opened the

door, on my second visit, they began hopping before me, uttering wild little cries in a sort of elfish glee at having found out who I was ; calling me, as the factory folk had been wont to call me before my marriage, by my Christian name preceded by a courteous title. Their excitement and the use of the old name almost bewildered me. For a moment it seemed as if their eerie salutations summoned me to partake with them some odd communion, growing out of an old association of their lives with mine, — the association of a common village life.

In one of my later visits, Annie lay so still that I was deluded into thinking she did not hear what was said. I was undeceived with a shock. Her aunts peered at her and commented on her appearance, and told me they had thought her dying a night or two before, and assured me that she certainly would die very soon. As they gabbled on I looked at her, and to my surprise saw tears flowing down her cheeks.

"Why, she hears what you are saying," I whispered in dismay.

"Oh yes, she hears every word," they cheerfully admitted, as though they were rather proud of her ability.

"You must not talk that way, then," I said. "You must not let her hear you say she is dying."

I drew one of the women aside. I explained ; I entreated that they should not chatter about death before the child.

"Oh no, we will not, — we never do," replied this human elf ; and then she and her sister went on talking as before about how ill Annie was and how soon the girl would die, and they did not appear to know that they were doing what one of them had said they never did and never would do.

Thank Heaven, it was not long before this poor, neglected child did die ; and when I saw her body laid out for burial, it struck me as both strange and pitiful that it was all clean and covered with a spotless white garment.

*Lillie B. Chace Wyman.*

## NIAGARA.

WHERE echo ne'er hath found  
A footing on the steep,  
Descends, without a sound,  
The cataract of sleep.

Like swallows in the spray,  
When evening is near  
The thronging thoughts of day  
About the brink appear ;

Till greets a heaven below  
A sister heaven above,  
Alike with stars aglow  
Of unextinguished love.

*John B. Tabb.*

## ATHÉNAÏSE: A STORY OF A TEMPERAMENT.

## IN TWO PARTS. PART TWO.

## VI.

ATHÉNAÏSE reached her destination sound of skin and limb, but a good deal flustered, a little frightened, and altogether excited and interested by her unusual experiences.

Her destination was the house of Sylvie, on Dauphine Street, in New Orleans, — a three-story gray brick, standing directly on the banquette, with three broad stone steps leading to the deep front entrance. From the second-story balcony swung a small sign, conveying to passers-by the intelligence that within were “chambres garnies.”

It was one morning in the last week of April that Athénaïse presented herself at the Dauphine Street house. Sylvie was expecting her, and introduced her at once to her apartment, which was in the second story of the back ell, and accessible by an open, outside gallery. There was a yard below, paved with broad stone flagging; many fragrant flowering shrubs and plants grew in a bed along the side of the opposite wall, and others were distributed about in tubs and green boxes.

It was a plain but large enough room into which Athénaïse was ushered, with matting on the floor, green shades and Nottingham-lace curtains at the windows that looked out on the gallery, and furnished with a cheap walnut suit. But everything looked exquisitely clean, and the whole place smelled of cleanliness.

Athénaïse at once fell into the rocking-chair, with the air of exhaustion and intense relief of one who has come to the end of her troubles. Sylvie, entering behind her, laid the big traveling-bag on the floor and deposited the jacket on the bed.

She was a portly quadron of fifty or thereabout, clad in an ample volant of

the old-fashioned purple calico so much affected by her class. She wore large golden hoop-earrings, and her hair was combed plainly, with every appearance of effort to smooth out the kinks. She had broad, coarse features, with a nose that turned up, exposing the wide nostrils, and that seemed to emphasize the loftiness and command of her bearing, — a dignity that in the presence of white people assumed a character of respectfulness, but never of obsequiousness. Sylvie believed firmly in maintaining the color-line, and would not suffer a white person, even a child, to call her “Madame Sylvie,” — a title which she exacted religiously, however, from those of her own race.

“I hope you be please’ wid yo’ room, madame,” she observed amiably. “Dat’s de same room w’at yo’ brother, M’sieur Miché, all time like w’en he come to New Orlean’. He well, M’sieur Miché? I receive’ his letter las’ week, an’ dat same day a gent’man want I give ’im dat room. I say, ‘No, dat room already ingage.’ Ev’body like dat room on ’count it so quite [quiet]. M’sieur Gouvernail, dere in nax’ room, you can’t pay ’im! He been stay t’ree year’ in dat room; but all fix’ up fine wid his own furn’ture an’ books, ’tel you can’t see! I say to ’im plenty time’, ‘M’sieur Gouvernail, w’y you don’ take dat t’ree-story front, now, long it’s empty?’ He tell me, ‘Leave me ’lone, Sylvie; I know a good room w’en I fine it, me.’”

She had been moving slowly and majestically about the apartment, straightening and smoothing down bed and pillows, peering into ewer and basin, evidently casting an eye around to make sure that everything was as it should be.

“I sen’ you some fresh water, ma-

dame," she offered upon retiring from the room. "An' w'en you want an't'ing, you jus' go out on de gall'ry an' call Pousette: she year you plain, — she right down dere in de kitchen."

Athénaïse was really not so exhausted as she had every reason to be after that interminable and circuitous way by which Montéclin had seen fit to have her conveyed to the city.

Would she ever forget that dark and truly dangerous midnight ride along the "coast" to the mouth of Cane River! There Montéclin had parted with her, after seeing her aboard the St. Louis and Shreveport packet which he knew would pass there before dawn. She had received instructions to disembark at the mouth of Red River, and there transfer to the first south-bound steamer for New Orleans: all of which instructions she had followed implicitly, even to making her way at once to Sylvie's upon her arrival in the city. Montéclin had enjoined secrecy and much caution; the clandestine nature of the affair gave it a savor of adventure which was highly pleasing to him. Eloping with his sister was only a little less engaging than eloping with some one else's sister.

But Montéclin did not do the grand seigneur by halves. He had paid Sylvie a whole month in advance for Athénaïse's board and lodging. Part of the sum he had been forced to borrow, it is true, but he was not niggardly.

Athénaïse was to take her meals in the house, which none of the other lodgers did; the one exception being that Mr. Gouvernail was served with breakfast on Sunday mornings.

Sylvie's clientèle came chiefly from the southern parishes; for the most part, people spending but a few days in the city. She prided herself upon the quality and highly respectable character of her patrons, who came and went unobtrusively.

The large parlor opening upon the front balcony was seldom used. Her

guests were permitted to entertain in this sanctuary of elegance, — but they never did. She often rented it for the night to parties of respectable and discreet gentlemen desiring to enjoy a quiet game of cards outside the bosom of their families. The second-story hall also led by a long window out on the balcony. And Sylvie advised Athénaïse, when she grew weary of her back room, to go and sit on the front balcony, which was shady in the afternoon, and where she might find diversion in the sounds and sights of the street below.

Athénaïse refreshed herself with a bath, and was soon unpacking her few belongings, which she ranged neatly away in the bureau drawers and the armoire.

She had revolved certain plans in her mind during the past hour or so. Her present intention was to live on indefinitely in this big, cool, clean back room on Dauphine Street. She had thought seriously, for moments, of the convent, with all readiness to embrace the vows of poverty and chastity; but what about obedience? Later, she intended, in some roundabout way, to give her parents and her husband the assurance of her safety and welfare; reserving the right to remain unmolested and lost to them. To live on at the expense of Montéclin's generosity was wholly out of the question, and Athénaïse meant to look about for some suitable and agreeable employment.

The imperative thing to be done at present, however, was to go out in search of material for an inexpensive gown or two; for she found herself in the painful predicament of a young woman having almost literally nothing to wear. She decided upon pure white for one, and some sort of a sprigged muslin for the other.

## VII.

On Sunday morning, two days after Athénaïse's arrival in the city, she went in to breakfast somewhat later than

usual, to find two covers laid at table instead of the one to which she was accustomed. She had been to mass, and did not remove her hat, but put her fan, parasol, and prayer-book aside. The dining-room was situated just beneath her own apartment, and, like all the rooms of the house, was large and airy; the floor was covered with a glistening oil-cloth.

The small, round table, immaculately set, was drawn near the open window. There were some tall plants in boxes on the gallery outside; and Pousette, a little, old, intensely black woman, was splashing and dashing buckets of water on the flagging, and talking loud in her creole patois to no one in particular.

A dish piled with delicate river-shrimps and crushed ice was on the table; a caraffe of crystal-clear water, a few hors d'œuvres, beside a small golden-brown crusty loaf of French bread at each plate. A half-bottle of wine and the morning paper were set at the place opposite Athénaïse.

She had almost completed her breakfast when Gouvernail came in and seated himself at table. He felt annoyed at finding his cherished privacy invaded. Sylvie was removing the remains of a mutton-chop from before Athénaïse, and serving her with a cup of café au lait.

"M'sieur Gouvernail," offered Sylvie in her most insinuating and impressive manner, "you please leave me make you acquaint' wid Madame Cazeau. Dat's M'sieur Miché's sister; you meet 'im two t'ree time', you rec'lec', an' you been one day to de race wid 'im. Madame Cazeau, you please leave me make you acquaint' wid M'sieur Gouvernail."

Gouvernail expressed himself greatly pleased to meet the sister of Monsieur Miché, of whom he had not the slightest recollection. He inquired after Monsieur Miché's health, and politely offered Athénaïse a part of his newspaper, — the part which contained the Woman's Page and the social gossip.

Athénaïse faintly remembered that

Sylvie had spoken of a Monsieur Gouvernail occupying the room adjoining hers, living amid luxurious surroundings and a multitude of books. She had not thought of him further than to picture him a stout, middle-aged gentleman, with a bushy beard turning gray, wearing large gold-rimmed spectacles, and stooping somewhat from much bending over books and writing material. She had confused him in her mind with the likeness of some literary celebrity that she had run across in the advertising pages of a magazine.

Gouvernail's appearance was, in truth, in no sense striking. He looked older than thirty and younger than forty, was of medium height and weight, with a quiet, unobtrusive manner which seemed to ask that he be let alone. His hair was light brown, brushed carefully and parted in the middle. His mustache was brown, and so were his eyes, which had a mild, penetrating quality. He was neatly dressed in the fashion of the day; and his hands seemed to Athénaïse remarkably white and soft for a man's.

He had been buried in the contents of his newspaper, when he suddenly realized that some further little attention might be due to Miché's sister. He started to offer her a glass of wine, when he was surprised and relieved to find that she had quietly slipped away while he was absorbed in his own editorial on Corrupt Legislation.

Gouvernail finished his paper and smoked his cigar out on the gallery. He lounged about, gathered a rose for his buttonhole, and had his regular Sunday-morning confab with Pousette, to whom he paid a weekly stipend for brushing his shoes and clothes. He made a great pretense of haggling over the transaction, only to enjoy her uneasiness and garrulous excitement.

He worked or read in his room for a few hours, and when he quitted the house, at three in the afternoon, it was to return no more till late in the night.

It was his almost invariable custom to spend Sunday evenings out in the American quarter, among a congenial set of men and women, — des esprits forts, all of them, whose lives were irreproachable, yet whose opinions would startle even the traditional "sapeur," for whom "nothing is sacred." But for all his "advanced" opinions, Gouvernail was a liberal-minded fellow; a man or woman lost nothing of his respect by being married.

When he left the house in the afternoon, Athénaïse had already ensconced herself on the front balcony. He could see her through the jealousies when he passed on his way to the front entrance. She had not yet grown lonesome or homesick; the newness of her surroundings made them sufficiently entertaining. She found it diverting to sit there on the front balcony watching people pass by, even though there was no one to talk to. And then the comforting, comfortable sense of not being married!

She watched Gouvernail walk down the street, and could find no fault with his bearing. He could hear the sound of her rockers for some little distance. He wondered what the "poor little thing" was doing in the city, and meant to ask Sylvie about her when he should happen to think of it.

### VIII.

The following morning, towards noon, when Gouvernail quitted his room, he was confronted by Athénaïse, exhibiting some confusion and trepidation at being forced to request a favor of him at so early a stage of their acquaintance. She stood in her doorway, and had evidently been sewing, as the thimble on her finger testified, as well as a long-threaded needle thrust in the bosom of her gown; and she held a stamped but unaddressed letter in her hand.

And would Mr. Gouvernail be so kind as to address the letter to her brother, Mr.

Montéclin Miché? She would hate to detain him with explanations this morning, — another time, perhaps, — but now she begged that he would give himself the trouble.

He assured her that it made no difference, that it was no trouble whatever; and he drew a fountain pen from his pocket and addressed the letter at her dictation, resting it on the inverted rim of his straw hat. She wondered a little at a man of his supposed erudition stumbling over the spelling of "Montéclin" and "Miché."

She demurred at overwhelming him with the additional trouble of posting it, but he succeeded in convincing her that so simple a task as the posting of a letter would not add an iota to the burden of the day. Moreover, he promised to carry it in his hand, and thus avoid any possible risk of forgetting it in his pocket.

After that, and after a second repetition of the favor, when she had told him that she had had a letter from Montéclin, and looked as if she wanted to tell him more, he felt that he knew her better. He felt that he knew her well enough to join her out on the balcony, one night, when he found her sitting there alone. He was not one who deliberately sought the society of women, but he was not wholly a bear. A little commiseration for Athénaïse's aloneness, perhaps some curiosity to know further what manner of woman she was, and the natural influence of her feminine charm were equal unconfessed factors in turning his steps towards the balcony when he discovered the shimmer of her white gown through the open hall window.

It was already quite late, but the day had been intensely hot, and neighboring balconies and doorways were occupied by chattering groups of humanity, loath to abandon the grateful freshness of the outer air. The voices about her served to reveal to Athénaïse the feeling of loneliness that was gradually coming over her. Notwithstanding certain dormant

impulses, she craved human sympathy and companionship.

She shook hands impulsively with Gouvernail, and told him how glad she was to see him. He was not prepared for such an admission, but it pleased him immensely, detecting as he did that the expression was as sincere as it was outspoken. He drew a chair up within comfortable conversational distance of Athénaïse, though he had no intention of talking more than was barely necessary to encourage Madame — He had actually forgotten her name!

He leaned an elbow on the balcony rail, and would have offered an opening remark about the oppressive heat of the day, but Athénaïse did not give him the opportunity. How glad she was to talk to some one, and how she talked!

An hour later she had gone to her room, and Gouvernail stayed smoking on the balcony. He knew her quite well after that hour's talk. It was not so much what she had said as what her half saying had revealed to his quick intelligence. He knew that she adored Montéclin, and he suspected that she adored Cazeau without being herself aware of it. He had gathered that she was self-willed, impulsive, innocent, ignorant, unsatisfied, dissatisfied; for had she not complained that things seemed all wrongly arranged in this world, and no one was permitted to be happy in his own way? And he told her he was sorry she had discovered that primordial fact of existence so early in life.

He commiserated her loneliness, and scanned his bookshelves next morning for something to lend her to read, rejecting everything that offered itself to his view. Philosophy was out of the question, and so was poetry; that is, such poetry as he possessed. He had not sounded her literary tastes, and strongly suspected she had none; that she would have rejected *The Duchess* as readily as *Mrs. Humphry Ward*. He compromised on a magazine.

It had entertained her passably, she admitted, upon returning it. A New England story had puzzled her, it was true, and a creole tale had offended her, but the pictures had pleased her greatly, especially one which had reminded her so strongly of Montéclin after a hard day's ride that she was loath to give it up. It was one of Remington's Cow-boys, and Gouvernail insisted upon her keeping it, — keeping the magazine.

He spoke to her daily after that, and was always eager to render her some service or to do something towards her entertainment.

One afternoon he took her out to the lake end. She had been there once, some years before, but in winter, so the trip was comparatively new and strange to her. The large expanse of water studied with pleasure-boats, the sight of children playing merrily along the grassy palisades, the music, all enchanted her. Gouvernail thought her the most beautiful woman he had ever seen. Even her gown — the sprigged muslin — appeared to him the most charming one imaginable. Nor could anything be more becoming than the arrangement of her brown hair under the white sailor hat, all rolled back in a soft puff from her radiant face. And she carried her parasol and lifted her skirts and used her fan in ways that seemed quite unique and peculiar to herself, and which he considered almost worthy of study and imitation.

They did not dine out there at the water's edge, as they might have done, but returned early to the city to avoid the crowd. Athénaïse wanted to go home, for she said Sylvie would have dinner prepared and would be expecting her. But it was not difficult to persuade her to dine instead in the quiet little restaurant that he knew and liked, with its sanded floor, its secluded atmosphere, its delicious menu, and its obsequious waiter wanting to know what he might have the honor of serving to "monsieur et madame." No wonder he made the mis-

take, with Gouvernail assuming such an air of proprietorship. But Athénaïse was very tired after it all; the sparkle went out of her face, and she hung dragglingly on his arm in walking home.

He was reluctant to part from her when she bade him good-night at her door and thanked him for the agreeable evening. He had hoped she would sit outside until it was time for him to regain the newspaper office. He knew that she would undress and get into her peignoir and lie upon her bed; and what he wanted to do, what he would have given much to do, was to go and sit beside her, read to her something restful, soothe her, do her bidding, whatever it might be. Of course there was no use in thinking of that. But he was surprised at his growing desire to be serving her. She gave him an opportunity sooner than he looked for.

"Mr. Gouvernail," she called from her room, "will you be so kind as to call Pousette an' tell her she fo'got to bring my ice-water?"

He was indignant at Pousette's negligence, and called severely to her over the banisters. He was sitting before his own door, smoking. He knew that Athénaïse had gone to bed, for her room was dark, and she had opened the slats of the door and windows. Her bed was near a window.

Pousette came flopping up with the ice-water, and with a hundred excuses: "Mo pa oua vou à tab c'te lanuite, mo cri vou pé gagni déjà là-bas; parole! Vou pas cri conté ça Madame Sylvie?" She had not seen Athénaïse at table, and thought she was gone. She swore to this, and hoped Madame Sylvie would not be informed of her remissness.

A little later Athénaïse lifted her voice again: "Mr. Gouvernail, did you remark that young man sitting on the opposite side from us, coming in, with a gray coat an' a blue ban' aroun' his hat?"

Of course Gouvernail had not noticed any such individual, but he assured Athé-

naïse that he had observed the young fellow particularly.

"Don't you think he looked something, — not *very* much, of co'se, — but don't you think he had a little faux-air of Montéclin?"

"I think he looked strikingly like Montéclin," asserted Gouvernail, with the one idea of prolonging the conversation. "I meant to call your attention to the resemblance, and something drove it out of my head."

"The same with me," returned Athénaïse. "Ah, my dear Montéclin! I wonder w'at he is doing now?"

"Did you receive any news, any letter from him to-day?" asked Gouvernail, determined that if the conversation ceased it should not be through lack of effort on his part to sustain it.

"Not to-day, but yesterday. He tells me that maman was so distracted with uneasiness that finally, to pacify her, he was fo'ced to confess that he knew w'ere I was, but that he was boun' by a vow of secrecy not to reveal it. But Cazeau has not noticed him or spoken to him since he threaten' to throw po' Montéclin in Cane River. You know Cazeau wrote me a letter the morning I lef', thinking I had gone to the rigolet. An' maman opened it, an' said it was full of the mos' noble sentiments, an' she wanted Montéclin to sen' it to me; but Montéclin refuse' poin'blank, so he wrote to me."

Gouvernail preferred to talk of Montéclin. He pictured Cazeau as unbearable, and did not like to think of him.

A little later Athénaïse called out, "Good-night, Mr. Gouvernail."

"Good-night," he returned reluctantly. And when he thought that she was sleeping, he got up and went away to the midnight pandemonium of his newspaper office.

## IX.

Athénaïse could not have held out through the month had it not been for

Gouvernail. With the need of caution and secrecy always uppermost in her mind, she made no new acquaintances, and she did not seek out persons already known to her ; however, she knew so few, it required little effort to keep out of their way. As for Sylvie, almost every moment of her time was occupied in looking after her house ; and, moreover, her deferential attitude towards her lodgers forbade anything like the gossiping chats in which Athénaïse might have condescended sometimes to indulge with her landlady. The transient lodgers, who came and went, she never had occasion to meet. Hence she was entirely dependent upon Gouvernail for company.

He appreciated the situation fully ; and every moment that he could spare from his work he devoted to her entertainment. She liked to be out of doors, and they strolled together in the summer twilight through the mazes of the old French quarter. They went again to the lake end, and stayed for hours on the water ; returning so late that the streets through which they passed were silent and deserted. On Sunday morning he arose at an unconscionable hour to take her to the French market, knowing that the sights and sounds there would interest her. And he did not join the intellectual coterie in the afternoon, as he usually did, but placed himself all day at the disposition and service of Athénaïse.

Notwithstanding all, his manner toward her was tactful, and evinced intelligence and a deep knowledge of her character, surprising upon so brief an acquaintance. For the time he was everything to her that she would have him ; he replaced home and friends. Sometimes she wondered if he had ever loved a woman. She could not fancy him loving any one passionately, rudely, offensively, as Cazeau loved her. Once she was so naïve as to ask him outright if he had ever been in love, and he assured her promptly that he had not. She thought

it an admirable trait in his character, and esteemed him greatly therefor.

He found her crying one night, not openly or violently. She was leaning over the gallery rail, watching the toads that hopped about in the moonlight, down on the damp flagstones of the courtyard. There was an oppressively sweet odor rising from the cape jessamine. Pousette was down there, mumbling and quarreling with some one, and seeming to be having it all her own way, — as well she might, when her companion was only a black cat that had come in from a neighboring yard to keep her company.

Athénaïse did admit feeling heart-sick, body-sick, when he questioned her ; she supposed it was nothing but homesick. A letter from Montéclin had stirred her all up. She longed for her mother, for Montéclin ; she was sick for a sight of the cotton-fields, the scent of the ploughed earth, for the dim, mysterious charm of the woods, and the old tumble-down home on the Bon Dieu.

As Gouvernail listened to her, a wave of pity and tenderness swept through him. He took her hands and pressed them against him. He wondered what would happen if he were to put his arms around her.

He was hardly prepared for what happened, but he stood it courageously. She twined her arms around his neck and wept outright on his shoulder ; the hot tears scalding his cheek and neck, and her whole body shaken in his arms. The impulse was powerful to strain her to him ; the temptation was fierce to seek her lips ; but he did neither.

He understood a thousand times better than she herself understood it that he was acting as substitute for Montéclin. Bitter as the conviction was, he accepted it. He was patient ; he could wait. He hoped some day to hold her with a lover's arms. That she was married made no particle of difference to Gouvernail. He could not conceive or

dream of its making a difference. When the time came that she wanted him, — as he hoped and believed it would come, — he felt he would have a right to her. So long as she did not want him, he had no right to her, — no more than her husband had. It was very hard to feel her warm breath and tears upon his cheek, and her struggling bosom pressed against him, and her soft arms clinging to him, and his whole body and soul aching for her, and yet to make no sign.

He tried to think what Montéclin would have said and done, and to act accordingly. He stroked her hair, and held her in a gentle embrace, until the tears dried and the sobs ended. Before releasing herself she kissed him against the neck; she had to love somebody in her own way! Even that he endured like a stoic. But it was well he left her, to plunge into the thick of rapid, breathless, exacting work till nearly dawn.

Athénaïse was greatly soothed, and slept well. The touch of friendly hands and caressing arms had been very grateful. Henceforward she would not be lonely and unhappy, with Gouvernail there to comfort her.

## X.

The fourth week of Athénaïse's stay in the city was drawing to a close. Keeping in view the intention which she had of finding some suitable and agreeable employment, she had made a few tentatives in that direction. But with the exception of two little girls who had promised to take piano lessons at a price that it would be embarrassing to mention, these attempts had been fruitless. Moreover, the homesickness kept coming back, and Gouvernail was not always there to drive it away.

She spent much of her time weeding and pottering among the flowers down in the courtyard. She tried to take an interest in the black cat, and a mocking-bird that hung in a cage outside the

kitchen door, and a disreputable parrot that belonged to the cook next door, and swore hoarsely all day long in bad French.

Beside, she was not well; she was not herself, as she told Sylvie. The climate of New Orleans did not agree with her. Sylvie was distressed to learn this, as she felt in some measure responsible for the health and well-being of Monsieur Miché's sister; and she made it her duty to inquire closely into the nature and character of Athénaïse's malaise.

Sylvie was very wise, and Athénaïse was very ignorant. The extent of her ignorance and the depth of her subsequent enlightenment were bewildering. She stayed a long, long time quite still, quite stunned, except for the short, uneven breathing that ruffled her bosom. Her whole being was steeped in a wave of ecstasy. When she finally arose from the chair in which she had been seated, and looked at herself in the mirror, a face met hers which she seemed to see for the first time, so transfigured was it with wonder and rapture.

One mood quickly followed another, in this new turmoil of her senses, and the need of action became uppermost. Her mother must know at once, and her mother must tell Montéclin. And Cazeau must know. As she thought of him, the first purely sensuous tremor of her life swept over her. She half whispered his name, and the sound of it brought red blotches into her cheeks. She spoke it over and over, as if it were some new, sweet sound born out of darkness and confusion, and reaching her for the first time. She was impatient to be with him. Her whole passionate nature was aroused as if by a miracle.

She seated herself to write to her husband. The letter he would get in the morning, and she would be with him at night. What would he say? How would he act? She knew that he would forgive her, for had he not written a letter? — and a pang of resentment toward

Montéclin shot through her. What did he mean by withholding that letter? How dared he not have sent it?

Athénaïse attired herself for the street, and went out to post the letter which she had penned with a single thought, a spontaneous impulse. It would have seemed incoherent to most people, but Cazeau would understand.

She walked along the street as if she had fallen heir to some magnificent inheritance. On her face was a look of pride and satisfaction that passers-by noticed and admired. She wanted to talk to some one, to tell some person; and she stopped at the corner and told the oyster-woman, who was Irish, and who God-blessed her, and wished prosperity to the race of Cazeaus for generations to come. She held the oyster-woman's fat, dirty little baby in her arms and scanned it curiously and observingly, as if a baby were a phenomenon that she encountered for the first time in life. She even kissed it!

Then what a relief it was to Athénaïse to walk the streets without dread of being seen and recognized by some chance acquaintance from Red River! No one could have said now that she did not know her own mind.

She went directly from the oyster-woman's to the office of Harding & Off-dean, her husband's merchants; and it was with such an air of partnership, almost proprietorship, that she demanded a sum of money on her husband's account, they gave it to her as unhesitatingly as they would have handed it over to Cazeau himself. When Mr. Harding, who knew her, asked politely after her health, she turned so rosy and looked so conscious, he thought it a great pity for so pretty a woman to be such a little goose.

Athénaïse entered a dry-goods store and bought all manner of things, — little presents for nearly everybody she knew. She bought whole bolts of sheepest, softest, downiest white stuff; and when the clerk, in trying to meet her wishes, asked

if she intended it for infant's use, she could have sunk through the floor, and wondered how he might have suspected it.

As it was Montéclin who had taken her away from her husband, she wanted it to be Montéclin who should take her back to him. So she wrote him a very curt note, — in fact it was a postal card, — asking that he meet her at the train on the evening following. She felt convinced that after what had gone before, Cazeau would await her at their own home; and she preferred it so.

Then there was the agreeable excitement of getting ready to leave, of packing up her things. Pousette kept coming and going, coming and going; and each time that she quitted the room it was with something that Athénaïse had given her, — a handkerchief, a petticoat, a pair of stockings with two tiny holes at the toes, some broken prayer-beads, and finally a silver dollar.

Next it was Sylvie who came along bearing a gift of what she called "a set of pattern," — things of complicated design which never could have been obtained in any new-fangled bazaar or pattern-store, that Sylvie had acquired of a foreign lady of distinction whom she had nursed years before at the St. Charles Hotel. Athénaïse accepted and handled them with reverence, fully sensible of the great compliment and favor, and laid them religiously away in the trunk which she had lately acquired.

She was greatly fatigued after the day of unusual exertion, and went early to bed and to sleep. All day long she had not once thought of Gouvernail, and only did think of him when aroused for a brief instant by the sound of his foot-falls on the gallery, as he passed in going to his room. He had hoped to find her up, waiting for him.

But the next morning he knew. Some one must have told him. There was no subject known to her which Sylvie hesitated to discuss in detail with any man of suitable years and discretion.

Athénaïse found Gouvernail waiting with a carriage to convey her to the railway station. A momentary pang visited her for having forgotten him so completely, when he said to her, "Sylvie tells me you are going away this morning."

He was kind, attentive, and amiable, as usual, but respected to the utmost the new dignity and reserve that her manner had developed since yesterday. She kept looking from the carriage window, silent, and embarrassed as Eve after losing her ignorance. He talked of the muddy streets and the murky morning, and of Montéclin. He hoped she would find everything comfortable and pleasant in the country, and trusted she would inform him whenever she came to visit the city again. He talked as if afraid or mistrustful of silence and himself.

At the station she handed him her purse, and he bought her ticket, secured for her a comfortable section, checked her trunk, and got all the bundles and things safely aboard the train. She felt very grateful. He pressed her hand warmly, lifted his hat, and left her. He was a man of intelligence, and took defeat gracefully; that was all. But as he made his way back to the carriage, he was thinking, "By Heaven, it hurts, it hurts!"

## XI.

Athénaïse spent a day of supreme happiness and expectancy. The fair sight of the country unfolding itself before her was balm to her vision and to her soul. She was charmed with the rather unfamiliar, broad, clean sweep of the sugar plantations, with their monster sugar-houses, their rows of neat cabins like little villages of a single street, and their impressive homes standing apart amid clusters of trees. There were sudden glimpses of a bayou curling between

sunny, grassy banks, or creeping sluggishly out from a tangled growth of wood, and brush, and fern, and poison-vines, and palmettos. And passing through the long stretches of monotonous woodlands, she would close her eyes and taste in anticipation the moment of her meeting with Cazeau. She could think of nothing but him.

It was night when she reached her station. There was Montéclin, as she had expected, waiting for her with a two-seated buggy, to which he had hitched his own swift-footed, spirited pony. It was good, he felt, to have her back on any terms; and he had no fault to find since she came of her own choice. He more than suspected the cause of her coming; her eyes and her voice and her foolish little manner went far in revealing the secret that was brimming over in her heart. But after he had deposited her at her own gate, and as he continued his way toward the rigolet, he could not help feeling that the affair had taken a very disappointing, an ordinary, a most commonplace turn, after all. He left her in Cazeau's keeping.

Her husband lifted her out of the buggy, and neither said a word until they stood together within the shelter of the gallery. Even then they did not speak at first. But Athénaïse turned to him with an appealing gesture. As he clasped her in his arms, he felt the yielding of her whole body against him. He felt her lips for the first time respond to the passion of his own.

The country night was dark and warm and still, save for the distant notes of an accordion which some one was playing in a cabin away off. A little negro baby was crying somewhere. As Athénaïse withdrew from her husband's embrace, the sound arrested her.

"Listen, Cazeau! How Juliette's baby is crying! Pauvre ti chou, I wonder w'at is the matter with it?"

*Kate Chopin.*

## TEACHING THE SPIRIT OF LITERATURE.

READERS of Balzac's *Une Fille d'Ève* will recall his description of the depressing education given by the Countess de Granville to her two young daughters. That she might make smooth their path to heaven and matrimony, she subjected them to a regimen that had at least one fatal defect in that it took no account of their emotions. Its results may be learned from the story, but few thoughtful readers will refrain from asking themselves whether our educational regimen is not in too many cases followed by results similar in kind, if not in degree.

Parents and teachers of modern America have doubtless quite different ideals for their children from those of the Countess de Granville, but they often make the same mistake of pursuing these ideals at the cost of their children's emotions; that is to say, at the cost of their real happiness. The ideals of the French mother were summed up in the word *convenance*; the ideals of too many American mothers and fathers, and, I regret to add, teachers, are summed up in the word "utility." Neither set of ideals takes much account of those emotions which are the highest part of our nature, and are most impressionable in childhood; for the world of the suitable and of the useful is the world of fact, and fact has to be transmuted by the imagination before it can reach and act upon the emotions. It follows, then, that every educational regimen which appeals to the mind through facts should be supplemented by one which appeals to the soul through ideas; that is, through facts transmuted by the imagination. Hence no educational system is complete that does not include instruction in religion and art, the two chief sources of appeal to the emotions. For obvious reasons we Americans have been compelled to leave religion outside the ordinary

school and college curriculum, and this is practically the case with the plastic arts. We are thus reduced to rely mainly on literature and music as sources of appeal to the emotions of our youth, but we have hitherto made insufficient use of both.

This was not the case with the best educated people the world has ever known, the Greeks. Literature, especially poetry, and music were the basis of a Greek boy's education, and education in these two arts (which it must be remembered were closely connected with religion) led to the culmination of all the other arts in the Athens of Pericles. But the Athens of Pericles had its weakness as well as its strength, and the world has moved forward greatly in twenty-three hundred years; hence the basis of a boy's education should be far broader now than it was then. Yet while broadening the base and shifting its centre, we should not be rash enough to cast away its old material. Poetry and music are still essential to any sound educational system; and this being so, the inquiry how they may best be taught is of great interest, and, if confined to the first named, leads to the main topic of this paper.

I use the term "poetry" advisedly, for it best represents the literature of the imagination, and that is what we have to deal with, as we shall see at once after a little analysis. What did the Greek teacher expect his pupils to get from their study of Homer? Probably two sets of good results; one affecting the mind, the other the soul. From the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* the Greek boy could derive much information with regard to mythology, genealogy, and so-called history. They served also as reading-books, and for a long while took the place of formal grammars and rhetorical treatises. In other words, they were

to him a storehouse of facts. But they also filled him with emotions of pleasure. They charmed his ear by their cadences; they charmed his inner eye by their pictures; they charmed his moral nature by the examples they offered him of sublime beauty and bravery and patriotism. In short, they were to him a storehouse of ideas: and this, in the eyes of his teacher, was doubtless their chief value. But nowadays we need not use poetry as a storehouse of facts, and we need to use literature for this purpose only so far as a good style helps in the presentation of facts, as for example in the case of history. With our long list of sciences, natural and linguistic and moral, we are in no danger of ignoring the world of facts, and are therefore free to use literature, especially poetry, in order to appeal to the emotions of youth. Hence, in inquiring how we may best teach literature, we are really inquiring how we may best teach the literature of the imagination, — that is, poetry in a wide sense; for it would seem that literature used as a storehouse of facts might be taught like any other subject in the domain of fact.

Some one may ask, While all this is true enough, what has it to do with the practical teaching of literature? I answer that it has everything to do with it. If the chief reason for teaching literature be the fact that we shall thereby best appeal to the emotions, what is one to say of the amount of time given to the study of the history of literature, and to those critical, philological, and historical annotations which fill most of our literary textbooks? The history of literature is important enough, but it belongs to the domain of fact; it does not appeal primarily to the emotions. It is well for a child to know the names of great books and their authors; it is just as well that he should not say that Fielding wrote *Tom Jones's Cabin* or that Telemachus was a great French preacher of the seventeenth century, as I have

known university students to do. But if literary history really appealed to the emotions, if it vitally affected any pupil, would he make such mistakes? Literary history belongs to the domain of fact just as much as geography does, and the ability on the part of a child to reel off the names of authors and their dates is just as useless as his ability to tell the capital of Bolivia or to draw a map of Afghanistan. A certain amount of literary history is useful, — the amount given in Mr. Stopford Brooke's and Professor Richardson's primers and in Mr. Brander Matthews's volume on American literature, — but not a bit more; for as intellectual training literary history is not nearly so efficient as many another study.

But if teaching the history of literature be beside the mark, if we wish to reach the emotions, what are we to say of criticism? I cannot see that we can say anything different. That pupil of mine who called Cowper's lines on the receipt of his mother's picture out of Norfolk an "ode" made an utterly absurd mistake, but I am not at all sure that he would have been essentially better or happier if he had not made it. Critical appreciation is certainly better than uncritical, but, after all, appreciation is the main thing, and must precede criticism. Just how much critical, philological, and historical elucidation is needed to make a poem intelligible — for of course it has to be apprehended intellectually before it can produce its full emotional effect — is a hard matter to decide, but I am sure that the amount varies with the ages of the pupils. The younger the pupils, the simpler and less numerous the teacher's comments should be; for he has no right to be dealing with an obscure poem, and he must remember that he is not, or should not be, trying to teach his pupils facts. I am forced to conclude, then, that the common practice of putting into the hands of pupils a certain number of fully annotated classics, with the understanding

that the unfortunate pupils are to be examined on the numerous facts contained in the notes and introductions, whatever may be claimed for it by college associations or by the editors of such books, is not the very best way of using literature as an appeal to the emotions of the young. Criticism, philology, and history are admirable handmaids to literature, but they are not literature, and they will not help us much in an appeal to the emotions. To make this appeal we must bring pupils in contact with the body of literature, and here is the crucial point of the problem before us.

But is not this to play into the hands of men like the late Professor Freeman, who opposed the establishment of a Chair of Literature at Oxford on the plea that we cannot examine on tastes and sympathies? If we are to make a minimum use of criticism, philology, and history, what manner of examination shall we be able to set our classes in literature? To this question Mr. Churton Collins replied that we ought to examine in Aristotle, Longinus, Quintilian, and Lessing; that is to say, in criticism. A very good answer so far as university students are concerned. The history and theory of literary composition, especially of poetry, should be included in every well-organized curriculum, and any competent teacher can examine on them. But though these studies may chasten the emotions, they do not primarily appeal to or awaken them, and for the purposes of the elementary teacher they are almost useless. Are such teachers, then, to be debarred from making use of those departments of literary study that admit of being tested by examination? I answer, Yes, so far as their main work is concerned. A small amount of literary history may be required and pupils may be examined on it, and perhaps a tiny amount of criticism, but for the most part school classes in literature should go scot-free from examination.

This will seem a hard saying to teach-

ers enamored of school machinery, — who teach by cut-and-dried methods, and regard the school-day as a clock face, with the recitation hours corresponding to the figures, and themselves and their pupils to the hands. But the literary spirit and the mechanical spirit have long been sworn enemies, for machinery has no emotions; so, for the purposes of this paper, we need hardly consider the mechanical teacher, who had best keep his hands off literature. The born teacher, the teacher with a soul, — and I am optimist enough to believe that many of the men and women in this country who are wearing their lives away in the cause of education belong to this category, — will be glad to believe that there is at least one important study that need not and should not be pursued mechanically. The trouble will be not so much with the pupils and teachers as with the parents and statisticians, who want marks and grades, and that sort of partly necessary, partly hopeless thing. Now I have not the slightest idea how a child can be graded or marked on his emotions, yet I am sure that all teaching of literature that is worthy the name takes account of these chiefly. If this be true, should we not be brave enough to let the machinery go, and confine ourselves to the one pertinent and eternal question, how young souls can be best brought in contact with the spirit of literature?

If I may judge from my experience with college work, covering several years, and from my briefer experience with school work, I am forced to the conclusion that sympathetic reading on the part of the teacher should be the main method of presenting literature, especially poetry, to young minds. I have never got good results from the history of literature or from criticism except in the case of matured students, and I never expect to. I have examined hundreds of papers in the endeavor to find out what facts or ideas connected with literature appeal most to the young, and I

have found that in eight out of ten cases it is the trivial or the bizarre. I remember a curious instance in point. I had been using Gosse's *History of Eighteenth Century Literature*, and I asked my class to give a brief account of the life of Alexander Pope. Judge of my astonishment when I found that three fourths of a large class had, without collusion, and no matter what the merits of the individual paper, copied verbatim the following sentence: "Pope, with features carved as if in ivory, and with the great melting eyes of an antelope, carried his brilliant head on a deformed and sickly body." Fortunately, in this case the trivial facts retained were rightly applied. In another case I was gravely informed that the poet Collins died "of a silk-bag shop," information that completely staggered me until I found that Mr. Gosse, with quite unnecessary particularity, had stated that Sterne died in "lodgings over a silk-bag shop." I need hardly cite further examples of utter and ridiculous confusion of names, for such examples are familiar to all teachers of experience. What I need to point out is that these mistakes are due, not to the stupidity of our pupils or to our own bad teaching, but to the fact that the history of literature is drier than mineralogy to any one who is not already fairly well read. Much the same thing may be said of criticism, only the chances of making mistakes are magnified through the elusive nature of the subject. It is well, certainly, to give a child some interesting information about great authors, and to try to teach him the distinctions between the broader categories of literature; but after this it seems to me that the primary and secondary teachers should rely mainly upon sympathetic reading. Certainly this is my experience with younger students. Whenever I find their attention flagging, I begin to read, and make my comments as brief as possible. In this way I have reached men who seemed at first

sight to be hopeless. My most signal success was when I involuntarily set a baseball pitcher to committing certain sonnets of Shakespeare to memory, while he was resting from practicing new curves. I have always been proud of that achievement, but I believe it would be a by no means unusual one if teachers generally would criticise less and read more. Of course the teacher must read sympathetically, or the result will be far from good. He must read with sincerity and enthusiasm and understanding, and with critical judgment. To try Browning's Red Cotton Night-Cap Country on a class of freshmen would be simply silly. To abstain from reading Byron to them on account of Mr. Saintsbury's recent utterances on the subject of his lordship's poetry would be equally silly. But there is, fortunately, a large amount of English and American poetry that is both noble and suitable to the comprehension of young minds. Where Emerson's Brahma will prove incomprehensible, his Concord Hymn will stir genuinely patriotic emotions.

It will be perceived that I am throwing a great deal of responsibility on the teacher; and I think this is right, for the emotions of his pupils are like the strings of an instrument. After a while his intermediation will become less necessary, but at first it is essential in most cases. In spite of what many critics say, it is a fact that with a majority of children whatever literary appreciation they may have lies dormant until it is awakened by some skillful hand. It is better that this hand should be the teacher's, if only for the reason that the performance of such a service will add a pleasure to many a life wearied of the daily rounds of mechanical duty. I am sure that there is no teacher, man or woman, who would not be glad to have a half-hour set apart in each school-day in which arithmetics and grammars could be laid aside, and some favorite volume of poetry brought out from the desk

and read with sympathy and enthusiasm. If I had a private school of my own, I should surely snatch the time for this, if I had to have fewer maps drawn and fewer examples in partial payments worked. "What passion cannot music raise and quell?" asked Dryden, and we may ask the same question with regard to poetry. I have so much belief in the power of the "concord of sweet sounds" that I am inclined to say that many pupils will receive benefit from merely hearing great poetry read, even though it may not convey much meaning to their minds. Take, for example, this magnificent passage from *Lycidas*:

"Ay me! whilst thee the shores and sounding seas

Wash far away, where'er thy bones are hurled,

Whether beyond the stormy Hebrides,  
Where thou perhaps under the whelming tide  
Visit'st the bottom of the monstrous world;  
Or whether thou, to our moist vows denied,  
Sleep'st by the fable of Bellerus old,  
Where the great vision of the guarded mount  
Looks toward Namancos and Bayona's hold;  
Look homeward, Angel, now, and melt with ruth,

And, O ye dolphins, waft the hapless youth."

For the elucidation of these eleven lines I felt compelled to give recently nearly three pages of notes, over one page being concerned with the single word "Angel." Now I do not believe that the average schoolboy would have any clear notion as to who this Angel was, or as to what Bellerus or Namancos means, but I think that the noble picture of the corpse of *Lycidas* washed by the sounding seas would appeal profoundly to his imagination, and that he would be the better for having heard his teacher read the lines. That he would be the better for nine out of ten of the critical or philological annotations that editors are constrained to make on the passage I see grave reason to doubt. The fact is that we have let the teacher of the Greek and Latin classics affect us by methods of minute analysis better fitted to the study of a dead than of a living lan-

guage. These same classical teachers have, too, not a little to answer for, on account of the slight which time out of mind they have put on the purely literary side of their work. How many teachers of Latin, when reading Virgil, stop to comment on the sonorous quality of such a grand verse as

"Infandum, regina, jubes renovare dolorem,"  
or upon this verse of Horace's,

"Cras ingens iterabimus æquor,"

which suggests comparison at once with Shakespeare's "multitudinous seas," or with Matthew Arnold's

"The unplumb'd, salt, estranging sea"?

The mention of Arnold reminds me that the stress I am laying on sympathetic reading of poetry by the teacher is but an amplification of his advice that we should keep passages of great poetry in our minds, to serve as touch-stones (perhaps tuning-forks would be a more accurate though less elegant metaphor) that will enable us to detect the presence or absence of truly poetic qualities in the verse we read. I should add also that this method of study is strictly in line with the best modern ideas; for pupils should be put in touch with a subject as a whole before they are set to studying its parts.

There are many other things that I should like to say, did space permit. I should like to protest against the use of great literature for exercises in parsing or for etymological or philological investigations; it ought even to be sparingly used for the purposes of reading-classes. I should like to protest against the lack of judgment shown by teachers and college professors in the texts they assign for study, — two books of Pope's *Iliad*, for example, in place of his *Rape of the Lock*, — a matter, however, in which we teachers of English are so far ahead of our friends who teach French and German that perhaps I ought to be thankful for the progress we have made. I

should like finally to insist upon what I believe will some day be generally recognized, — the supremacy of literature as a study over all others that now occupy the world's attention. For when everything is said, it is literature, and especially poetry, that has the first and undisputed right to enter the audience-chamber of the human soul. Painting,

sculpture, music, the whole noble list of the sciences, the lower but still important useful arts, may and must continue to appeal and minister to the spirit of man; but artistic prose and poetry are the servants, — nay, are they not rather the masters? — on which that spirit has relied from the beginning of time, and on which it will rely till time itself shall end.

W. P. Trent.

### SOME YORKSHIRE GOOD CHEER.

It is a difficult matter definitely to decide which of the two concomitant pleasures of a trip abroad, anticipation or retrospect, is the better. Perhaps the choice between the two is a question of taste, and depends upon whether one likes most to feel one's self largely sanguine, or soberly certain of only a limited number of pleasant realities. There is no doubt about the sanguine character of the period which precedes a pleasure tour. No one counts then on checks and disappointments, or fosters suspicions of the trickiness of circumstances, — such as weather, — or has misgivings of his own entire competency to plan an itinerary free from diabolical feuds with time-tables and railway connections; one's mind is bent on nothing but the mastering of maps and guidebooks, finger-posts to the Utopias with which imagination is busy flirting and coquetting. The date of sailing looms up before one as the birthday to a sort of intellectual and æsthetic *vita nuova*; on the other side, an elect section of earth, comprising the tour on which one has finally settled, seems to exist expressly for the delectation of rambling inmates of inns and lodging-houses. The other type of pleasure is necessarily of later date. It comes only after one's trunks, becomingly battered, and decorated all over with those treasured souvenirs the railway and hotel labels, have

been sent empty to the attic; and after certain peccadillos in the custom-house, of several sorts but of identical intent, have gently faded from memory or ceased to twinge an uneasy conscience. Then, by degrees, one becomes sensible of the unforeseen charms of the homely and unregarded experiences of travel. A respectable library of volumes on architecture, from the A B C of Gothic upward, went, very likely, to the making of one's preparation for sightseeing; and some fine day one is surprised at finding that it is not of Canterbury Cathedral at all, but of a wayside cottage, perhaps, with a garden full of gillyflowers and snapdragon running down to the roadside, that one is thinking and dreaming. There are moods of retrospection that can be fed only by trivialities; times of cosy communings with one's own thoughts, when one breaks away from all that is warranted worth thinking about, and is content to drift rudderless among the shoals and shallows of recollection.

In England, there is no county that lends itself to light reminiscences of a gastronomical nature so well as Yorkshire. To the outside uninitiated world, Yorkshire of course stands irretrievably committed for her puddings, in the same way that Cheshire and the vale of Cheddar do for their cheeses. But those who are fortunate enough to be in the culi-

nary secrets of the shire know very well that her final disclosure of unique cookery has not been made in this solid staple of diet, locally known, with its familiar appendage the joint, as "beef and Yorkshire." The dietary productiveness of Yorkshire can by no means be measured by, say, that of the ancient town of Bath, parent and sponsor of one sole edible, the sadly indigestible, though meagre, Bath bun. The good cheer of Yorkshire is as generous in quantity as the climate is provocative of an appetite that corresponds. In the East and North Ridings in particular, a high-class bakery, the purveyor to liberal breakfast and tea tables, fairly overflows with the variety of its farinaceous delicacies. There are on its shelves tea-cakes sweetened and unsweetened, large tea-cakes and small ones, tea-cakes with currants and tea-cakes without; there are muffins brown and white, muffins made of whole-meal flour and muffins baked from fine wheaten flour; and there are still other cakes, whose names remain among the unsolved local mysteries of the county. Better, however, than any of these, richer and more spicy, is the round, plump, generously stuffed twopenny pork pie, — twopence only, or threepence at the most, but, with a cup of something hot or a glass of something sparkling, quite large enough for a famishing tourist's luncheon. You are conscious, while consuming your pork pie, of a gratifying sense of security about its pedigree. Not every day do you have before you on the board a viand of as ancient lineage as this. Just when its family was founded need not be a matter of too definite inquiry, unless indeed the deepening thirst of ancestry — born, no doubt, of the overdose of democracy in the New World — pursue one without respite. Certain it is that the family of pork pie, if perchance a trifle less aristocratic, is as old as that of venison pasty, and that it has played a part as useful, if not as prominent in romantic fiction, as the pasty, in feeding hungry

generations before the soil on which you yourself were bred had felt the imprint of plough or spade. The family coat of pork pie has, moreover, no ghostly quarterings. Peer as far back as you choose, there is no eerie legend to chill your imagination, as for instance there is in the case of the hot cross-bun. It is not entirely comfortable to reflect that if you should eat a hot cross-bun you would be swallowing the symbol wherewith the heathen goddess Eastre was exorcised from and dispossessed of cakes especially consecrated to herself. Discovery of this sort opens the way to nightmares and creeping fancies. But there is no pagan strain in the heredity of pork pie, no taint of the mythical or problematical; in it all turns out to be toothsome, jellied, and substantial.

One has met with tourists who have gone to Greenwich without stopping there to sit down to whitebait; so, doubtless, there are some who have gone the diversified length and breadth of Yorkshire without having once come upon parkin: personally, one would prefer not to belong to either class. Not to have tasted for one's self the peculiar kernelly consistency and the fine nutty flavor of parkin is to have missed a unique gustatory experience. Parkin has possibly a far-away cousinship with gingerbread, but it has no close ties of consanguinity with any cake that comes out of an oven. Oatmeal and treacle are the bases of its composition, the solid *fond* of the more subtle ingredients of its character, though, even if one were possessed of sufficiently acute powers of analysis to detect them, the naming of all its component parts would no more convey an idea of the completed cake than enumerating the pigments used on a canvas would describe the picture. Much naturally depends on the genius of the cook who mixes and bakes the parkin. In no spot is it to be found in finer perfection than just on the threshold of the shire, in the town of York itself, under

the very shadow of the minster. Two things there are to be done in York, which, though as widely sundered as the poles in their general nature, are yet alike in one respect, inasmuch as each gives a sense of especial familiarity with the local conditions of a particular period, — that sense of temporary intimacy with what is remote in time or place that constitutes one of the chief inducements for knocking about in unknown parts. One of these two things is to go to the museum of antiquities, in the grounds of St. Mary's Abbey, and look at the Roman lady's back hair; the other is to go and spend a sixpence in parkin, confident that any urchin in the town would be delighted so to spend it in your stead. That abundant dark hair in the museum lies in the same folds into which it was coiled when the Roman lady was laid in her stone coffin, in the days when a Roman emperor, and not an archbishop, was the city's chief dignitary; even the hairpins that held it in place are still stuck through its mass, to the wonder and admiration of the sightseer. As to parkin, there is a time for buying it, as there is a fitting time for all business, grave or merry. This time is the hour of mental exhaustion that follows upon the tour of the cathedral. When brain and eyeballs have united in their refusal to receive, from nave, chapter-house, or crypt, one impression more, it is possible to secure the needed reaction of emotion by proceeding directly from the south transept into the quaint street it faces, and thence into the bakeshop which stands on the first corner to the right. At the back of this shop, in the tiniest and neatest of luncheon-rooms, at a round white table, one may discuss, among a variety of other light refreshments, the unfamiliar merits of parkin. Parkin, freshly baked, may here be bought by the slice or the pound. In other places, where its longevity is greater, it is sold in boxes, from the two-penny box to the box for a shilling and

upward. In York, however, it has precisely the right degree of rich brown freshness, beside the qualities that may be warranted as commensurate with the appetite of a growing boy at boarding-school.

It cannot be claimed that parkin is, after all, in any wise superior to human nature's mere daily food. In view, therefore, of the large proportion of mankind that cannot be touched with a feeling for the modest pleasures and pains that are hidden beneath homespun, there will undoubtedly be a contingent of tourists to whom the wholesome oaten and syrupy flavors of parkin will be caviare. To such as these, inflexible aristocrats in their incidental diversions even, the shop of the Yorkshire confectioner can still offer attractions. It would hardly be possible to find anywhere a cake of which the composition is more intricate and more artful than that of simnel, or one whose useful or nutritious ingredients are more inscrutably concealed beneath an icing of conventional almond paste; and simnel is a prime Yorkshire specialty. To be introduced to it in proper form, amid all the accessories which constitute its appropriate retinue of impressions, it is necessary to go to Scarborough, the flaunting queen of northern watering-places. Scarborough is the last place left in the kingdom where postilions are not an exclusive adjunct of royalty riding in state, but where any one who chooses may still ride behind them, though even in Scarborough they appear in the diminished form of boys, riding on ponies which are attached to low chaises, on the order of Bath chairs. Their striped caps, top-boots, and vivid red, yellow, or blue breeches and shirts give a gay appearance to the streets of the town, and they seem — though it is no more than seeming — to impart by their jockeying and their flourishing of whips a post-haste speed to their turnouts. One of these boy postilions will, after his various misapprehensions of one's wishes have been

experimentally cleared up, bring one to the shop where simnel is made and sold, and whence it is sent carriage-paid (if the order is a handsome one) to "any railway station in Great Britain."

Simnel, it will soon be discovered, is not to be bought for a song. Half a crown is the lowest figure one of the "original and far-famed" simnel cakes goes for, and even a good golden guinea has not been thought too handsome a coin to lay out in a cake of the pretensions of simnel. To appreciate, however, its intrinsic cheapness, notwithstanding its apparent dearness, one has but to reflect what it is that one is getting for one's money. Here you have, in the first place, a cake whose etymology has set the linguists a-thinking, and the gossips to wagging their foolish tongues in a tale of a discreditable Simon and Nelly. *Simila* is the Latin for wheat flour of the finest quality, and the Low Latin *simenellus* stands for bread of fine flour, as does the Old French *simenel*; in Germany, moreover, simnel has a suspected relative still living on the current tongue, — *Semmel*, or wheat bread. Such a genealogical tree for your cake is more pleasing than the old-wives' invention of a quarreling gammer and gaffer, Sim and Nel. You are also to bear in mind that in becoming possessed of a simnel you are making a definite æsthetic even if it is not a practical acquisition for your mental furnishing; in other words, you are giving tangible quality to one of your hitherto more or less vague literary conceptions, inasmuch as this is the identical cake the poet Herrick had in view when he wrote: —

"He to thee a Simnell bring,  
'Gainst thou go'st a mothering;  
So that, when she blesseth thee,  
Half that blessing thou 'lt give me."

There is a kind of shopping it is pleasant to engage in once in a while, which may be undertaken, not for the sake of what the shopman will actually hand out over the counter, but as a special variety

of sentimental indulgence. On occasions of this kind, a purchase, whatever its nature, merely serves the purpose of a magnet to trains of reflection; it is a loadstone to draw out from dim regions of the mind into the full light of consciousness all sorts of dormant associations and affiliations of idea. Such, in some sort, is the bargain that is driven in buying this "good round sugarye King of Cakes, a Symnelle," whether it be bought in Yorkshire or at the more famous Buz-zard's in Oxford Street. It is well, in any case, to have on hand a cake dedicated, as was this, to filial piety. Mothering Sunday has dropped out of our cold modern calendar, but in the fair Dianeme's day it fell on mid-Sunday in Lent. On that day, sons and daughters, grown up and scattered abroad in the world, made a pious duty of visiting their parents, taking with them a cake such as that with which the poet promised to provide his obdurate lady-love, a kind return for the

"thousand Thorns and Bryars and Stings  
I have in my poore Brest."

At Bolton-le-Moors, in Lancashire, they are said still to keep their simnel Sunday, as the French yet do their *mi-Carême*. For this particular feast no cake could be devised that would better serve the purposes of domestic economy than simnel. Although mid-Lent Sunday is a single feast-day which is succeeded by a score or so of fast-days, simnel would at their end be found to have lost nothing of its moistness or flavor. Well does the visitor in England know the sultana and the Madeira cake of the present day, put up for indefinite preservation, in glazed papers, by Huntly & Palmer, biscuit-makers in ordinary to the British public at large; and well does he know the state of crummy decrepitude into which these favorite cakes are allowed to fall before they disappear from the tea-tables of our frugal cousins. But in the quality of drying up simnel has no relationship with Madeira or with

sultana cake. Its kinship is rather with the English rose, which is so tenacious of its sweetness and freshness that even if bought in the streets of London, it may, unlike the frailer blossoms sprung from our own soil, be counted among one's fairly durable possessions.

If one happen to be afflicted with a fondness for English life that can find a fascination in even its minute details, there may always lurk in one's mind a shamefaced regret at never having known from experience the joys of making one's cheeks sticky with bull's-eyes, purchased, surreptitiously perhaps, in a tiny shop, from a dame in a frilled white cap. When the opportunity comes, later in life, of testing the qualities of bull's-eyes, it would be too embarrassing to go into the tiny shop of the story-book and confide one's wish to the tidy dame in charge, even could the shop be found. Some pleasures there are which, if not enjoyed in the right decade, must be resigned forever. But there is a commodity sold in Scarborough which, if one likes, will in a measure make amends for an early disappointment in regard to bull's-eyes. If time is abundant, the day sparklingly clear, the fine air like wine to the spirits, and the vast curve of white beach under the dazzling cliffs alive with the throng of Cockney holiday-makers, it will not seem out of harmony with the universal frame of things to go shopping for Scarborough pebbles. Name and qualities to the contrary, the pebbles are a sweet, a sugar-plum, save the mark! The Scarborough confectioner whose invention they are has shown himself an adept at imitation. Look at the large bowl of them in his window, and you can hardly believe your eyes but that they are veritable pebbles; they have all the freaks of outline, stripe, and dull brownish or yellowish tone of the wave-tossed, water-worn shingle of the beach. You may take them home to your small cousins to play at jackstones with, and their knuckles may be trusted never to

suspect the difference. But the Scarborough confectioner's British idea of "candy," — there is where the joke would come in, in the eyes of any sophisticated American boy. A Yorkshire baker, however, even in swarming, Philistine Scarborough, is not the man to pander to a taste for new-fangled invention in sweets; he bakes according to his conscience and the recipes of his forefathers. What was good enough for them should be good enough for you. And so it will be if you have an honest appetite, satisfied with honest fare that has no foreign trickery in its names, — names that a sturdy Yorkshire tongue, endowed with the proper thickness and burr, would refuse to turn off with any recognizable likeness to the original.

If it were not for one of the arbitrary freaks of association, which now and then make a laughing-stock of logic and put to rout the most painstaking systematizing of one's knowledge, one would never dream of classing together under any common head Scarborough and Beverly. In Scarborough, one may sigh, and sigh in vain, for a single hour of soothing, open-air solitude; in Beverly, solitude seizes upon and oppresses one with its weight. The lonely minster and still lonelier St. Mary's seem to cry out for congregations to fill their large spaces, or even for tourists rudely to disturb the lethargy of ages in which they are buried. Between the two lofty and imposing churches crookedly rambles the little market-town, oblivious of the stately sentinels that guard it at either end. There is a good deal of fussy life going on in its single thoroughfare, and as you jostle along the narrow sidewalk your eye is caught by the repetition in several windows of a large printed sign surmounting a red-and-white mass of something edible. Peppermint candy would be the nearest approach to a translation of its name into the American tongue, but Beverly rock is its native cognomen. Beverly rock has many properties in common with Scar-

borough pebbles. Both resemble in hardness the igneous formation which geologists tell us is composed of "quartz, feldspar, and mica arranged in distinct grains or crystals." But Beverly rock has, on the other hand, no suggestion of poison in its colors or flavors; it is of a good healthy white and pink, like the Yorkshire complexion; and although there may be little in its composition to endear it to palates unfamiliar with it, it nevertheless belongs, like the pebbles of Scarborough, among those comestibles which mean to the traveler more than meets the taste.

There are in touring, as in morals, acts of supererogation and acts of necessity. If one chooses, one may travel through the length and breadth of Yorkshire without so much as seeing the color of parkin or of any other saccharine invention of cook or confectioner; but under no circumstances must one rush ever so superficially through the least of the Ridings without making acquaintance with the tender virtues of Yorkshire ducklings. In the making of ducklings Nature herself has taken a hand, and has shown her usual exquisite perfection of manipulation. It is as if it had been her pride to prove that, when it is her sweet will to do so, she can mould in the barnyard a creature as delicately flavored and finely textured as those she fashions amid heather and bracken on the moorland. She has taken care that the pond on which he essays his first callow feats of swimming shall be replenished and sweetened

by daily showers, and that not so much as a stray feather shall be left to foul its surface. The skinny chicken of the London table, with his prominent anatomy and alarmingly protuberant breast-bone, the tourist must perforce know well. This sorry specimen may heretofore have been all that he has come across, outside the pages of Audubon, of the British bird. Henceforth the Yorkshire duckling will nobly replace the London fowl in all casual gastronomical reminiscences. Your duck is a pleasant sight when he comes in fresh from market, still dressed in his shiny feathers, before he disappears into the custody of the landlady. See to it, by all means, that he be dry-plucked. Only when he and his feathers have parted company in this fashion will he later attain the full meridian of flavor and juiciness. The herb-garden, must be laid under generous contribution for his stuffing; the more deeply the perfume of an old and well-stocked kitchen-garden is intermingled with his own aroma, the better for him in one's memory. Apple-sauce (never bread-sauce; Heaven forbid that a bit of his flesh should be poulticed by this glutinous compound!) — apple-sauce must flank the dish on which he is laid out brown and crisp. Then he may be eaten in open defiance of the claims of roast pig, and in full confidence that Charles Lamb could never have tasted a roasted duckling in Yorkshire, else would duckling, without a doubt, have received long ago its undeservedly withheld apotheosis.

*Eugenia Skelding.*

COMMENT ON NEW BOOKS.

POETRY.

Poems and Ballads, by Robert Louis Stevenson. (Scribners.) This complete collection of Stevenson's verse is as distinct an acquisition as anything the publishers have given us in a long day. As the intimate spirit of the man spoke through his letters, so the note of personality rings clear through this volume, all too small. The true friend of men and children, the brave sufferer, the artist striving to finish his work before nightfall, and first and last the man, speak here in a way we cannot soon forget. — Robert Louis Stevenson, an Elegy, and Other Poems mainly Personal, by Richard Le Gallienne. (Copeland & Day.) In the Vailima Letters Stevenson is found protesting that nobody cares much for his writings but boys and journalists. It would not prove the truth of this statement, nor would it be without interest for its own sake, to count the numbers of threnodies his death has called forth from the younger generation of writers. Mr. Le Gallienne's is as good as many, but not the most memorable of its sort. Many of his other poems are graceful and bright, yet "mainly personal" so well describes them that one is a little surprised at their being thought suited to the formation of a large part of a book. Not often does he print a line of such doubtful taste as one in his *Free Worship*, at the point where a human corpse is supposed once to have swung from this new kind of a Talking Oak which is only talked to: "His eighteenth century flesh hath fattened nineteenth century cows." — *The Purple East*, a Series of Sonnets on England's Desertion of Armenia, by William Watson. (Stone & Kimball.) The disciple of Wordsworth has seldom struck his master's note more clearly than Mr. Watson has done it in these sonnets. They tell England her duty in a way which cannot be quite comfortable reading for statesmen bound about by expediency and circumstance. It is the poet's power to see through and beyond these things; and as Wordsworth saw, and called to Milton, "England hath need of thee," so Mr. Watson sees, and speaks to his countrymen themselves. He has a vig-

orous word, too, for his fellow-singer, the new Laureate, whom in verse he designates as "Treachery's apologist," and in his prose Preface handles with a scorn which one can understand after seeing the features of Mr. Watson as they are presented in the frontispiece of his other recent volume, *The Father of the Forest*. — Mr. W. B. Yeats, who shares with Mr. John Davidson, Mr. William Watson, and Mr. Francis Thompson the chief honors of the "new school" in British poetry, has brought together all that he cares to preserve from his previous volumes of verse in an attractively printed volume of *Poems*. (T. Fisher Unwin, London; Copeland & Day, Boston.) The long poems, *The Wanderings of Usheen* and *The Princess Cathleen* appear again, the latter rewritten and considerably lengthened. *The Wanderings of Usheen* is in form a dialogue between St. Patrick and Usheen, the mythic hero of Ireland, who is carried off by the "pearl-pale Neave" to fairy-land, where he "knows three centuries of dalliance with a demon thing." Not only is Mr. Yeats drenched with the eerie folk-lore of Ireland, but his wayward and passionate fancy is of the very stuff out of which the first Celtic bards were made. Accordingly, when he turns to these old myths, with his native sympathy reinforced by the subtleties of modern technique, he touches them to fine issues. In *The Princess Cathleen* he is on the track of Maeterlinck, and something of the hectic intensity and sick insistent horror of that writer enters in to lay a numbing hand on the poet's vital fancy. — American poets have been, to an extent unparalleled in any literature of the same bulk, lovers and celebrants of Nature, lyrist of the woods and fields. The one instrument that we have learned to sound quite clearly and sweetly is the syrinx. One has only to turn the pages of Mr. Archibald Lampman's *Lyrics of Earth* (Copeland & Day), to find how genuine has been this apprenticeship. Hardly a hint of the street or the roof-tree, the great human moil left far behind, with only a sigh of happy release, and then a day-long, night-long communion with the spirit of trees, a heark-

ening to the rare note of birds in the "heart of the sensitive solitudes," a stooping with Pan above brown pools "simmering in the sun" to watch the water-bugs voyaging about the tremulous floors of their "frail lucid worlds." Perhaps we demand something more than this from our poets, perhaps we grow intolerably lonely in these wide busy solitudes, where human feet come not. But that is our fault more than Mr. Lampman's. He for one does not grow lonely, and the celebration which he makes of his delight has almost always the tremulous, vivid lover's note. — *Poems and Pastels*, by William Edward Hunt [Kempell Strange]. (William Briggs, Toronto.) — *Songs of December and June*, by Walter Malone. (Lippincott.)

## FICTION.

*Casa Braccio*; *The Ralstons*; by F. Marion Crawford. (Macmillan.) The dedication tells us that *Casa Braccio* is its author's twenty-fifth novel; and no one of its predecessors shows more strikingly Mr. Crawford's rare constructive skill, or his power of exciting and holding the interest of his reader. We snatched the story — to use Dr. Holmes's happy word referring to a greater romance — when it appeared serially, though even then there was no thought of placing it with the *Saracinesca* books, and two or three shorter tales which so far, to us, indicate Mr. Crawford's high-water mark as a novelist. *Casa Braccio* is not, like them, a story to return to, so to speak, in cold blood. We are quite as much impressed by the extreme cleverness of the work in certain directions; but we are less than ever inclined to regard the chain of events as the logical and inevitable consequence of Maria Braccio's "deadly sin." (By the bye, what small account in this reckoning is taken of the cruel wrong, as it seems to most English or American readers, done to the hapless girl by her parents.) It is the author who devises and controls the course of events, and the characters, the most living of them, are but means to his ends. To trace in Walter Crowdie's tragic fate the final working-out of the peasant girl's curse, we must go to *The Ralstons*, but this is the least convincing part of the entire scheme. — *Cinderella and Other Stories*, by Richard Harding Davis. (Scribners.) Mr. Davis's familiar

habit of building skillfully upon foundations of unreality is well displayed in the four stories of this book. The stories are perhaps even less illustrative of real life than his previous tales, but admitting the situations upon which they turn, one must also admit, especially in the case of Miss Delamar's Understudy, a sprightliness and confidence of manner, a spirit of vigor and good-nature, which go far in pleading forgiveness for the more fundamental faults. — *The Red Republic: A Romance of the Commune*, by Robert W. Chambers. (Putnam's.) Both as an historical novel and as a story of adventure, *The Red Republic* deserves praise, but we think the latter element detracts a little from the book's entire success as a realistic picture of the Second Terror, for no actual hero could possibly escape, even by accident, from such a rapid and varied succession of deadly perils. Accepting this, however, the tale depicts with exceeding vividness and truth the Paris of the Commune and the sort of men who ruled therein. The writer shows himself an admirable storyteller, and most readers will reach the last of the many pages before they think of criticism. It is of necessity a history of cruelty, treachery, battle, and murder, though the love story is idyllic, — hardly a French idyl, but then the hero is an American. — Mr. Chambers's later book, *A King and a few Dukes* (Putnam's), is disappointing. It is one of the numerous offspring of *The Prisoner of Zenda*, but, on the whole, *Ruritania* is a much more satisfactory country of romance than *Bosnovia*. In this fantasy, the writer shows a genuine feeling for nature, and, as in his earlier tale, a pleasing kindness for humble four-footed friends. — In a *Dike Shanty*, by Maria Louise Pool. (Stone & Kimball.) Of the same general character as this author's *Tenting on Stony Beach*, but written with more vigor and compactness. Each of the persons in this outing-sketch is strongly individualized, and an effective little love story is inwoven. The author has a certain hardness of tone which gives strength to her work, but deprives it of the one touch needed to make it first-rate literature. A little dash of poetry, and the book would be quite out of the common. — *The Dream-Charlotte, a Story of Echoes*, by M. Betham-Edwards. (Macmillan.)

Another addition to the large company of tales of the French Revolution, but one in which the writer sedulously avoids beaten tracks. Indeed, the effect of that great convulsion upon the Huguenot remnant has seldom engaged the novelist's attention. Their sufferings even to the last days of the old order, and the emancipation which came with the dawn of the new, are graphically and sympathetically indicated. Otherwise the feeling and spirit of the time are described rather than revived, nor do we hear very clearly the echoes of the national tumult, which must have been often painfully audible, even in a little Norman village. The *Dream-Charlotte* is of course Charlotte Corday, who in her own person is scarcely introduced to the reader, but whose influence is constantly present in the thought and life of her humbly-born foster-sister. — *A Gentleman's Gentleman: Being Certain Pages from the Life and Strange Adventures of Sir Nicolas Steele, Bart.*, as related by his Valet, Hildebrand Bigg, by Max Pemberton. (Harpers.) This may be said to be the adventures of the hero of a seventeenth or eighteenth century picaresque novel in the costume of to-day, so little does the contemporary world appear to be the proper dwelling-place of the reckless, conscienceless Sir Nicolas, who lives by his wits, with the efficient assistance of his more astute, if quite as rascally servant. After their manner, the sketches which make up the book are very well done, and show a good deal of inventive as well as narrative skill. — In the *Village of Viger*, by Duncan Campbell Scott. (Copeland & Day.) A little volume of French stories, graceful and entertaining, but not calculated to add substantially to the reputation which the author has already won by his verses. — Excellent for vacation reading are the volumes of a series, *Stories by English Authors*, issued in attractive form by the Messrs. Scribners. Most of the tales are of recent publication, and many contemporary English story-tellers are represented in the collection, which also embraces, from older writers, a few tales which have become classics. The stories have been grouped according to their localities, England, Scotland, Ireland, London, France, Italy, Africa, and The Orient having appeared. Each volume contains a portrait. The plan of

the compilers to bring together stories of genuine value and interest has been generally well carried out, though, of course, each experienced reader will note certain sins of omission and commission. For instance, Mrs. F. A. Steel does not appear in *The Orient*, while Netta Syrett is to be found there. — *Trains that met in the Blizzard*, a Composite Romance: Being a Chronicle of the Extraordinary Adventure of a Party of Twelve Men and One Woman in the Great American Blizzard, March 12, 1888, by R. Pitcher Woodward. (Salmagundi Publishing Co., New York.) — *The Iron Pirate*, by Max Pemberton. Globe Library; *Checked Through*, by Richard Henry Savage. *Rialto Series*. (Rand, McNally, & Co.)

#### HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

Lectures on the Council of Trent, Delivered at Oxford, 1892-3, by James Anthony Froude. (Scribners.) The last to be published of Mr. Froude's three courses of lectures at Oxford is the one earliest delivered. We infer, however, that, unlike the others, these lectures had been in no way revised by their author, and come to us practically as spoken by him. All the more noteworthy is it to discover no sign of age or failing power in the lucid, vigorous, graphic style, with its living warmth and glow, of this master of English. For instance, the sketch of Luther's early career, culminating in the momentous scene at Worms, is of the briefest, — it is simply a re-telling of facts familiar to common-placeness; and yet it compels our interest as many eloquent recitals of things new and strange quite fail to do. All readers of Froude will know before they open this book precisely the attitude of the writer, — with which, broadly speaking, probably the large majority of them will not quarrel. They will look for and find the prepossessions and also the ardor of the thorough-going partisan. Some of them will hardly recognize the Emperor Charles in the glorified presentment of him in these pages, a portrait which Mr. Froude's art can make vivid, though the picture is absolutely without shadows. The volume, which like its two companions is for the general reader rather than the student, ends with the peace of Passau. Evidently the author had intended later to follow his hero's career to its close, and to consider the work

of the Council at its final assembling. — *Books and their Makers during the Middle Ages, a Study of the Condition of the Production and Distribution of Literature from the Fall of the Roman Empire to the Close of the Seventeenth Century*, by George Haven Putnam, A. M. Vol. I. (Putnam's.) This sumptuous volume will be read with delight by all good bibliophiles. It is seldom that such wide learning, such historical grasp and insight, have been employed in their service. The volume at hand covers the period from 476 to 1500 A. D. The second volume (in press) will continue the study down to 1709. — *Madame Roland, a Biographical Study*, by Ida M. Tarbell. (Scribners.) This biography really deserves the name of study, wherein it differs from most estimates of its subject of English and American origin. The writer has not only consulted the rather large library of Roland literature, but she has also carefully examined the unpublished letters, which, eight years ago, were deposited in the Bibliothèque Nationale of Paris, as well as others of less importance that still remain in the hands of Madame Roland's descendants. The book is a result of a genuine knowledge of its heroine and her world, and its insight and good sense are a pleasing contrast to the fervent and emotional partisanship of some of Madame Roland's biographers. From first to last, that brilliant, passionate, and devoted disciple of Rousseau was given to posing, and yet that very obvious fact has been curiously often unperceived or ignored. Some really new matter in this volume are the letters showing the ardent love of Mademoiselle Phlipon for Roland, forming in every way an extreme contrast to the account of the courtship and marriage in her autobiography; and the history of her attempts in 1784 to secure a title and its privileges for her husband. The book is liberally illustrated, and contains reproductions of several portraits of Madame Roland, only one of which, however, is surely authentic.

## LITERATURE.

*The Colour of Life and other Essays of Things Seen and Heard.* By Alice Meynell. (Way & Williams, Chicago.) Mrs. Meynell seems likely to be the proud inspirer of a cult. Her essays are so freighted with choice thought, and yet so unobvious,

that they almost require the initiation of the reader. Now and then she gives expression to a profound criticism, as in her comparison of Greek and Japanese art; occasionally she is enigmatical, as in her *Donkey Races*; and she is at her best in her rendering of phenomena in nature, where her large imagination is at work on elemental themes and her wit finds language which is fine without being finicking. Altogether we advise fastidious readers to cultivate Mrs. Meynell. — Mr. Le Gallienne has gone far to remove the traditional stigma which rests upon journalistic criticism, by collecting his contributions to the periodic press for the past five years into two volumes of *Retrospective Reviews*. (Copeland & Day.) The sub-title, *A Literary Log*, shows the author's intention to make the volumes serve as a gossip survey of literary activity in England during the interval covered, and so they do, in satisfying if not perfect measure. They have of course the piquancy that always attaches to criticism of contemporaries; but they have something better, too, a rare distinction, gentleness, and fine breeding, a gracious eagerness to praise, which makes even the least significant of these tiny essays delightful reading. Not that the critic loses himself in the panegyrist. Mr. Le Gallienne has standards and is quietly faithful to them. But he holds the happy doctrine that it is the critic's business to deal with literature as Stevenson said the poet should deal with life, to "find out the joy, and give it a voice beyond singing." It is this particular critic's good fortune to have an instinct for "the joy," and a gift of phrase that helps him to voice it. — The eighth volume of the new edition of *Pepys's Diary* (Bell, London; Macmillan, New York) brings the journal to its end, and, as always, with the last pages comes the sharp regret that the ever-to-be-lamented malady of the eyes, which compelled the writer to bid farewell to the confidential volume, could not have been delayed for twenty or ten years, or even for a single twelvemonth, as in the latter case we should at least have followed Mrs. Pepys's brief story to its close, and known the inner history of a memorable epoch in the diarist's life. It is well to remember that when the final entry was written, Pepys had but just passed his thirty-sixth birthday, so that the *Diary* to the last can

be called a young man's record, in the beginning, that of a very young man. Would that he could have shown himself, and the momentous chances and changes of his world, in his middle or old age, even if only in a fragmentary fashion. We are glad that Mr. Wheatley, whose work in these volumes has been so admirable, hints that he may at some future time annotate his author's letters, as a "sorry substitute" for the journal that might have been. This volume contains a portrait of General Monk, Duke of Albemarle, after Lely; and one of Charles II., from the painting by Greenhill in the National Portrait Gallery.—The new edition of what are without doubt Galt's six best novels, is brought to a close by the publication of the seventh and eighth volumes, which contain *The Provost* and *The Last of the Lairds*. The former is, we think, outranked only by *The Annals of the Parish*, and the autobiographic notes of that successful practical politician, the chief magistrate of Gudetown, give quite as masterly a piece of self-portraiture as that to be found in the records of the minister of Dalmailing. Indeed we have so much pleasure in following Mr. Pawkie's career, that we willingly assist at the presentation of that "very handsome silver cup, bearing an inscription in the Latin tongue" which the provost ingeniously contrives shall be given to himself on his retirement from civic life. *The Last of the Lairds*, a book almost unknown to the present generation, was, Mr. Crockett tells us, included in this edition at his special request, whereby he has earned the thanks of its readers. With some judicious skipping,—less than is needed in *Sir Andrew Wylie*,—the story will be found instructive and entertaining, the first for its pictures of a bygone life, the second by reason of some humorous character sketches. (Roberts.)—The fifth volume of the new edition of Wordsworth, by William Knight (Macmillan), is devoted to *The Excursion* and appendices. It is interesting to observe that Mr. Henry Reed of Philadelphia, son of Wordsworth's friend and introducer to America, has been able to add to his father's services. The portrait used in this volume is that by Margaret Gillies.—*Antony and Cleopatra* and *Macbeth* are the two latest numbers of the serviceable *Temple Shakespeare*. (Macmillan.) The good text, the handy glossary, and perti-

nent notes and introduction render this edition distinctively the readers' edition.

NATURE.

*Riverside Letters: A Continuation of "Letters to Marco,"* by George D. Leslie, R. A. With illustrations by the Author. (Macmillan.) Certainly no less entertaining than the former *Letters*. Though the author's modesty deprecates a comparison of his books with White's *Selborne*, yet one cannot help being struck by a certain resemblance in spirit as well as in form. It is easy to see that Mr. Leslie is no scientist, but this does not prevent his raising many a question about birds and flowers which we suspect it would puzzle the scientists to answer. His hearty sympathy with nature, his intelligent curiosity about out-of-door things, and his sane and healthy attitude towards everything he approaches are delightful to meet with, while there is a certain sweet simplicity in his manner which is wholly charming. In this book he has a little more to say about his garden than in the other, and it is refreshing to see that the perfect taste which shows itself in other things presides over his flowers also. Beauty, simplicity, and naturalness must reign in a garden superintended by one who has so truly the artist's eye and heart. These letters, like the former series, were written originally to the author's friend Mr. H. Stacy Marks, R. A., and being genuine letters they naturally do not confine themselves entirely to birds, flowers, trees, and country lore. Indeed, one of the most interesting is devoted to reminiscences of Sir Edwin Landseer. Mr. Leslie was a neighbor and friend of Landseer, and often helped him by painting certain details in his pictures.—*Bar Harbor* is another of the trifles included in *American Summer Resorts*. (Scribners.) It is a light sketch by Mr. Crawford, with agreeable pictures by Mr. Reinhart, a book which one discovers he has finished almost before he has begun it.—*Missouri Botanical Garden, Seventh Annual Report* (published by the Board of Trustees) contains, beside the annual reports, scientific papers (illustrated) by William Trelease, A. Isabel Mulford, and Charles Henry Thompson; an address on the Value of a Study of Botany by Henry Wade Rogers; and an article on the Sturtevant Prelinnean Library.

## PHILOSOPHY.

The celebrated Case of Wagner has been chosen as the opening volume in a translation of the complete works of Friedrich Nietzsche. (Macmillan.) The widespread interest in Nietzsche's thought, together with the inaccessibility of his writings to English readers, justify the publishers in their large undertaking. There is room for doubt, however, as to the wisdom of opening the series with the volume in question, both because the piquancy of Nietzsche's attack on Wagnerism has been largely destroyed by Nordau's much more wily and formidable onslaught, and because the peculiar philosophic tenets which form the groundwork of Nietzsche's thought are presented in this volume with more than his usual quatum of insolent nonchalance, wild paradox, and ferocious dogmatism. One closes the volume with a feeling of wonder that a set of ideas so disproportioned and incoherent should have been granted the title of a philosophic sys-

tem, and yet with a profound interest in the author as a philosophic figure. — *Genetic Philosophy*, by David Jayne Hill. (Macmillan.) — *Basal Concepts in Philosophy*, by Alexander T. Ormond, Ph. D., Professor of Philosophy in Princeton University. (Scribners.) — *Search-Lights and Guide-Lines; or, Man and Nature, What they Are, What they Were and What they Will Be*, by Edgar Greenleaf Bradford. (Fowler & Wells Co., New York.) — *Philosophy of Mind: An Essay in the Metaphysics of Psychology*, by George Trumbull Ladd, Professor of Philosophy in Yale University. (Scribners.) — *Evolution and Effort, and their Relation to Religion and Politics*, by Edmund Kelly. (Appletons.) — *The Essential Man. A Monograph on Personal Immortality in the Light of Reason*, by George Crosswell Cressey, Ph. D. (Geo. H. Ellis, Boston.) — *Pan-Gnosticism: A Suggestion in Philosophy*, by Noel Winter. (The Transatlantic Publishing Co., New York.)

## THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

In Defense of  
the Traveler's  
Note-Book.

It is a more or less common habit of Americans to cry out against the conceit of foreigners, Englishmen especially, who, after a run through "the States," publish their impressions of the country. These outcries — though that may seem too strong a word — are supposed to be quite independent of the character of the comments in question, whether favorable or unfavorable. In the tourist's eyes, Americans may be an uninteresting, boastful, worldly-minded people. The magnitude of our lakes may not blind him to the imperfections of our newspapers, and in spite of Niagara and the prairies he may esteem our politicians, for the most part, a vulgar and time-serving set. Whatever criticisms of this sort he in his unwisdom may feel called upon to express are likely to have their modicum of truth; at least they would have if any one but a foreigner were to utter them. Americans are not slow to find fault with each other, and especially with their public men. Except on the

Fourth of July, we are far from constituting a mutual admiration society. The complaint, then, is not that the tourist offers such and such criticisms, but that he takes it upon himself to offer any criticism at all. What business has he with "impressions of America" after a visit of a month or two? And even if he has impressions, why should he be so presumptuous as to print them? A great people cannot be understood after this haphazard, percursorial fashion. True; but the objection is futile, if for no other reason, because it goes wide of the mark. The question is not of understanding a people, but of having something to say about them.

Since the world began, men have traveled, and, having traveled, have recounted their adventures. The two things go together, and are alike inevitable. And the thing that hath been, it is that which shall be. Some authors travel in other men's books; some travel in the outward and literal sense of the word; and both tell as good a story as they can of the wonders

they have seen. It is only here and there a philosopher who can sit at home and spin his web out of his own insides. Thoreau delighted to talk as if Concord were the centre and sum of the world. Everything grew there, everything happened there. Why should a Concord man ever stir beyond the town limits? Sure enough! And yet what are Thoreau's books but records of his journeys: *A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers*; *The Maine Woods*; *Cape Cod*; *A Yankee in Canada*; *Excursions*. With him, as with the rest of us, it was the volume he had just read that he liked to talk about; it was the country he had just seen that his pen naturally busied itself with describing. Even his one Concord book is really a book of travels. To write it he went into camp, that he might study the world on its off side, as it were, and feel his life new.

In other words, for here we come to the pith of the matter, it is the fresh impression that is vivid, and therefore will have itself expressed. We may almost say that it is the only thing that can be expressed. This is what Bagehot had in mind. "Those who know a place or a person best," he said, "are not those most likely to describe it best; their knowledge is so familiar that they cannot bring it out in words." And this truth, partial though it be, and, like all truth, liable to abuse, is the scribbling tourist's encouragement, and, if he be supposed to need it, his perennial justification.

More than one scholar has failed to produce the great work that was expected of him, — that he of all men seemed best qualified to produce, — simply because he put off the doing of it till his knowledge should be something like complete. So monumental a structure could not be too carefully prepared for, he thought: a conscientiousness most scholarly and honorable, but deadly in its result; for by the time he had laid in his stores he had lost the freshness of his enthusiasm; a palsy had stricken his pen; and by and by the night came, and his knowledge perished with him.

Writers of travels, whatever their shortcomings, fall into no error of this kind. They strike while the iron is hot; and whether their subject be Africa or America, that is the true method. The value of such literature depends on the observer's alert-

ness, fairness, good sense, and general competency, rather than upon the length and leisureliness of his journey. Time of itself never did much for a blind man's vision; and to come back to our Englishman, he may run through America in a month, or spend a year in his note-taking, and in either event he will discover only what he came prepared to discover. If the photographic plate is sensitive enough, it may need but the briefest exposure. And anyhow, let the picture turn out never so badly, no irreparable harm is done. The object itself is not altered because its portrait is drawn awry. What we have to dread is not the foreigner's unfair opinion of us, but our unfair opinion of the foreigner. It is our own thoughts that do us damage, not other men's thoughts about us. And if this be too rare an atmosphere for comfortable every-day breathing, we may come at a similar result on lower ground. Who are we, that we should be treated better than the rest of the world? Must our feelings never be hurt, because we are Americans? Have we never learned that it is a man's part to be thankful for intelligent and friendly criticism, and to bear all other in silence?

Let visitors to "the States," then, be "impressed;" and let them print their impressions, the more the better. Some of them will be shallow, some of them unkindly and prejudiced, some, perhaps, ignorantly and foolishly eulogistic. We shall be blamed for faults that are beyond our mending, and praised for virtues that were never ours, — if such virtues there be. At best, the criticism and the comment will fall a little short of inerrancy; for perfection is one of the lost arts, even in England; but in the sum many true things will be said, and in the end the cause of truth will be forwarded; and possibly, if a thousand English pens are thus employed, one of them may happen to make an immortal picture of the Great Republic as it now is, and as it will not be, for better or worse, a hundred years hence. Thus it is at any rate, by one lucky experimenter out of many, that immortal work is done.

Some critics, it is true, would have literature, even current literature, to consist solely of such happy strokes. Let no man write anything till he can write a master-

piece, they say. Yes, and let no boy go near the water till he has learned to swim ; and since crows have waxed destructive, let cornfields be planted hereafter with no outside rows ; and lest malarial fevers should make an end of the human race, let all plains and valleys be filled up, and nothing remain but mountains. In short, seeing that failure has been the rule hitherto, let us abolish rules, and get on with exceptions alone ; a condition of things curiously prefigured in certain Grammars of the Latin Language of a kind still vaguely remembered by elderly people. A fine economy, surely, and well worth thinking about. But for the time being, till dreams become substantial, this present evil world, as we reverently call it, remembering its Creator, must be suffered to jog along in its ancient, expensive, wasteful-seeming, happy-go-lucky, highly exceptional manner : a million seeds, and one tree ; a million books, and one *chef-d'œuvre*. Classics are not yet produced of set purpose, nor do they make their advent in royal isolation, starred and wearing the laurel. They come, as was said just now, with the crowd, the "spawn of the press," if they come at all, and are only sifted out by the slow hand of time. And meanwhile their humbler fellows, missing of immortality, may nevertheless have their day and serve their turn. Readers, fortunately or unfortunately, are of many grades, and even the wisest of them, — in some unwiser but not infrequent mood, — desire not a classic, but something a shade less excellent. "There is no book that is acceptable, unless at certain seasons." So said Milton ; and the saying is true, even of Paradise Lost. In the great sea of literature there is room both for the big fish and for "the other fry." Let us be thankful ; and if we are scribblers, by nature or by conceit, let us scribble on.

Dante and St. Louis. The various commentators who have followed every step of Dante's journeys through either what we call the true "*cammin di nostra vita*," or what to him was truer yet, the road to the city of woe, the mount of cleansing, and the orbs of bliss, seem to take little or no note of one most undisguised trait in the man — his malignity. No weaker word will answer. Sternness, severity, a strict sense of God's

justice, are not adequate terms for the fierce delight with which he consigns this enemy and that friend to one or another torture, equally with the men and women of history whom he never saw, and of mythology, who never existed. He consigns to the self-same rain of fire Capaneus, whose only offense was blasphemy against a false god, for which Isaiah would have blessed him, and his own beloved master, whose crime he would have buried in eternal silence, if he really knew of its existence. Such hard-heartedness has not passed wholly without comment ; but there is one instance of Dante's insensibility to the right, when his own enmities stood in the way, that I have never seen mentioned.

In his childhood, all Europe was ringing with the death of Louis IX., King of France, the leader of the sixth and seventh crusades ; his virtues in every public and private relation of life were so conspicuous that he was canonized within thirty years of his death, and will never be known by any other name than St. Louis. By every conceivable title which Dante recognizes, he should have been admitted into that paradise where Dante's utterly unknown ancestor Cacciaguida blazes in the cross of Mars, with other armed champions of the church, or higher yet, where Rhipeus, existing only by the fiction of two lines of Virgil, gleams among just monarchs in the eagle of Jove. But St. Louis was King of France ; the Pope, who canonized him, was outraged by his grandson Philip the Fair, the same who transported the papal see to Avignon, under Clement V. For this Babylonish captivity, this outrage on Christ's vicar by a French monarch, Dante has no terms too severe ; half a canto of *Purgatorio* is devoted to the exposition of its naked horrors ; and apparently for no other reason but his hatred to the grandson, Dante leaves without mention the memory of a man who came up to the very highest standard, religious, moral and political, known to his own age, and who scarcely deserves a different reputation, judged by the entirely different standard of our own age ; one whom the poet must have heard named forty times a year for every once he heard of some of his pet heroes and villains to whom he distributes eternal suffering and eternal happiness with such complacent partiality.